READING AND LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

HAGGERTY

STRAND PRICE
$5.00

READING AND LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

BY

MELVIN E. HAGGERTY

Dean of
the College of Education
University of
Minnesota

WORLD BOOK COMPANY
Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York
and Chicago, Illinois

WORLD BOOK COMPANY

THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

Established 1905 by Caspar W. Hodgson

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
2126 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO

The zest to explore is one of the best things the junior high school can give to its young people. Exploring means reaching out to wider ranges; it means eyes open to new interests, new sympathies; it means fuller development of personality and character. The hours which the school devotes to reading and to literature should give the impetus to the exploring spirit; and it is for this purpose that Dr. Haggerty has brought together in the three volumes of *Reading and Literature* a rich collection where young people may browse and explore and start on leads that will carry them far. Through these books they will discover that readings in science, biography, poetry, history, and various other fields give real satisfaction and joy. They will set up new standards through their reading of fiction that has the finest qualities of style and content. And in developing a mastery of reading skills they will be able to carry over to the activities of daily life an increasing ability to read with intelligence and penetration

HRL: II–3

Copyright 1927 by World Book Company
Copyright in Great Britain
All rights reserved

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PREFACE

THROUGH the years that these books have been in preparation, the author has incurred indebtedness to many persons and has drawn help from many sources, some of which are now difficult to identify. The work began in an attempt to locate the literary selections most widely used in the upper elementary grades. From a detailed and exhaustive analysis of the contents of school readers there was derived a long list of poems, stories, and other forms of prose classified by common thought elements and evaluated in terms of frequency of occurrence. This list was then examined and further evaluated by a group of fifty teachers of English and principals composing the author's university class in Problems of Junior High School English.

The selections that survived this scrutiny with high appraisal were then checked against the findings of many investigators, including Jordan, Bamberger, Uhl, Crow, Knight and Franzen, and Washburne, and were compared with the numerous lists of "best books," "best stories," "best poems," etc.

From these evaluations there emerged a shorter list of selections which served as the nucleus for the several volumes of *Reading and Literature.* The content thus derived was then distributed into groups of common elements and enriched by the addition of many new selections in prose and verse. Wide ranges of literature have been searched for this new material with the aim of finding things of compelling interest and value to adolescent boys and girls. First emphasis was placed upon securing selections of maximum appeal to youthful readers and upon representing in the reading content a wide range of human experience and childhood need. For the thing of vital interest it has sometimes been necessary to forego something in literary quality. Nevertheless, the books abound in things of artistic merit and at times I have chosen exquisite bits at the risk of sacrificing something in directness of appeal. The resulting total gives ample recognition to time-tested literary selections and at the same time it offers modern writings for various aspects of adolescent interest. Here are the best of the old and a generous offering of living writers and, withal, a wealth of material that will intrigue the

young reader into many hours of pleasure and enrich his life with the choicest companions the world has known.

The successful fruition of these studies is due in large measure to Laura Garretson Haggerty. It was she who made the initial study of school readers and constructed the first list of selections for evaluation. She also read widely for the discovery of new materials and suggested many of the selections that are finally included.

At different times through many months and in divers ways, but particularly in the task of arranging the supplementary aids to study, the author has been aided by Miss Dora V. Smith, instructor in English in the University of Minnesota High School. Her rich experience as a teacher of high school boys and girls and as an instructor of teachers in the technique of junior high school English teaching has furnished many of the most important helps to study with which the books abound. Miss Smith assisted in the search for material to give proper setting to the older literary selections and has tested in her classes many of the new selections and the instructional devices which the author has provided.

The author gladly recognizes his obligations also to Mrs. Grace Ziegler, to Mrs. Gratia Kelly Habenicht, to Miss Mary K. Dwyer, and to scores of students and teachers who have in ways large and small furthered the completion of these books.

The author acknowledges with gratitude the courtesy of the many publishers who have given permission for the reprinting of copyrighted selections. The sources of these stories and poems are indicated throughout the book. The selections from Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Acknowledgment and thanks are expressed also to Jane Addams, Karle Wilson Baker, Heywood Broun, Lord Charnwood, William L. Chittenden, John H. Finley, Oscar W. Firkins, Hugh S. Fullerton, Hamlin Garland, Hermann Hagedorn, Helen Keller, Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. Enos A. Mills, Arthur W. Page, Robert P. Smith, Ida M. Tarbell, William Allen White, and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
INTRODUCTION		1
THE READER'S WORKING TOOLS		7

TELLING TALES

BOOKS TO READ		10

STORIES IN VERSE

Hervé Riel	*Robert Browning*	17
The Highwayman	*Alfred Noyes*	24
Keeping a Notebook		29
Sir Patrick Spens		30
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	32
The Skeleton in Armor	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	34
Cæsar's Funeral	*William Shakespeare*	42
The Story-Tellers' Club		52
The Book	*Emily Dickinson*	54

PLAYING THE GAME

Princeton Wins	*Hugh S. Fullerton*	55
Testing Your Rate of Reading		63
Recording Your Reading Rate		64
The Freshman Fullback	*Ralph D. Paine*	65
Be Strong	*Maltbie Davenport Babcock*	82
Winning the World Series		83
The Tournament	*Sir Walter Scott*	92
The Torch of Life	*Henry Newbolt*	101
The Last Yard	*W. L. Bryan*	102

SOME OLD TALES

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig	*Charles Lamb*	103
Old Scrooge	*Charles Dickens*	108
The Christmas Dinner	*Charles Dickens*	116
Rip Van Winkle	*Washington Irving*	124
A Midsummer Night's Dream	*Charles and Mary Lamb*	143
Judging the Merit of Stories		156
Making Your Reading Curve		157

Some Newer Tales

		PAGE
Wee Willie Winkie	*Rudyard Kipling*	158
The Fifty-First Dragon	*Heywood Broun*	170
Men Are Four	*Arabian Proverb*	179
The Gift of the Magi	*O. Henry*	180
Which Is the Most Interesting Story?		187

SCOUTING

Books to Read		190
What Is a Boy Scout?		193
Camping on the Plains	*Enos A. Mills*	197
Chasing the Lynx	*H. G. Wells*	201
The Conquest of the Pole	*Stephen Leacock*	207
The Scout's Conduct	*George Washington*	214
The Scout Grown Up	*Benjamin Franklin*	217
Sea Fever	*John Masefield*	219
The Coast Range of Alaska	*Hamlin Garland*	220
How Valuable Is the Information?		221

NATURE'S WAYS AND MOODS

Books to Read		224

Sidelights on Animals

Hunting the Grizzly Bear	*Theodore Roosevelt*	227
Ladrone Travels in State	*Hamlin Garland*	236
As a Dog Should	*Charles Alexander*	241
The Better I Like Dogs	*Albert Payson Terhune*	255
The Return of the Mocking Bird		263
The Gaunt Gray Wolf	*Hamlin Garland*	270
The Humble-Bee	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	271
The Chambered Nautilus	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	274

Nature Poetry

May Is Building Her House	*Richard Le Gallienne*	277
To Autumn	*John Keats*	278
A Day in June	*James Russell Lowell*	280
The Snowstorm	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	282

PAGE

April Days . . . . . *Hamlin Garland* 284
A Vagabond Song . . . . . *Bliss Carman* 285
Summer's Armies . . . . . *Emily Dickinson* 286
Goodby and Keep Cold . . . . . *Robert Frost* 287
Trees . . . . . *Bliss Carman* 288
Trees . . . . . *Joyce Kilmer* 289
Song of the Chattahoochee . . . . . *Sidney Lanier* 290
The Trailing Arbutus . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 293
Snow-Bound . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 294
Good Company . . . . . *Karle Wilson Baker* 304
Judging Poetry 304

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

BOOKS TO READ 308

THE GREAT TREK

Prairie Folks . . . . . *Hamlin Garland* 313
Across the Plains . . . . . *Stewart Edward White* 314
The Ranchman's Ride . . . *William Lawrence Chittenden* 320
The Cowboy . . . . . *Emerson Hough* 321
The Pioneer's Rifle . . . . . *Stewart Edward White* 331
The Long Trail . . . . . *Hamlin Garland* 340
The Gold-Seekers . . . . . *Hamlin Garland* 343
America the Beautiful . . . . . *Katharine Lee Bates* 344
Which Story Is Most Difficult for You? 347

A GREAT AMERICAN

The Boyhood of Lincoln . . . . . *Lord Charnwood* 349
The Circuit Rider . . . . . *Ida M. Tarbell* 360
Two Letters to John D. Johnston . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 368
Gettysburg Address . . . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 371
An English Tribute . . . . . *Basil Williams* 372
Lincoln . . . . . *Thomas Curtis Clark* 373

THE STRUGGLE FOR A BETTER WORLD

America Enters the World War . . . . *Woodrow Wilson* 374
The Meaning of the War to America . . . *Walter Hines Page* 377
I Am an American . . . . . *Elias Lieberman* 379

		PAGE
American Resources and Inventions	*Franklin K. Lane*	381
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight	*Vachel Lindsay*	386
The Unknown Soldier	*Warren G. Harding*	388
Back Home Again	*Grantland Rice*	393
The Battle of Blenheim	*Robert Southey*	395
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	398
No More War	*Aristide Briand*	400
Which Is the Most Worth-While Selection?		400

MEN AND MANNERS

BOOKS TO READ		404

LEADERS OF MEN

The Mayor	*Brand Whitlock*	409
The Country Surgeon	*Sinclair Lewis*	417
From Novice to Veteran	*Irvin S. Cobb*	422
Looking for Adventures	*Hermann Hagedorn*	436
A Pioneer of Today	*Jackson Davis*	445
Measuring the Qualities of Men		453

SOME AMERICAN WOMEN

Mary White	*William Allen White*	454
Lessons without Books	*Helen Keller*	459
The Schoolmistress	*Anna Howard Shaw*	465
The Call to Serve	*Elmer C. Adams and Warren D. Foster*	469
The Red Cross Spirit Speaks	*John H. Finley*	479
First Days at Hull House	*Jane Addams*	480

MANNERS OF MEN

Choosing an Occupation	*Thomas H. Huxley*	487
You Are Old, Father William	*Lewis Carroll*	488
The Grindstone	*Robert Frost*	489
The Schoolmaster	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	492
The Deserted Village	*Oliver Goldsmith*	494
Maria	*Oscar W. Firkins*	497
Polonius's Advice to His Son	*William Shakespeare*	501

CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE

		PAGE
BOOKS TO READ		504
Iron and Steel	*J. Russell Smith*	507
Making the Incandescent Light	*Thomas A. Edison*	515
The Master of the Air	*T. R. Ybarra*	518
The Romance of Helium	*Robert P. Smith*	528
A Century of Agricultural Progress	*Floyd L. Darrow*	530
The Radio Vision		534
L'Envoi	*Rudyard Kipling*	541
GLOSSARY		542
INDEX OF AUTHORS		563
INDEX OF TITLES		565

READING AND LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

To the Teacher

It is the purpose of *Reading and Literature* to provide a body of material which young people may use in developing their reading attainments. The selections represent the best in American and English literature, both in prose and in poetry. The range and amount are considerably greater than that available in the traditional upper-grade readers.

The choice of selections is made with regard to the compelling interests of adolescent boys and girls. Due care has been exercised to include a goodly representation of the widely read masterpieces of literature. Incident, adventure, legend, action, humor, gripping personalities — these are the irresistible lures which make young people read. Such materials, from writers of long-established merit, make the core of these books. The use of standard selections, however, has not precluded a generous recognition of living writers and of modern themes. Modern science, mechanical invention, love of nature, history, biography, American ideals of society with its traditional devotion to human liberty and its emphasis upon character, are all represented here in prose and poetry of high literary quality. To own these books will be a delight to pupils. They are made of the things which invite healthy-minded children to read.

At the same time *Reading and Literature* affords the opportunity for serious effort to improve the fundamental reading abilities and appreciations. While in school young people have no more serious concern than learning to read with understanding. This is true, first of all, because information about most of the important things in the world is gained through reading about them. Unless a person can read and understand printed prose, the vast stores of knowledge in things scientific and practical, in matters political and moral, which mankind has achieved through long centuries of study and experience, are literally closed books to him.

Today this necessity of learning to read is more urgent than ever before because the amount of reading matter has enormously increased in recent years. To realize this one need only to think of the newspapers which almost hourly flow from the printing presses in our large cities, of the issues of weekly and monthly magazines which yearly increase in size and number, and of the bulletins, pamphlets, monographs, and books, serious and entertaining, which crowd the mails and fill our libraries to overflowing. So vast is this continuously growing literature and so much of important knowledge is contained in it that the man who cannot read rapidly and intelligently is seriously handicapped for life. He simply cannot share in the life of the world about him; he will not know what men are thinking; he will remain ignorant while knowledge accumulates and more fortunate men profit by it.

Learning to Read a Long Process

All schools recognize the importance of reading by making it the first concern of children when they enter school. In all the earlier grades, reading claims the major portion of both the teacher's and the pupil's time. But reading is not something which one can learn once for all. It is a continuing process which young people must cherish through the high school, into college if they choose to go so far, and into life after school. As they grow older, more erudite and more experienced, they gain power to understand ideas that are meaningless in their earlier years; they can acquire a more extensive vocabulary and enrich their old words with new connotations; they are capable of finer distinctions and more subtle appreciations. These things will not come of themselves. They must be worked for and sought after. Just as a boy strives to improve in playing baseball or any other game, he must strive to gain a more complete mastery of the language which is to be the treasure house of ideas for all his future life.

The Intermediate Years

The junior high school is peculiarly the period when the perfection and enrichment of reading habits should occur. There is then a flood

of new active life, broadened interests and intense loyalties and devotions. These new experiences should be caught up by an appealing literature and made the motive force toward the development of reading habits and skills that will be of lifelong service to the individual. Interests in nature, in science, in adventure, in human relationships, in romance, in personal and social ideals, in the human conquest of physical nature, and in the subordination of the less desirable human qualities to the nobler ones — these are the impelling motives which should make reading in the earlier adolescent years the vehicle for achieving a mastery of English literature and particularly of English prose.

Silent Reading

The current emphasis on silent reading is a useful stressing of an important school activity. Most of a person's school reading is done silently and nearly all of his reading after school years is silent. The school should, therefore, seek to perfect young people in silent reading skill, to enable them to get meaning from printed pages rapidly and accurately. There should be constant improvement in these matters on through the upper grades and the high school. Recent educational researches have developed new methods for improving silent reading skill, and use is made of the results of these investigations in the study material throughout this series of books. At one or another place many of these newer techniques are used as directions to the pupil. A skillful teacher will extend these devices to other selections and thus provide greatly increased opportunity for learning good methods of work.

Vocabulary

Probably the most important means of improving reading power, aside from extensive reading, is the study of vocabulary. The words which a person understands will serve to show his range of information, his ability to think, and his general capacity for intellectual work better than almost any other index to his intelligence and attainment. To increase his vocabulary should be the desire of every student, and to aid in this process should be a definite aim of every teacher of reading. Growth in vocabulary consists not merely in the

acquisition of new words, but in attaining more precise meanings for old words. *Reading and Literature* offers abundant opportunities for exercise in both these directions. A good writer uses words with exactness often after searching a long time to find the right word to express his meaning with discrimination and precision. To understand this nicety of expression one must know the shades of meaning which words may convey. Rightly followed, the study of words is an interesting subject, and these books afford rich possibilities for such study.

The glossary at the end of the book provides practical definitions for many of the more difficult words. A mastery of this glossary will enlarge the reading attainments of a pupil and better fit him for his future reading needs. Informal tests based on this glossary will serve to show where a pupil stands in word knowledge and should stimulate him to improvement.

Oral Reading

While the days of formal "elocution" are happily over, oral reading remains an excellent means for teaching both the understanding and the appreciation of literature. Repeatedly in the study directions in this book emphasis is placed on the oral reading of poetry because only by such means can the beauty of sound and the rhythm of poetic form be adequately portrayed. In many cases this reading should be done by the teacher, for whom oral reading skill is a most valuable asset. But the pupils also should acquire the habit of fluent reading and easy abandon to the music of verse. If such habits are acquired in school days, they will remain in mature life an avenue for personal enjoyment and a means of giving pleasure to others.

Practice in oral reading gives opportunity for exercise in clear articulation and in accuracy of speech, attainments of the utmost importance to cultured men and women. Aside from the advantages which clear and pleasing speech gives to an individual in the ordinary contacts of life, it also equips him for those occasions when he must present his ideas for instruction or entertainment before an audience.

The material in *Reading and Literature* gives ample opportunity for oral reading. The wise teacher will make generous use of the selections for this purpose. Only he who knows the pupils he

teaches — their needs, their capacities, and their interests — can properly prescribe the oral reading assignments, but both prose and poetry should be used for this purpose.

Study Helps

The study helps that follow the selections are not intended as a substitute for a good teacher. There is no such substitute. The helps are suggestive of the types of introductory information that should be supplied, and the kinds of tasks that may be multiplied and modified for the purpose of enabling pupils to improve in the technique of reading and in the understanding and appreciation of literature. Particular emphasis is placed upon the understanding of English prose and the mastery of English vocabulary. At various places in the books are given illustrations of every important method which modern scientific investigation has approved for the teaching of reading and literature. The teacher will wish to amplify the use of the methods which he finds particularly useful, and to apply them to other selections than the ones to which they are here appended.

Reading and Appreciation

Reading skill, however important, is not the only aim of school reading. Quite as essential is the development of appreciation and taste for good literature. Not all that is written is of equal value, and since a person can read but little of what is written, it is important that he choose well what he does read. The reading which a pupil does in school should train him to make wise and useful choices when he comes to select his own reading. The cheap and tawdry he should learn easily to reject, and he should acquire the power and the desire to recognize and seize upon the better and more useful things. To judge accurately the merit of a poem or a bit of prose, we may call *appreciation;* to prefer the better to the poorer, we may call *taste.* Employing these definitions, we may say that the study of reading in the junior high school years should lead young people to an appreciation of good literature and a taste for it.

Understanding, expression, appreciation, and taste in the realm of English prose and English poetry may then be assumed as the

chief ends to be attained by the study of the material arranged in the three volumes of *Reading and Literature.* The books are intended for use in the junior high school or the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. While the selections chosen are such as will interest young people of these grades, they also represent acceptable standards of literary quality and reflect largely the life and ideals of the American people and of their European progenitors.

THE READER'S WORKING TOOLS

To the Pupils

An apprentice must learn to use the tools of his craft if he would become a skilled workman. In the business of learning to read there are some necessary tools, in the use of which you should become expert. A few of them are listed here.

1. Dictionaries

Webster's New International Dictionary. G. and C. Merriam Company
The Standard Dictionary. Funk and Wagnalls Company
English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions by James C. Fernald. Funk and Wagnalls Company

2. Encyclopedias

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. 10 vols. F. E. Compton and Company
The Book of Knowledge. 20 vols. The Grolier Society
Century Cyclopedia of Names. The Century Company
The Reader's Handbook of Facts, Characters, Plots, and References, by E. Cobham Brewer. J. B. Lippincott Company
The Outline of Science by J. Arthur Thomson. 4 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons

3. Useful Books for Reference

The following books, while not so necessary as those named above, will be found useful in extending your reading beyond the limits of this book.

Ashmun, Margaret. *Modern Prose and Poetry for Secondary Schools.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Boynton, Percy H. *Milestones in American Literature.* Ginn and Company
Calhoun, Mary E., and MacAlarney, Emma L. *Readings from American Literature.* Ginn and Company
De Mille, A. B. *American Poetry.* Allyn and Bacon
Mabie, Hamilton Wright, and Hale, Edward Everett. *Men and Women of Achievement : Self Help.* The University Society
Pace, Roy Bennett. *Readings in American Literature.* Allyn and Bacon
Payne, Leonidas Warren, Jr., and Hill, Nina. *Selections from English Literature.* Rand McNally and Company

PAYNE, LEONIDAS WARREN, Jr. *American Literary Readings.* Rand McNally and Company

STEVENS, DAVID H. *The Home Guide to Good Reading.* L. E. Myers and Company

TETER, GEORGE E. *One Hundred Narrative Poems.* Scott, Foresman and Company

4. MAGAZINES

The American Girl. The Girl Scouts, New York. Monthly, 15 cents the copy; $1.50 the year. A scouting magazine for girls.

Every Girl. Camp Fire Girls, New York. Monthly, 10 cents the copy; $1.00 the year. Official magazine for Camp Fire Girls.

The American Boy. Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit. Monthly, 20 cents the copy; $2.00 the year.

St. Nicholas. The Century Company, New York. Monthly, 25 cents the copy; $3.00 the year.

Popular Science Monthly. New York. Monthly, 25 cents the copy; $2.50 the year. Illustrated timely articles on the progress of science.

Popular Mechanics Magazine. Chicago. Monthly, 25 cents the copy; $2.50 the year. "Written so you can understand it."

5. PICTURES

Pictures illustrative of the selections in this book may be obtained from the following places:

The Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass.

Bird and Nature Pictures. Joseph H. Dodson, Kankakee, Illinois.

The Mentor. 52 East 19th Street, New York.

The Copley Prints. Curtis and Cameron, Boston.

University Prints. Bureau of University Travel, Trinity Place, Boston.

6. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

Phonograph records may be obtained for some of the selections used in this book. The catalogues of the phonograph companies contain titles.

TELLING TALES

From youth to old age all of us are interested in adventure. To take part in an exciting game, a hunting expedition, or in the more serious contests of love and war is to engage one's wits and skills against the powers of nature and those of other persons. The doubtful outcome of such a contest is a challenge to one's best traits and to one's utmost effort. To succeed in the adventure gives zest and joy to living.

Much of the good literature of the world, old and recent, finds its claim to our interest in this love we all have for exciting action. From Mother Goose to Mark Twain and Kipling, the telling of tales is an art which endears the story-teller to all of us. Very early in life each of us begins to have his own favorite author and "the story I like best." As we grow older and read more, we learn to like other stories and new authors.

Some of the tales which are printed in this book are very old; in some the scenes are laid in foreign lands; others are written by more recent writers, and some have to do with the exciting athletic contests of our own day. In them you will find action in full measure.

You will find also interesting characters, personalities you will like. You will meet here men of courage, of daring, and of great skill; you will find women of beauty, loyalty, and generosity. You will like these men and women for their modesty, their cleverness, their self-respect, their endurance, and their willingness to sacrifice themselves for noble ideals. You will find opportunity to laugh at some and to feel sad with others. They are a delightful company. Try to get well acquainted with them. Many of them will be your friends for life.

BOOKS TO READ

THE poems and prose selections in this book are but a small part of all the reading you will do during this year. On the following pages is given a list of books with notes indicating their contents. Choose from this list things that appear interesting to you for home reading. Keep in your notebook the titles of all you read during the year.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY. *The Story of a Bad Boy.* Houghton Mifflin Company
You will like this "bad boy" because he is so much like the boys you know.

BARBOUR, RALPH H. *For the Honor of the School.* D. Appleton and Company

—— *Half-Back.* D. Appleton and Company

—— *The Crimson Sweater.* The Century Company
Athletic stories that give a thrilling picture of school life and its fine ideals.

BARNES, WALTER. *The Children's Poets.* World Book Company
Poems from Blake, de la Mare, Lear, Carroll, Field, Riley, and others; with information about the poets and their writings.

BARSTOW, C. L. (editor.) *Every-Day Heroes; Retold from St. Nicholas.* The Century Company
Was Walter Harvey a coward? Why did the fireman get a medal? How did a boy save a ship? How was Ulric saved? What was the grit of the chemist's helper? Read to find the answers.

BATES, KATHARINE LEE. *Fairy Gold.* E. P. Dutton and Company
Modern poems and nonsense verses selected by a gifted poet.

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE. *Lorna Doone.*
A tale of love between two young people whose families are in deadly feud. The scene is England in the days of the Stuarts.

BUNYAN, JOHN. *Pilgrim's Progress.* The Century Company
A wonderfully told story representing the travels and trials of Christian in living the life he thought to be right.

BURNETT, FRANCES H. *Sara Crewe and Other Stories.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Sara goes to boarding school and finds that even a little girl can have some pretty hard times.

CAMP, WALTER. *Athletes All. Training, Organization, and Play.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *Handbook of Health.* D. Appleton and Company
The Grand Old Man of American college football in these books gives, for the benefit of others, the wisdom of his lifetime of service.

CERVANTES. *Don Quixote* (F. A. Parry retelling). Dodd, Mead and Company
"The adventures of the knight and his servant, Sancho Panza, have made men laugh for four hundred years even while culling out bits of wisdom." — Stevens.

CLAUDY, CARL H. *The Battle of Baseball.* The Century Company
Tells how to play the great American national game with skill.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. *Gallegher, and Other Stories.* Charles Scribner's Sons
The title story concerns a boy who beat the other reporters in getting an important story to the newspaper office.

DAVIS, ROY, and GETCHELL, FREDERICK G. *Stories of the Day's Work.* Ginn and Company
A collection of stories particularly adapted to boys and girls of the junior high school. Many authors are represented.

DICKENS, CHARLES. *The Cricket on the Hearth.*
The cricket and the kettle try to outdo each other in conversation. A fairy tale of home that you will like.

—— *David Copperfield.*
David is a hero for all boys and girls; his friends are amusing and lovable. "I liked it best the third time I read it." — A schoolgirl.

—— *Nicholas Nickleby.*
A tale of Squeers' school, some hard lessons, and a strange type of schoolmaster.

DOYLE, A. CONAN. *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* Harper and Brothers
The amateur detective with amazing scientific skill unravels the most intricate crimes.

GILLETT, JAMES B. *The Texas Ranger.* World Book Company
A true, first-hand story of the famous body of mounted riflemen who fought raiding Indians and outlaws on the frontiers.

GREY, ZANE. *The Short Stop.* A. C. McClurg Company
An athletic tale you will read through without stopping.

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR. *The Laughing Muse.* Harper and Brothers
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER. *Evening Tales.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *His Songs and Sayings.* D. Appleton and Company

—— *Nights with Uncle Remus.* Houghton Mifflin Company

—— *On the Plantation.* D. Appleton and Company
Uncle Remus is the old negro who tells the stories of the plantation to the little boy.

HAUGHTON, PERCY D. *Football and How to Watch It.* Marshall Jones Company, Boston
One of Harvard's great football players and coaches tells how to watch and understand a football game.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *Twice-Told Tales.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Stories fanciful and mystical, some of them dealing with pre-Revolutionary days in America.

HEYDRICK, BENJAMIN A. *Americans All.* Harcourt, Brace and Company
Fourteen short stories from American writers, mostly living ones. The stories are alive too.

HEYLIGER, WILLIAM. *Bartley, Freshman Pitcher.* D. Appleton and Company
A baseball story that shows what good sportsmanship means.

HOUGH, EMERSON. *Young Alaskans in the Far North.* Harper and Brothers
Three boys adrift in a boat find plenty of adventure in Alaska.

IRVING, WASHINGTON. *The Sketch Book.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
Rip and Ichabod are among the best known Americans although both are fictitious. Everybody should read *The Sketch Book.*

JOHNSON, OWEN. *The Varmint.* Little, Brown and Company
Stories of a boy's school. The Varmint, spoiled boy, finds himself of little importance.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Kim.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Kim's father is a soldier with the British army in India. The story tells of the adventures and education of Kim after he has been left an orphan.

—— *Stalky and Co.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The exploits of Stalky and his companions in a military school.

LAGERLÖF, SELMA. *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Selma Lagerlöf is a Swedish novelist who was given the Nobel prize because of her beautiful stories. The adventures of Nils will interest every boy and girl.

LAMB, CHARLES and MARY. *Tales from Shakespeare.*
Prose tales of Shakespeare's plays. One of the delightful books which everybody reads.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. *Evangeline.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A story of French Acadia, the love story of a girl who was separated from her lover through the cruelties of war and who spent her life in search of him.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Houghton Mifflin Company
The story of the search for the Holy Grail.

LUCAS, E. V.
Another Book of Verses for Children. The Macmillan Company
Two hundred poems from Burns, Carroll, Longfellow, Riley, Stevenson, and others.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON. *Lays of Ancient Rome.*
Stories in verse of the ancient and fabulous days of Rome.

McSpadden, J. Walker. *Famous Detective Stories.* Thomas Y. Crowell Company
By the masters of thrilling tale: Edgar Allan Poe, Emile Gaboriau, A. Conan Doyle, Anna K. Green, Arthur B. Reeve, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Marvin, F. S., and others. *Adventures of Odysseus.* E. P. Dutton and Company
An ancient Greek tale of the heroic adventures of Odysseus after the fall of Troy. Translated from Homer.

Mikels, Rosa M. R. *Short Stories for English Courses.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Twenty short stories from twenty of the best modern writers. Excellent selection.

Morley, Christopher. *Modern Essays.* Harcourt, Brace and Company
Thirty stories and essays, mostly from the pens of living writers.

Perry, Lawrence. *The Fullback.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *Touchdowns.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Thrilling football stories by a writer who both knows the game and knows how to tell a tale.

—— *For the Game's Sake.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *The Big Game.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Modern athletic stories from boys' schools.

Phillpotts, Eden. *The Human Boy and the War.* The Macmillan Company
Boys in an English boarding school during the World War. The boys tell the stories.

Poe, Edgar Allan. *Tales.*
Tales of mystery and horror by one of the perfect masters of the short story. "The Gold Bug" is a special favorite.

Porter, Gene Stratton. *Freckles.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The story of a boy who loves the out-of-doors, the bees, birds, and flowers. A great favorite with young people.

SCOTT, WALTER. *The Lady of the Lake.*
A story of love and war in Scotland when each clan fought for itself.

Sea Stories. Retold from *St. Nicholas.* The Century Company
Short tales of sea life and adventure; repelling attacks, narrow escapes, steering without a compass, lights that guide at night, the famous voyage of the *Oregon.*

SLOCUM, JOSHUA. *Around the World in the Sloop Spray.* The Century Company
The adventures of a small sailing vessel and its navigator.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. *Kidnapped.* Charles Scribner's Sons
A romantic tale of a boy who escapes from a rascally uncle to join his fortunes with Alan Breck Stewart, a notorious Highlander.

—— *The Black Arrow.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Another thrilling tale by a master story-teller.

SWIFT, JONATHAN. *Gulliver's Travels.*
"A book you can now read for its enjoyable story of strange adventures among pygmies and giants. Ten years hence you will read it for its wisdom."

TAPPAN, EVA MARCH. *Sports and Pastimes.* Volume I of *The Children's Hour.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Stories about scores of games children like to play.

TETER, GEORGE (Compiler). *One Hundred Narrative Poems.* Scott, Foresman and Company.
Interesting stories told in English verse, beginning with Robin Hood and Scott and including modern writers like Arnold and Masefield.

TILESTON, MARY W. *Children's Book of Ballads.* Little, Brown and Company
Ballads selected for young readers.

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel L. Clemens). *The Prince and the Pauper.* Harper and Brothers
The prince becomes a pauper; the pauper becomes a king. Each learns much in the process.

VACHELL, H. A. *The Hill.* Dodd, Mead and Company
A good book for those who like Tom Brown.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. *The Story of the Other Wise Man.* Harper and Brothers

—— *The First Christmas Tree.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Charming Christmas stories, founded on tradition, that take the reader back to earlier times and customs.

VERNE, JULES. *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *Around the World in Eighty Days.* E. P. Dutton and Company
Tales of imaginative adventures which modern inventions have made realities.

WALLACE, LEW. *Ben Hur.* Harper and Brothers
A thrilling tale of the times of Christ. It contains the famous story of the chariot race.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY. *Being a Boy.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A boy in a Massachusetts hill-town nearly eighty years ago.

WELLS, CAROLYN. *A Nonsense Anthology.* Charles Scribner's Sons
A delightful collection of first-rate nonsense literature.

WHITE, JOHN S. *Plutarch for Boys and Girls.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
Heroic men of ancient times, whose life stories are ever new.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Rebecca Randall, one of the seven children of a widowed mother, at the age of ten goes to live with her Aunt Miranda and Aunt Jane, who are severe and unreasonable women. Rebecca finds good friends in Mr. Cobb, the stage driver, and in "Mr. Aladdin."

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, and SMITH, NORA ARCHIBALD. *Arabian Nights.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Old tales of great adventure and marvelous happenings.

WITHAM, R. ADELAIDE. *English and Scotch Popular Ballads.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A collection of thirty-six poems "made for singing and not for reading," "tales telling themselves" for the delight of all.

WYSS, JOHANN DAVID. *The Swiss Family Robinson.*
Like Robinson Crusoe, the Robinson family were shipwrecked on a lonely island and were forced to live without the conveniences of civilized life. Their adventures called for both sturdy character and cleverness.

STORIES IN VERSE

HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

1

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

5

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —
A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet —
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave —
Keel so much as grate the ground —
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

7

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief."

Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come — too late!

8

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes —
Just the same man as before.

9

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand what'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

10

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got — nothing more.

II

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell:
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
  All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

When the English people expelled their Stuart rulers in the seventeenth century, the French king sided with the Stuarts, who had been his friends. In 1692 Louis XIV of France sent over a large fleet to attack the English. In a battle which took place off La Hague, a point near the mouth of the Seine River and opposite Plymouth Bay, many of the French ships were lost. But a single squadron reached the coast of France, where, hotly pursued by the English, it fled past Cherbourg, rounded Cape de La Hague, and dodged among the Channel Islands to St. Malo. There Damfreville declared it impossible to guide the ships farther through the narrow channel into the mouth of the Rance River, where they might find shelter. It was then that the simple-hearted sailor, Hervé Riel, brought up on the coast at Le Croisic and familiar with every crevice of the shore, led the squadron to safety through the rocks. This is the story told by Browning in his poem.

The poem was written nearly two hundred years after the event described, and England at the time was sympathetic with France, which was being overrun by the German army. For the writing of "Hervé Riel," Browning received five hundred dollars. This he sent to the war sufferers in Paris, who were forced to endure a terrible siege.

Be sure to read the poem aloud, so as to bring out all its stirring spirit and story-telling power.

1. Try telling the story in simple prose and see how clearly Browning has told it to you.

2. Why do you think he called the poem "Hervé Riel" instead of "The Escape of the *Formidable*"?

3. Trace on a map of France the journey of the ships. La Hague is near the mouth of the Seine River, and St. Malo and Croisic Point are well to the south of it. At St. Malo is the harbor formed by the mouth of the River Rance, on whose banks stands the fortress of Solidor.

4. What picture do you get of the French fleet in stanzas 1 and 2?

5. Try to picture to yourself the council of pilots with Damfreville. What reasons does Hervé Riel give for their cowardice?

6. Why do we feel confidence in Riel at once?

7. What do you think of him after his achievement?

8. Which do you think the better monument, this poem or a great effigy on the Louvre, the famous art gallery of Paris? Give your reasons.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Ebb of tide (page 18), low tide. **Flow at full**, flood tide, when the water is high; opposite of ebb tide.

Take in tow (page 18), pull through the water by a rope or chain, as a towboat tows a ship.

Croisickese (page 18), a native of Le Croisic, a seaport in France.

Malouins (page 19), inhabitants of the seaport of St. Malo.

PRONUNCIATION

Croisickese, krwä-sēk-ēz′
Formidable, fôr′mĭ-dȧ-b'l
Grève, grāv
Hervé Riel, ĕr-vā′rē-ĕl′
Louvre, lo͞o′vr'
Malouins, mȧl′o͞o-ȧns
Rance, răns
St. Malo, săn mȧ-lō

THE HIGHWAYMAN [1]

ALFRED NOYES

PART ONE

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor;
And the highwayman came riding —
Riding — riding —
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard;
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say —

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight;
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burned like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

Part Two

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A redcoat troop came marching —
Marching — marching —
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say:
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, — riding!
The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him — with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,

When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway;
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

. . . . . .

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding —
Riding — riding —
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

The highwayman, though he did not have an honorable occupation, was a loyal and daring fellow; and Bess, in her beauty, devotion, and sacrifice, was a splendid girl. The two are fitting characters for this musical ballad.

The poem abounds in words that make pictures: "the moon was a ghostly galleon," "the road was a ribbon of moonlight," and so on through the verses.

The poem is musical in every line. There are a few unusual words which should be looked up. After you have done this, read the poem aloud so as to bring out its musical rhythm. After a few readings, the words and the pictures will remain long in memory.

The last two stanzas, beginning

"And still of a winter's night, they say,"

remind us of the belief that the spirits of the departed return in later years to the scene of their tragedies. Superstitious beliefs of this kind have been held in many lands.

What do you like especially about this poem? Which is the more important to you — the information you get from it or the pleasure it gives you?

KEEPING A NOTEBOOK

In your reading this year you will probably find some things you like so well that you will want to remember them. You may want to make a brief summary of a story you like especially. There may be some favorite lines in a poem which you wish to remember. You may notice some expressions that could be used in a report or an article you have to write. Perhaps you will find in magazines pictures that would illustrate one of the stories in this book on *Reading and Literature.*

If you have a notebook, you can keep all this interesting material together where it can always be found when you want it. A book with plain pages about 8½ by 11 inches is a good size. It would be well to devote one page or more to each selection, writing at the top of the page the name of the selection and the author. If the selection is a part of a long story, you might write the title of the complete story; and if you read the whole book, add your comments on the characters and what happens to them. Pictures and clippings may be pasted into your notebook. If you can make some original drawings, that will be best of all.

You might start your notebook with something about Alfred Noyes's poem, "The Highwayman." The poem tells how the highwayman was dressed. Have you seen any pictures recently that remind you of him? You may wish to copy in your notebook some of the stirring lines or beautiful descriptions so that you will remember them.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dumferline towne
Drinking the blood-red wine:
"O where will I get a good sailor
To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a broad letter
And signed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read
A loud laugh laughed he:
The next line that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his ee.

"O who is this has done this deed,
This ill deed unto me;
To send me out this time o' the year
To sail upon the sea?

"Make haste, make haste, my merry men all,
Our good ship sails the morn."
"O say not so, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon
With the old moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm."

O our Scots nobles were right loath
To wet their cork-heeled shoon,
But long ere all the play was played
Their hats they swam aboun.

O long, long may their ladies sit
With their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

O long, long, may the ladies stand
With their gold combs in their hair,
Waiting for their own dear lords,
For they'll see them no mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
It's fifty fathom deep.
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

This is one of the finest of the old ballads of Scotland. It tells the story in simple, direct style with no description and with no thought for smooth rhythm and literary form. The Scotch dialect of the original form of this ballad is so hard to read that modern spelling is used here in most cases. The poem was sung by the people and was passed on from one to another, from father to son.

The disaster described in the poem is supposed to have happened in the year 1281, when the king ordered a ship to bring the princess home from Norway to Scotland.

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridesmaidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

This poem is from the fifth canto of Scott's *Marmion*. It is sung by Lady Heron as she plays on the harp for the King, James IV of Scotland.

> And first she pitched her voice to sing,
> Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
> And then around the silent ring;
> And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
> Her pretty oath, by Yea and Nay,
> She could not, would not, durst not play!
> At length, upon the harp, with glee,
> Mingled with arch simplicity,
> A soft, yet lively air she rung,
> While thus the wily lady sung.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

2

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

3

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

4

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

5

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

6

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

7

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

8

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

9

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

10

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

11

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

12

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

13

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!

When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

14

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

15

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

16

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden, —
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

17

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
  Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
  Stands looking seaward.

18

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

19

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  Oh, death was grateful!

20

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

Longfellow wrote several poems dealing with the early life and legends of our country. The Pilgrims live again for us in the pages of *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the French Canadian settlers in *Evangeline*, and the Indians in *Hiawatha*. Longfellow at one time hoped to write a poem which would represent the exciting adventures of the Norsemen who came to our country several centuries before Columbus. This he never did, but he made their story the theme of his shorter poem, "The Skeleton in Armor."

On the New England coast at Newport, Rhode Island, is an old Round Tower which somewhat resembles towers built by the Vikings on the coasts of Europe. It was for some time thought that this tower might be a relic of the Norsemen's life on our shores. Longfellow refers to it in stanza 17.

Not many miles from this tower a skeleton in armor was unearthed by laborers digging in a hill near Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1836. The skeleton, which was found in a sitting posture, wore a breastplate and girdle of brass and had a quiver filled with arrows. The body was preserved in a peculiar cover of dark-colored bark. Some scholars thought it the skeleton of an Indian, but others thought it might be that of a Viking who came to our country long ago.

The fierce Vikings, or Norsemen, of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were a race of fearless pirates who crept along the coasts of western Europe in their swift vessels and sailed far up into the inlets and streams to plunder and kill. These sea rovers were the terror of sailors from the eighth to the tenth centuries. They sailed in long, narrow, wooden boats, which were rigged with sails and several pairs of oars, and had a high curved iron prow for the purpose of ramming vessels in battle. In winter the warriors returned to the Northland, where they spent long days and nights in feasting and drinking in their great banquet halls while their *skalds* (skôlds) or poets sang or recited the *sagas* (sä′gàs) of the brave deeds of their heroes.

1. What picture do you see in stanza 1? Who is speaking in this stanza?

2. What do you learn of the way the Norse child spent his time in winter? How did he spend his young manhood?

3. Note the vivid picture of the wassail-bout in the Viking banquet hall. (See stanza 7 and also stanza 10.) The name *wassail* comes from two Norse words meaning " be thou well," which shows that the liquor (ale or wine) was drunk originally as a toast to some honored person.

4. How could the warriors " measure in cups of ale " the story told by the Berserk about his wild adventures?

5. Note the picture of the blue-eyed maid listening to the warrior's tales. There is a beautiful comparison here of the star and the dark pine.

6. Picture to yourself the scene when the warrior asked for the daughter. How did the father act? Why?

7. Describe the sea fight between the runaways and old Hildebrand, the father. *Skaw* (skô) is a point of North Jutland, Denmark (stanza 14).

8. How does Longfellow connect the legend of the skeleton with the Round Tower?

9. The warrior ends his tale with " Skoal " (skōl), a Norwegian salutation or toast meaning " Hail! "

10. What interesting materials can you put in your notebook?

CÆSAR'S FUNERAL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Julius Cæsar, after his extensive military conquests, became head of the Roman republic. He proved a wise ruler, but some of his enemies started a conspiracy against him. They charged that he wished to be made king. To this conspiracy they won Brutus, a noble patriot and friend of Cæsar, who was led to fear that Cæsar would overthrow the republic. The conspiracy resulted in the murder of Cæsar on the Ides of March (the fifteenth of the month). Brutus and others explained to the people the reason for the murder.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than

his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —
Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.
Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans, —
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —

For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, — not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will.

Antony. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring: stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
Antony. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny.
First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Shakespeare's play, *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*, tells the story of the conspiracy, the assassination of Cæsar, the funeral, and the later defeat of the conspirators in a battle at Philippi. The Forum scene, which is given here, is from Act III of the play.

Picture to yourself the forum, a broad open space in the heart of the city shut in by low hills. At one end was a raised platform, or rostrum, from which speakers addressed the people in front. On this day the populace are gathered in large numbers, excited by the murder of Cæsar and clamoring for an explanation. Imagine Brutus, tall, dignified, and noble in appearance, dressed in the Roman toga, as he ascends the rostrum with Cassius to give the reasons for Cæsar's death.

What pictures would be good illustrations for this scene from the play? Can you find them for your notebook?

The following questions will aid you in understanding the speeches.

1. What does Brutus mean by saying, "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more?" At the beginning of this speech (line 13) the word *lovers* means friends.

2. Note how simply Brutus speaks to the people. What effect does his speech have?

3. What do you learn of Brutus's character in lines 51–57?

4. What is the attitude of the people toward Cæsar and toward Brutus when Mark Antony begins to speak?

5. Do you think Mark Antony thought Brutus was "an honorable

man"? What is the effect on the people of his constant repetition of that phrase? Note that he cannot say this in a sarcastic tone until late in his speech when he has won the people over to his side.

6. What three instances does he give to show that Cæsar was not ambitious?

7. "The general coffers" in line 85 means the public treasury. What are ransoms? What effect would Cæsar's use of ransoms have upon the taxes and hence upon the people's liking for Cæsar?

8. Find the point in the play where Mark Antony, encouraged by the sympathy of the mob, dares to attack the conspirators openly. From here on he probably shows sarcasm in his voice in speaking of the "honorable men."

9. Do you think he does "not mean to read" the will?

10. "The commons" in line 126 are the common people. "Napkins" in line 129 are handkerchiefs.

11. Why does he mention the Nervii (line 128), the most warlike of the tribes of Gaul whom Cæsar had conquered?

12. Do you agree with Mark Antony when he says, "I am no orator as Brutus is" (line 211)?

13. Note how cleverly he has kept the will to the last. What are its terms? A drachma is equivalent to about twenty cents. The fifteen dollars each man received was, of course, worth many times what it is today.

14. What is the result of Antony's speech? What does his final speech show about his purpose in giving it?

15. What do the speeches show you about the kind of men Brutus and Mark Antony were? Compare their methods of appealing to the crowd. Which had the greater knowledge of human nature?

16. Can you write the main facts in this story in five sentences? Try it.

THE STORY-TELLERS' CLUB

It would be a good idea to organize a Story-Tellers' Club, since you will be reading a great many stories this year. The club may include the members of your class only or it may invite members of other classes to join also. You will probably want to ask a teacher to be sponsor for the club. You will need at least two officers, a chairman and a secretary. The chairman, who will preside at the meetings of the club, may be changed frequently. The secretary should hold office for a semester or quarter, as it is better to have the records kept by one person.

In order to make your records more interesting, you may decide to have orders or degrees in the club, and to award these degrees to the members as they secure sufficient credits. The club will probably wish to arrange its own orders and credits, but the following arrangement is suggested:

Degrees	*Number of Credits*
Degree of William Shakespeare	1000 credits
Degree of Mark Twain	700 credits
Degree of Robert Louis Stevenson	500 credits
Degree of Edgar Allan Poe	300 credits
Degree of Washington Irving	200 credits
Degree of O. Henry	100 credits

Credits may be given according to the following schedule or in any other way the club decides.

A. 20 *credits* for placing in your notebook any of the following:

1. A list of ten American prose story-tellers named in a book on American literature.
2. A list of three American story-tellers who have told stories in verse and are named in a book on American literature.
3. A list of ten English prose story-tellers named in a book on English literature.
4. A list of three English story-tellers in verse who are named in a book on English literature.
5. A list of ten good stories told by American writers.
6. A list of ten good stories told by English writers.
7. The titles of two stories originally told in the Greek or the Latin language.
8. The titles of two stories originally told in the Hebrew language.

9. The titles of two stories originally told in French, Spanish, or Italian.
10. The titles of two stories originally told in German or Scandinavian.
11. The titles of two stories originally told in the languages of any of the following countries:

India	Japan	Arabia
China	Turkey	Persia

12. The titles of two legends of the American Indians.
13. The titles of two good dialect stories.
14. A list of the ten best stories you have read.
15. The names of three writers who have written stories based on American history, together with the titles of their stories.
16. The name of a writer named in a book on American literature whose stories have been used for motion pictures.
17. The name of a writer named in a book on American literature whose stories have been played on the stage.
18. The title of a story which has been made the basis of a musical composition.
19. The title of a story which has been used as the basis of a great picture.
20. Ten pictures or drawings illustrative of any one of the stories noted above.
21. An original drawing illustrative of any one of the stories noted above.

B. 25 *credits each*

1. A brief synopsis, told orally, of any story included under the 20-credit schedule.
2. A short account of the life and work of any writer included in the 20-credit schedule. To be given orally.
3. A recitation, from memory, of a narrative poem that requires about five minutes (not more).
4. Five short stories or anecdotes told by, or told about, any well-known American. To be given orally. Not more than two should concern any one person.

C. 40 *credits each*

1. A prose version, in not more than 500 words, of any story included in the 20-credit schedule.
2. An oral reading, with text in hand, of any interesting story requiring not less than ten minutes for the reading.

D. 50 *credits each*

1. An original story of not more than 1000 words based on some event in American history.
2. An original story of not more than 1000 words based on a personal experience or about a person you know.
3. An original imaginative story.
4. An original narrative poem of not less than twenty-five lines.

E. 100 *credits each*

1. A well-kept notebook of materials acceptable for the degrees of the club and amounting to 700 or more credits.
2. A play based on any story included in the 20-credit schedule.

THE BOOK [1]

EMILY DICKINSON

THERE is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

[1] Copyright, Little, Brown, and Company.

PLAYING THE GAME

PRINCETON WINS

HUGH S. FULLERTON

THERE was no doubt that history was in the making on that bright October day. For years, in fact from the beginning of college football, the eastern schools had held the center of the stage. No teams could play like Harvard and Yale and Princeton. In vain did the growing colleges of the Middle West — fresh-water schools — urge their claims to recognition. It was not to be. The long-time heroes of the East were not to be displaced in the nation's favor.

Then something happened. The University of Chicago scheduled a game with Princeton to be played on the Tiger's field. Stagg, whose Yale training and tradition had been seasoned by thirty years of coaching in the braw young college by the big lake, "pointed his team" for the event and came home with the long end of a 7 to 0 score. The victory could be regarded as accidental, but in deference to good sportsmanship Princeton must give a return game on Chicago's ground the next season.

The day was set, and a hundred thousand football fans throughout the land eagerly scanned the daily papers for pointers on the rival teams. Old grads a thousand miles from the Maroon field sent in orders for tickets and planned to attend the game. Twenty thousand Princeton men — more than a thousand of the old graduates and heroes of former battles — were turning toward Chicago; and then something else happened. Iowa invaded New Haven and beat Yale 9 to 0. Interest in the Chicago game was intensified. The swelling football pretenses of the West must be checked. Eastern prestige was more than threatened; it was about to fall, and the danger was all the more ominous by virtue of Chicago's splendid showing from the beginning of the season.

The loyal crowds began to gather the day before the game. In recognition of the event, big business houses in Chicago bedecked themselves not merely with maroon but with the Princeton black and orange. Clubs and hotels were flaming with color as the Tiger growl swept through the city with the gathering of the Princeton hosts. Princeton's team and the special train which bore the hosts of Easterners into Chicago was just the beginning of the rally. From all sections came heroes of past days.

Princeton, usually content to call any game with a western team an exhibition, had changed. Knowing that this was the first time they had ever ventured into the West, knowing that in all probability no other Princeton team would meet a conference eleven, the cry of "Beat Yale!" or "Beat Harvard!" had been changed to "Beat Chicago!" Old grads, who had fought under Princeton's goal posts against the Blue and the Crimson, declared they would rather beat Chicago than beat either of their rivals in the East. Princeton had "pointed" at last for a western team and came determined to wipe out the disgrace of last year's overthrow at the hands of Stagg.

The greatest gathering of Princeton men ever held outside the shaded lanes of Nassau resulted from the rallying cry of the Tiger. A great collection of old heroes gathered at the Drake Hotel, and the night before the game more than six hundred of the leaders, hailing from forty sections of the country, gathered at the banquet of the National Alumni Association of Princeton. Led by President John Greer Hibben and Coach Bill Roper, they stood and cheered as they sang and pleaded with the Tiger youngsters, who, nervous and white lipped, waited the whistle the following day to win and restore the prestige of the East in football.

As the day dawned, even nature seemed sensitive to the import of the impending event. Never did autumn pour from out her lavish horn a more beautiful October day. No threatening clouds or wind; an air warm enough for comfort but with a

briskness that sent the blood tingling under the skin. The masses of men and women who hours before the game besieged the gates for entrance, arriving by trolley, train, and motor, came with their eyes and hearts radiant with the colors with which nature paints her trees and bush and grass in these middle western plains. Thirty-two thousand people — white heads alert beyond their years, middle-aged business and professional men, college boys in crowds, schoolboys and children, with women and girls of every age smiling and gorgeous with ribbons and flowers — thronged the stands long before the game was called. They came singly and in pairs, in family groups and in the company of friends, with trumpets and bands, walking, marching, leaping, talking, singing, and shouting, ebullient with anticipation and determined to win.

The Princeton devotees were sent to the stands on the east side of the field; Chicago flooded up the west side seats, and as the hour of the game approached the hubbub of arriving crowds settled into the rhythmic concert of college yells and college songs led by bands. As the teams trotted on the field, "Old Nassau" streamed defiantly across the field from the Princeton hosts, to be answered by the equally defiant songs and yells of Chicago from the west side of the field. The game was on.

For four long quarters the struggle swayed up and down Stagg Field, Chicago always in the lead. And then the East, playing western football, defeated the West, playing eastern football, in the most spectacular and desperately fought intersectional struggle in the history of football, Princeton triumphing over Chicago, 21 to 18.

Chicago, outplaying, outfighting, outrushing Princeton, seemed to have victory assured, and the triumph of western football seemed certain when an instant of confusion, a little blunder in signals, and a fumble scooped by a flying Princeton player roused the dying hope of the Tigers. From then to the finish the fighting spirit of Old Nassau was aroused. Crashing, fighting,

and clawing their way through the demoralized Maroon line, they scored again and took the lead. Then, in one of the most fierce and desperate rallies in football history, Princeton, rallying her dying strength on the one-yard line, hurled back assault after assault of the desperate Maroons and held her victory safe.

The game, played before the most brilliant crowd ever assembled in Chicago, a crowd which seethed and screamed with the rising and falling tides of battle, was not good football. But from the standpoint of the spectator, it was the game of games for thrills and excitement, which ended when the exhausted and battered Tiger team, holding when defeat seemed imminent, kicked out of danger just as the whistle blew — and the East, with its prestige safe, limped off the field, with the greatest treasure Old Nassau ever will place in her hall of fame.

The fact that Chicago battered the Tiger line to shreds in the first half, the fact that the Maroon team plunged and plowed to clean-cut touchdowns, the fact that the Maroon line outplayed and outcharged the Tiger, the fact that the East with its contempt for the forward pass was forced back upon a forward passing attack to gain — all this counted for nothing. The game showed the East superior in condition, in training, and in basic football.

Chicago scored three times — on fierce line smashing by the Thomas boys, against which the lighter Princeton line seemed unable to stand. Chicago's guards opened huge holes through the Tiger line, while the Thomas brothers and later Zorn poured through the holes opened by Pondelik.

The first half was all Chicago. Princeton was held at every turn and forced to forward passing to gain slightly, but the running would not gain through or around the unyielding Maroon wall. But with little Johnny Gorman, cool as if in victory, directing play, Princeton cut loose a dazzling forward passing attack which carried them again and again within striking distance of the Maroon goal.

At the end of the first quarter a forward heave by Cleaves, the field leader of the Tigers, placed the ball near the five-yard line. When they changed ends, the Tigers smashed to gain that vital five yards. With the Maroons holding and throwing back assault after assault, Ken Smith was rushed to the rescue. Then with a sudden shift Gorman called upon Crum, and while the Maroon line massed to hold back Cleaves or Smith, Crum hurled himself through the line and scored. Ken Smith, debonair as if on the dance floor at Princeton, kicked the goal and the Tigers led.

Again Stagg called upon his battering-ram attack, and with the Tiger line torn to shreds, outguessed and over-rushed, the Maroons pounded across for another touchdown — and again missed goal while the big Maroon crowd groaned.

Twice Princeton, by desperate and daring forward passing and by football which looked reckless, got within striking distance, and both times Chicago hurled them back. Once, when a forward pass had carried them inside the six-yard line, four plays lost ground and a despairing try for goal was blocked.

Princeton's plight seemed hopeless. After a series of plays had placed the ball inside Princeton's twenty-yard line, Stagg again called upon John Thomas and with his double battering-ram formation (John Thomas and Zorn) they ripped through for the third touchdown — and again missed goal.

Those missed goals counted.

With the score 18 to 7, with the Maroons wild with excitement and the West rampant, the Maroons underestimated the fighting spirit of the Tiger.

Until then Chicago had not forward passed but had depended upon line play and line smashing, against which Princeton could not stand. The Tigers, fighting hard, were unable to smash the line, were forward passing, kicking, and trying an assortment of dazzling tricks. Princeton was driven to tricks for defense.

The fourth quarter started with the Princeton team seemingly

beaten, but when Chicago was compelled to punt, Gorman tried one of the cleverest plays in the book. Catching a punt, he started as if to run and then shot a pass across the field to Ken Smith, who almost was clear when he was downed. The Tiger scream arose again — but one of the Princeton players had violated the rules, holding with his hands in interference. The ball was called back to where it was caught; Princeton was penalized fifteen yards and the ball was placed on her one-yard line.

The hopes of the East seemed crashing when Gorman and Cleaves pulled one of the most daring and brilliant plays in football. Standing ten yards behind his own goal line, Cleaves, pretending to kick, threw a forward pass to Gorman, and the little Mercersburg youngster tore, ripped, and twisted back. There Wingate replaced Gorman, and after two plays failed, Princeton was forced to kick.

Chicago recovered the ball, tried a play, and then made the blunder which turned the tide. With the game seemingly safe, with twelve minutes left to play, Stagg sent Dawson to center. The play was to kick and kick and hold the Tiger back in his own jungle. But on the signal Dawson was muddled. The signal had started and stopped, but Dawson thought he had it and passed the ball to Zorn, who fumbled. As the ball bounded away from his hands, Gray came racing through, scooped the ball, and outracing the Maroons, crossed the line.

The Tiger, unleashed, refused to stop. Inspired by fresh hope, the team plunged and ran; pass after pass shot from the backfield. Finally a long pass across field was grounded. The throw had been long and perfect — but some Maroon charger had held a Tiger with his hands, and Princeton was given the ball within twenty yards of the goal.

Refusing to stop, the Tiger, aided by a penalty, hammered away at the slowly yielding Maroon line. In vain Stagg rushed in reinforcements, while Roper, the hopes of the East in his strategy, poured his reserves in to force the breach. Inside the

five-yard line, one of the most desperate struggles ever waged was fought. Twice the frantic, plunging Tigers were held for short gains. Breathless, exhausted, bloody, the lines faced each other again.

Then Crum, hero of Princeton's first touchdown, was sent to the aid of the assault. Determined, wild with eagerness, the youth faced the line. He hit it with terrific force and plunged through. In his path a pile of humanity fought to bar his way. The mass of struggling humans crashed down. The supremacy of the East or the West in football was in the balance. The west stands, packed with maroon-clad rooters, sat breathless — and fearful; the east stands, hopeful, tense, waited.

Lieutenant Hackett tore his way down through the mound of bodies. At the bottom, with the precious pigskin hugged in his arms, a crying, hysterical boy was repeating, "It's over! It's over!" Tears streamed down his dirt-stained face. He wept openly from joy — and as he rose, the Black and Orange masses in the east stands rose — to cheer, to beat each other with hats and fists, while a new hero was crowned at Old Nassau.

With victory torn from their grasp, with a cup of victory swept from their lips and replaced with bitter dregs of defeat, the Maroon warriors made a gallant rally. Their terrific plunging, their fierce line play, had availed nothing. Suddenly they switched tactics and cut loose with the forward passing game. Only a few precious moments remained in which they might retrieve the day — and make good the West's claim to football prestige.

Perhaps never in the annals of football has a more dramatic march down field been seen. The attack was desperate. Before it the tired and battered Tiger line yielded sullenly. Forward passes skimmed over the line. Then, when Princeton seemed to have stopped the drive, a long forward pass went over the line. This time it was an overeager Tiger who gripped an opponent with his hands. The Maroons gained the length of the pass —

24 yards from the line. By this time, the massed crowds which had cheered themselves to silence, stood breathless, watching a great struggle.

Chicago forced the assault, pass after pass, plunge after plunge, and the ball was inside the five-yard line, with the Tiger fighting at the edge of his lair.

The Chicago hordes were standing, cheering, screaming. A silence had come over the Princeton section; the East, tense, uncertain, waited.

John Thomas, hero of the first half of the game, the man who had torn Princeton's line to pieces, was summoned to the rescue. But Princeton refused to yield. Two terrific smashes gained but a scant two yards. Another concentrated assault on tackle was stopped dead.

It was the fourth down. The ball was a yard from the goal line. Three seconds remained to be played. Upon the next play, defeat and victory — Chicago's hopes and Princeton's pride — the supremacy of East and West, depended.

John Thomas was called back. The Tiger line stiffened to meet the shock. Thirty-two thousand persons stood tense, silent. John Thomas hugged the ball in his arms and leaped, charging at the right tackle of the Tiger line. From behind, the secondary defense of Princeton rushed to reinforce the defense. Thomas was stopped, dead. There was no hole in the line, and as the writhing, struggling bunch of boys crashed earthward, the hope of Chicago and the West died. Thomas had failed by two feet to retrieve the day.

As the mists gathered, Princeton kicked out of danger, and before the teams could line up again the whistle blew and the most magnificent contest between East and West ever played, ended — with the honors even but the score in favor of the East.

This story is an interesting example of newspaper reporting. It was written by Mr. Fullerton on Stagg Field while the game was in progress, and telegraphed downtown to the office of the Chicago *Tribune*, where it was

at once set in type and rushed to the printing press. When the reporter reached the downtown district, he found the paper with his story in it selling on the streets. Mr. Fullerton says, " The game always will stand out in my memory as the most thrilling and dramatic I ever witnessed."

To read this story understandingly, you must know a good deal about the game of football. Secure a copy of Spalding's *Football Guide* and find a diagram of the playing field. How long is the field? What are the goal posts? How many players are there on each side? What is the line? The backfield? What is a forward pass? A touchdown?

TESTING YOUR RATE OF READING

Are you gaining in your rate of reading? In order to answer this question accurately, it will be well to test yourself. Find out how far you can read in the story beginning on page 65 in two minutes. Stop at the end of two minutes and count the number of words you have read. Divide this number by 2, to find out how many words you read in one minute. The quotient is *your reading rate.* Record this number in a table in your notebook, according to the directions on page 64.

When you make this test of your reading ability, have someone with a watch give you the signal to start and say "Stop!" at the end of two minutes. The time must be kept exactly. If it is possible to use a stop watch, you will find it more accurate than an ordinary watch.

In order to make a fair test, be careful to *get the meaning* of all that you read. Do not simply hurry through the sentences.

It is important to have favorable conditions when you take this reading test. Choose a time and a place, so that you will not be disturbed from the beginning to the end of the trial. Sometimes it is convenient for the class to test their reading rate together while the teacher keeps the time.

RECORDING YOUR READING RATE

In your notebook, or on a sheet of paper about 8½ by 11 inches, make a table like the following. Provide space for 8 trials.

Trial	Date	Selection Read	Words per Minute
1			
2			
3			

Record the date on which you make the trial, the title of the selection, and the number of words read per minute.

If 240 words per minute may be regarded as a normal rate for the second year in the junior high school (or the eighth grade) and 270 words for the following year (ninth grade), would you judge yourself to be a fast, a normal, or a slow reader?

Trials for rate should be made about once a month. If you are improving and if what you read is of the same difficulty, your rate should increase with successive trials. Good selections for this purpose will be found on pages 103, 108, 116, 158, 180, 201, 236, and 241.

THE FRESHMAN FULLBACK[1]

RALPH D. PAINE

THE boyish night city editor glanced along the copy-readers' table and petulantly exclaimed, "Isn't that spread head ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy-reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eyeshade so low that his face was partly in eclipse, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor, "That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Seeley as if he were a cub reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very sheet, London correspondent before that, and the crack man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy-desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to you if

[1] From Ralph D. Paine's *College Years*, copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory "Good-night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway; "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Other belated editors and reporters of *The Chronicle* staff drifted toward the elevator, until the gray-haired copy-reader was left alone in the city room as if marooned. Writing steadily as if he were a machine warranted to turn out so many words an hour, Seeley urged his pencil until the last page was finished. Then he read and corrected the "story," slipped it through a slit in a door marked "Sunday Editor," and trudged out, while the tower clock was striking three.

Instead of seeking the chop house wherein the vivacious and tireless youth of the staff were wont to linger over supper, he turned into a small café as yet unfrequented by the night-owls of journalism. Seeley was a beaten man, and he preferred to nurse his wounds in a morbid isolation. His gait and aspect were those of a man on the defensive, as if hostile circumstances had driven him into a corner, where he was making his last stand.

Through the years of his youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, Seeley had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the New York *Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment — a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind — and his O.K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street. By an incredible blunder, the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of *The Chronicle* story started a terrific run on this innocent institution, which won its libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy-reader who had handled the fatal manuscript were swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine-days' scandal along Park Row, and other canny proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy-reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager; and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own alma mater. More or less pious

deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with *The Chronicle*, and that he had a hand in guiding its editorial destinies. The lad was a Freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, taciturn toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy-desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit, he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the pressroom, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton tomorrow has been shattered, and gloom enshrouds the camp of the Elis tonight. Collins, the great fullback, who has been the keystone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the Freshman who has been playing a phenomenal game in the backfield, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea tonight.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant, and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old Blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He too had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected, "I should be very happy to see him win, but — but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped, as it has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there today."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail, "Diogenes Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Seeley was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eyes twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile

which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act tonight, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club; nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running *The Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game today. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great team at New Haven, they tell me. What's the latest odds?"

The alert eye of Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted, "Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand, they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an ax when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at fullback today."

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I — I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense! You need a brain cure," shouted Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man. Meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically, and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations, and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising taxi with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his uptown lodgings. But sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office boy from *The Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a

note and waited for an answer. Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

My dear Mr. Seeley:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player, I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes, he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style"? Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of *The Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him, he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden of inertia which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press-box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field, the eleven had gone to the dressing rooms in the training house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman fullback and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion.

But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training

quarters in these last crucial moments. Ernest must not be distracted by a feather's weight of any other interest than the task in hand. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction, and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, he saw the past returning in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press-box high above the vast amphitheater.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar; the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed *en masse*.

Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said, "Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively, "He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his notebook. "The only Yale change is a fullback — and that's a catastrophe."

Seeley copied the lists for reference, and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Fullback, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unwonted stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The scene appealed to

him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheater, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side-line. Without more ado, the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark blue of their stockings and the white Y gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And poised behind the rush-line, wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the Freshman fullback, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, dug his nails into his palms while he muttered to himself, "He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the kick-off and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like

hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the center of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal.

It was the young fullback who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too-eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a meteoric Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried fullback, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale halfback was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defense held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that, and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale fullback dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defense. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick plays were spoiled by alert end-rushers for the Blue or the Orange and Black. Fiercely launched assaults at center were torn asunder. The longer the contest raged up and down the field, the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They

had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised team work, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at fullback. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play, and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held stanch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal posts the Yale fullback ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it glanced off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarterback had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course, he scooped up the ball as he sped toward the Yale goal line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake, the devastating hero was circling behind the goal posts, where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach.

It was a Princeton touchdown fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation, as many more

loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their unspeakable displeasure at the slim figure of the fullback as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old specter of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad take his medicine? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly?

As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed, "He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort, "He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w — why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black-and-blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the

two teams trotted on the field, not so nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor.

Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the cheering sections as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered, "Rah, rah, rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive, as your daddy used to do."

The men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this summary fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foeman that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touchdown. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signaled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line, the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. Straight old-fashioned football it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the Yale fullback for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush-line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced Freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was

dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they too showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarterback croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal posts.

He had won the right to make the last momentous charge. Swaying in his tracks, the fullback awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale fullback had turned and was plowing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the fullback limped to the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grandstands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the

mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press-box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fist in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheater, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders were squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him.

"Afraid to see him play, were you, you silly old fool? He is a chip of the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's tonight. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip of the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could take his punishment and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The fullback was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the fullback.

Then, glancing up, he spied his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of — it made me think of —"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration.

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said, "I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you today, that your father too doesn't know when he is whipped."

1. Two stories are told in "The Freshman Fullback," the story of Henry Harding Seeley and the story of Ernest Seeley. What are the chief facts of the elder Seeley's story? Of Ernest's story? Which of the two stories interests you more? Which does the author intend to be the more important?

2. Jot down words or phrases indicating the ways in which the two Seeleys are alike.

3. "Princeton Wins" on page 55 is the report of an actual football game. This is an imaginative tale. What are the chief differences in the two stories? Which seems to you the more real?

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Spread head (page 65), a newspaper headline in large type across the top of a page.

Cutting coupons (page 70). Interest-bearing bonds are printed with coupons, which are to be cut off as the interest becomes due. To be able to cut coupons is a sign of wealth.

The odds (page 70). In betting, one side is favored to win and the bets are placed in its favor, as 2 to 1.

Press-box (page 72), the place where the newspaper reporters sit.

BE STRONG

MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce — oh shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not — fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

WINNING THE WORLD SERIES[1]

Read this newspaper article quickly so as to pick out the main points discussed. Let your eyes run down the page, picking out important words and sentences. When you have finished, write down words and phrases to indicate what you have read.

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10. — In the game of all games the Senators won. In twelve innings of baseball that tried men's souls and tortured their nerves, the Senators won. They beat the Giants before the President today, 4 to 3, and the championship came to the Capital.

The people's team won. Youth and courage triumphed over the mechanical power of a great baseball machine that was slowly grinding out another victory. In the last act Walter Johnson was not a tired old man. As the curtain went down before 35,000 people, he was the great Kansas giant again, the Coffeyville Cyclone, who breezed a ball so fast that other men couldn't see it.

Tonight Washington is too full for utterance. Thousands are tramping the streets in the wildest celebration ever seen in baseball. From the White House to the Capitol the clamor rises. The streets are full of jostling, joy-crazed citizens, blowing horns, manipulating rattlers, firing pistols, and making a din that can be heard for miles. On the banks of the Potomac there is bedlam and madness tonight.

All the pent-up enthusiasm of a baseball-crazy city is being loosened. With the tension off, the world serene and peaceful again, all the Capital is giving itself over to a delirium of thankfulness.

As the game ended, the crowd poured like a great flood on the field. From bleachers and grand stand thousands streamed to the diamond. Caught in the vortex of the whirlpool, the Wash-

[1] Reprinted by permission of *The New York Times*.

ington players had to be rescued by the police. McNeely, whose hit had won the game, was surrounded before he was six feet away from first base and hoisted to the shoulders of the fans. He was thumped and pummeled and hugged and reached the bench a very crushed young man.

On the grass near the bleachers fans turned handsprings for joy. Other staid citizens danced and skipped around the field, throwing their hats into the air, caring not where they fell. In front of the Washington dugout fully 5000 persons pushed and elbowed. The air was full of flying cushions and torn programs. Pieces of newspaper floated down like snow from the upper tier. Hats and canes and overcoats departed abruptly from their owners as the massed thousands stood and cheered in a paroxysm of ecstasy.

You may talk of your college celebrations, but there has been none to compare with this demonstration. If there had been goal posts, all of Washington would have marched under them and then marched again. When they had thrown their hats over the crossbar, they would have torn down the posts, ripped them to pieces, and kept them as souvenirs.

New Haven, after a Yale football triumph, was a deserted village compared to Washington. Cambridge or Princeton never saw the riotous enthusiasm that the Capital is seeing tonight.

The story of this game will be told and retold for days and weeks and years. In the main it is the story of two evenly matched teams staking on the fortunes of one contest the highest honors in baseball. Into three hours of the best baseball ever played were compressed the hopes and aims of a whole season. Six months of preparation and hard play hung in the balance in a single afternoon. A misplay here, an error there, and a championship would be decided.

It was a game that either team might have won. All the *if's* and *but's* of this contest, if piled end to end, would make a mass higher than the Washington Monument. The Giants may

mourn because of the errors of Gowdy and Jackson, but on the other hand two Washington mistakes in the sixth sent the Giants into a two-run lead that looked impregnable.

Breaks of Game Decide

In the end it was the breaks of the game that told. Twice a ball rolled toward Lindstrom, struck hard ground, and bounced freakishly over the third baseman's head. On the last occasion the sun, streaming through the rear of the stand, struck Lindstrom's eyes and blinded him just as he was set for McNeely's ground drive.

If either ball down the third base line had bounded truly, if the sun had been higher or lower, the Giants would have won.

Harris's home run in the fourth, which scored the first run of the game, was also a vagary of fate. When the coin was tossed to determine where the deciding game would be played, Clark Griffith called the toss and won. If the game had been played at the Polo Grounds, Harris's drive would have been caught. On the flip of a coin, as much as on anything else, the 1924 championship was decided. That was the kind of series it was.

In the sixth the Giants, playing with the precision of a machine, scored three runs and seemed to have the game won. Mogridge, then pitching for Washington, gave Young a base on balls and got into a hole with George Kelly. At the count of three and one Young was away for second and Kelly swung. The ball went to center for a single and Young raced to third.

At this point McGraw sent Irish Meusel to hit for Bill Terry because a left-hander was in the box, but Harris could be just as strategical himself. He met the move by withdrawing Mogridge and called Fred Marberry from the dugout. Meusel immediately drove a long fly to Rice, and Young scored after the catch with the tying run.

But the Senators weren't out of the woods yet. Wilson bounced a single over the pitcher's head, and Kelly, by daring

base running, made third. There were runners on first and third, with only one out, yet the Giants wouldn't have scored another run but for the same thing that beat them later — the breaks of the game. For when Jackson rolled an easy grounder to Judge, the first baseman fumbled.

There was one unearned run, and another developed when Gowdy cracked a grounder to Bluege. An easy double play was in sight, but Bluege let the ball roll through him to short left, and Wilson hurried in from second.

The next act in the great drama took place in the eighth. Virgin Barnes, pitching with marvelous skill and superb confidence, had allowed only three hits up to that time.

Washington on the Way

When Bluege, the first batter in the eighth, lifted a foul which Gowdy caught, the crowd groaned in deep misery. Nemo Liebold, short and squatty, appeared at the plate to bat for Taylor, and it was Liebold who started Washington to a tie score. He caught one of Barnes's fast ones squarely on the end of his bat and slapped a two-bagger which grazed third base as it passed.

Even now there wasn't much hope in the situation. Muddy Ruel was at bat, and Muddy hadn't made a hit in the series. But the slim little catcher could deliver this time. He punched a swift grounder toward right, and Kelly was lucky to break it down. On the hit Liebold went to third, and Tate was sent to the front to bat for Marberry.

Barnes's control deserted him in this crisis and he walked Tate, filling the bases. But when McNeely lined squarely into Meusel's hands, the Giants breathed easier. There were two out, and Harris, who was at bat, had made two hits already. Still, the New York camp was somewhat worried. Gowdy stopped the game while he ran over to the bench and talked with McGraw. Whatever the Little Napoleon said might have been wise, but it couldn't cope with the workings of fate. Harris didn't hit the

ball hard, but just as his grounder hit in front of Lindstrom the pellet took a sudden leap, cleared the fielder's head by a foot, and rolled on out to left field.

Miller and Ruel, of course, scored easily, and the winning run was on second base with Rice up. In this critical situation McGraw again turned to Nehf, and from the dugout walked the little southpaw, who yesterday had been beaten by the Senators. It was an efficient move, for Rice sent a grounder spinning to Kelly and was out easily at first.

Johnson Comes to Rescue

Walter Johnson walked to the mound as the ninth inning started, and from that moment on the Giants were a beaten team. Hit him they did on Wednesday, and hit him they did in the four innings today. But here was a different Johnson, a Johnson something like the great pitcher who this season had contributed twenty-three victories to Washington's pennant effort. Here was a Johnson cooler and fitter than he had been at any time in the series, with a curve ball better controlled and a fast ball that twice struck out Kelly when a hit would have spelled victory.

After all there was still something in Johnson's good right arm. His baseball epitaph was not written after Wednesday's game. He had failed twice, but the glorious moment came when he tried and won in the supreme crisis of the series.

True, he wasn't the Johnson of old. The Giants got a man on base in every inning against him. Walter probably would have given ten years of his life to have turned the clock back ten years. The Johnson of 1913, the Kansas Cyclone and the Speed King, would have mowed the batters down as fast as they came up. But with what he had in this hour and day, thirty-seven years old and a veteran of eighteen years' service, Johnson performed one of the heroic achievements of his career.

Frisch tripled to deep center in the ninth, a mighty blow, and

again it looked as if the Giants would win. However, Johnson, calling on strategy, passed Young intentionally, fanned Kelly on three pitched balls, and made Meusel go out on a grounder to Miller.

The Washington half of the same inning throbbed with action. It was a dark and somber crisis for the Giants. Following Frisch's pretty falling stop of Goslin's grounder, Judge singled to center. Bluege hit to Kelly, who threw too quickly to second, which was uncovered because of Jackson's slowness in covering. When he got the fling in his glove Jackson dropped it, and the pill rolled several feet behind him, with Judge scurrying to third and Bluege safe at first.

A long fly meant the game, and so McGraw again switched pitchers, yanking Nehf out and ordering Hugh McQuillan to the little hill. The crowd was in a frenzied uproar now. Nerves were stretched to the breaking point. But the Giants were still cool, an emotionless baseball machine, and they stopped the rally as quickly as it had started. Jackson pounced on Miller's sharp grounder, threw to Frisch, and the latter flung to Kelly for a double play.

What a game this was!

Into the tenth inning it went, with audience and actors strained to the point of agony. The crowd was as silent as death itself when Johnson walked Wilson, the first batter to face him. But the old master was not to be rushed off his feet. He fanned Jackson, then made a beautiful stop of Gowdy's grounder for a double play at second and first.

The Senators were easy for McQuillan in the tenth. At the start of the eleventh Heinie Groh batted for McQuillan and singled to right. Southworth ran for the crippled third sacker and raced to second on Lindstrom's sacrificial bunt. Again the winning run was on second, but Frisch fanned at Johnson's cleverly controlled mixture of fast ball and curve. Again Walter walked Young purposely, and again Kelly struck out.

In the eleventh it was Bentley pitching for New York. When two were out, Goslin doubled to right center and Judge walked. Yet the Senators could not break through. Bluege's grounder, hopping badly, was handled skillfully by Jackson, who heaved to Frisch for a force play on Judge.

The Great Inning

And then came the twelfth, the greatest inning played in baseball since 1912. For the Giants, Meusel opened by hitting the first ball to right for a base, but Wilson fanned, Jackson forced Meusel, and Gowdy flied softly to left.

Frisch was in front of Miller's grounder as the Washington half began. Ruel raised a high fly not ten feet from the plate. Gowdy hardly had to move from his tracks, but from the beginning he misjudged badly. As the horsehide began falling, the Giant catcher stepped this way and that, circling around and throwing his glove uncertainly before him. At the last minute he made a furious lunge to his right but stumbled over his mask, nearly fell to one knee, and dropped the ball.

Fate was working in some mysterious way against the Giants. When given another chance, Ruel accepted it with gusto. He slammed a vicious drive inside third for two bases, and the vast crowd roared gleefully. When Johnson grounded to Jackson, the youthful shortstop fumbled and lost his man, Ruel staying at second.

The stage was set now for the big climax. The round ashen bat of Earl McNeely supplied it. Around went the bat and down the third base line, straight for Lindstrom, scurried the ball, going fast and bouncing viciously. As Lindstrom crouched, the sun blinded him. He threw out his hands, but the ball hopped like a thing possessed, shot up and over his head and never stopped.

Meusel came up cleanly with the ball, but a throw to the plate would have been useless. There was no catching Ruel, who ran

as he had never run before in his life. While Meusel walked in with the ball, Ruel crossed the plate.

So ended the greatest game of ball ever played — not only the greatest but the most critical. It was a game fit to set before a President. Calvin Coolidge, on October 10, 1924, saw the best and finest that the national game can produce.

Baseball is said to be the national sport of the United States. Certain it is that it is played wherever boys and young men get together. In the big cities clubs are organized and the players are paid salaries, sometimes very large salaries, for playing the game before thousands of spectators. These clubs are often organized into leagues, which usually contain six, eight, or ten clubs each. The two best known are the National League and the American League. During the season, which usually lasts from April to October, the teams of each league try to win the pennant of their group. Winning the pennant in the National League entitles a team to play against the pennant-winner of the American League, in a World Series. The game described in this newspaper report was the last game in the World Series of 1924. Each team had already won three games in the series and this game was to determine who would be the World Champions in 1924.

A baseball team is composed of nine men. The game is regularly played in nine innings. During an inning each team has a trial at batting. When three players are put out, the teams change places, the men in the field coming in for a trial at bat. The winning of a game is largely dependent on the skill of the pitchers, whose curves and speed make it difficult for the opposing batters to hit the ball.

Most of the action in this story will be clear. You can probably find someone who will explain *single*, *fanned*, and *forced*, and other baseball expressions, if you need help. You may want to get further information from Spalding's *Baseball Guide*.

1. It will be interesting to compare the two stories, "Princeton Wins" and "Winning the World Series."

Think first of the crowds — how do they differ?

How do the playing fields differ?

How do the implements of the game differ?

How do the chief players differ — as to age, experience, skill, and cleverness?

In what ways are the two stories alike?

What makes an athlete a good sportsman?

2. Each of the stories is a newspaper article written hurriedly as the game was in progress. Which story is better written? Which interests you more? Which game do you like better?

3. Can you find in a newspaper a good account of an important athletic contest? If so, paste it in your notebook.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Senators (page 83), the name given to the Washington (D. C.) team of the American League. **Giants** is the name of the New York team of the National League.

Walter Johnson (page 83), favorite pitcher of the Washington team. He first played at Coffeyville, Kansas, with his home-town team. Then for a score of years he pitched in the big league. He was liked by all spectators, not only because he was an excellent pitcher but because he was a good sportsman. Twice before in this 1924 series he had pitched but had failed to win.

Polo Grounds (page 85), the playing field of the Giants in New York City.

McGraw (page 85), manager of the Giants. **Harris** is manager of the Senators.

The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

WILLIAM JAMES

THE TOURNAMENT

SIR WALTER SCOTT

As you read this story, make a note of the most important sentence in each paragraph. When you have finished the story, go over it again, reading only the important sentences.

MORNING arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general center, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games. The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practiced by the chivalry of the age. Many knights who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valor in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly afterward a grand flourish of trumpets

announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armor in order to take his place among the combatants; and considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day — a precaution the more necessary as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were prohibited to thrust with the sword and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-ax at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of

honorable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms and, having his shield reversed, to be exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to one another, the leader of each party being in the center of the foremost rank.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing in the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete.

The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil with a voice of thunder pronounced the signal words *Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke. The spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests; the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses; and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man. Some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise; some had already gained their feet and were closing hand to hand

with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament. Several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war cries and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted, "Ha! *Beau-seant! Beau-seant!* — For the Temple — For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer, "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*" — which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountered each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets and drowned the groans of those who fell and lay rolling defenseless beneath the feet of the horses.

The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-ax. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair

cheek might turn pale or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between the pauses was heard the voice of the heralds exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights, for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and by example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal

animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst. The gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, had borne down and dispersed those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger; and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day. This stood him in the more stead as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic

masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day.

The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered. The nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearances powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing anyone. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Fainéant* or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance

like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado,* to the rescue!"

It was high time; for while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword. But ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Fainéant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh. His own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-ax which he wielded, and like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer a matter of so much difficulty as formerly.

The Templar's horse had bled much and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprang from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself. Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder and putting an end to the conflict.

In every country and in every period of the world's history there are characteristic games in which boys and men try their physical strength and skill against one another. The outstanding sport of the Middle Ages in Europe

was jousting, a combat between knights on horseback armed with lances. In " The Tournament," which is a chapter from the novel of *Ivanhoe*, Scott gives a thrilling account of jousting at its best. The story occurs in England during the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted, about the year 1483.

The principal characters in the story of the tournament are:

The Disinherited Knight, Ivanhoe in disguise.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Ivanhoe's rival and enemy. He was a Knight Templar, a member of a religious and military order which was established to protect pilgrims to the shrines of the Holy Land.

Prince John, brother of King Richard, who usurped power while Richard was away on a crusade.

Athelstane, a Saxon of noble descent. The Saxons inhabited England and were its rulers before the Normans invaded the island.

Front-de-Bœuf, a Norman baron.

The Black Sluggard, King Richard in disguise.

1. In your notebook draw a diagram of the field and locate as well as you can the following persons as they were at the beginning of the joust: (*a*) Lady Rowena; (*b*) Prince John; (*c*) Athelstane; (*d*) The Disinherited Knight; (*e*) Brian de Bois-Guilbert; (*f*) Cedric.

2. Name four rules of the tournament.

3. What were the weapons which each knight carried?

4. You have now read the stories of three athletic contests. Which sport is most dangerous? Which one would you prefer to watch? Write the names of the three stories in the order in which they interested you; that is, write the title of the most interesting one first, of the least interesting one last. Compare your order with that of other members of your class.

5. Find in each story a case of great athletic skill.

6. Select some game or sport and arrange the following traits in the order of their importance for a person engaged in that game or sport. Then make a list of these traits in the order of importance for an all-round athlete. Compare your lists with others made by the class.

quickness
courage
alertness
self-control
anger
great physical strength
fairness in play
intelligence
generosity
endurance
careful training

THE TORCH OF LIFE[1]

HENRY NEWBOLT

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close tonight:
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a Schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

[1] Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Close in stanza 1 is the playground of an English school for boys. The game described is cricket, the national game of English men and boys. The scene of the second stanza is Africa, where a British regiment is in danger of defeat by an enemy.

1. What is it that rallies the player to his best effort in stanza 1?
2. Tell briefly what happens in stanza 2.
3. How do the sons of the school carry on the torch?

THE LAST YARD

W. L. Bryan

It's the last yard that counts.

Twice the Germans were on the verge of taking the Channel ports, of taking Paris, of winning the Great War. They could not make the last yard and now —

James G. Blaine lacked a few hundred votes of winning the presidency of the United States. If only he had said the right word at a certain critical moment! But the right word was not said. He could not make the last yard and so —

The great horse, Epinard, has lost three international races within the last sixty days, each by a stride, by a nose, by a shadow. He could not make the last yard and he goes back home —

Walter Johnson *made* the last yard. In the last moments of the last game of his great career, he made the distance and won a final glory.

In all the battles of this world, victory belongs to those who have *the unshaken will to win the last yard.*

SOME OLD TALES

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Charles Lamb

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those

untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelled that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be

eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig; do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste; O Lord!" — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze ; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered,

and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account given above, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an

experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

This humorous essay by Charles Lamb is more serious than it pretends to be. The author suggests how slow mankind is to learn new ways of doing things. It is not likely that our ancestors learned to cook meat in the way Lamb describes, but by whatever accident the trick may have come, it was truly a great discovery and one most beneficial to mankind.

Note the part which accident plays in the story. The cottage caught fire by accident, the odor came to Bo-bo's nostrils accidentally, he burnt his fingers by accident, he first tasted the burnt pig by accident, and so on through the story.

Several great discoveries are attributed to the Chinese. They probably first knew the use of the compass, of gunpowder, and possibly of printing. Lamb wishes to make his tale appear true by ascribing it to the great Chinese philosopher and teacher, Confucius, whose "Mundane Mutations" describe "changes in the world."

1. Lamb makes the discovery the work of very stupid persons. Name some instances of this stupidity. He also makes the discovery appear objectionable to the neighbors. What real discoveries or inventions have been so treated by the people of the time in which they were made?

2. Skim through this story again and think of another title for it. Is your title better or poorer than the one used in the book?

3. Copy the following words in your notebook and write beside each a word that means the same or nearly the same.

conflagration	obnoxious
cudgel	pretext
discovered	remnants
iniquity	rending
nether	tenement

OLD SCROOGE

Charles Dickens

Dickens's *Christmas Carol* is probably the best known and most widely read Christmas story in the English language.

The chief character is old Scrooge, "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner." Even at Christmas time he refused to be merry, called Christmas "a humbug," and wished that "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart." He would not contribute to charity, and declared that the poor "had better die and decrease the surplus population." When his poorly paid clerk asked for Christmas Day off, Scrooge asserted that it was "not fair" and commanded him to be on duty "all the earlier next morning."

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already — it had not been light all day — and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the

coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow. His face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again, and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own

pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him — Yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him. "My clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned and shook his head and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are still," returned the gentleman. "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I am very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned — they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it and decrease the surplus population. Besides — excuse me — I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there.

The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings suddenly congealed and turned to misanthropic ice.

The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries

crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

> "God bless you, merry gentleman,
> May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed.

1. Name three important persons in this story. What are the chief traits of each?

2. Select from the following adjectives the ones that best describe Scrooge:

happy	old	grouchy	miserly	liberal
stingy	kind	likable	selfish	generous

3. This incident may be dramatized by the class. Make a list of the characters. How would each be dressed? Which would enter first? Which next? Who would be the chief actor?

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

CHARLES DICKENS

The incident told in the preceding story occurred on Christmas Eve. Following that, Scrooge locked himself in his barren old room for the night. He fell to thinking and Ghosts began to appear to him. First was the Ghost of old Marley, his dead partner, who announced that on successive nights Scrooge would be haunted by three Ghosts or Spirits. They would be the Spirit of Christmas Past, the Spirit of Christmas Present, and the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come.

One at a time the Spirits came. The Spirit of Christmas Past took him back to his childhood and schooldays and to his young manhood with Old Fessiwig, an employer who believed in keeping Christmas with mirth. "The covetous old sinner" began to see what a mean man he was.

In the end old Scrooge was changed so that he began to enjoy the Christmas spirit, to be generous with his relatives and fair to his clerk, and finally "it was said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well."

PERHAPS it was the good Spirit's kind, generous, hearty nature and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's. There he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which were cheap and made a goodly show for sixpence. She laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to

find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own. Basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars near choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggers walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. And while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the

rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; and Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table. The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. But when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one. And at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child,

and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit reddening. "I wished I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income.

Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collar so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there.

All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round;

and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

And when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

1. The Cratchits were happy. Why were they happy?
2. Why did Bob think of Mr. Scrooge as "the Founder of the Feast"?
3. How was Scrooge affected by what he saw?
4. What sentence best expresses the meaning of this story?
5. Think how to dramatize this incident. What part could you omit? Where would you begin the scene? Who would speak first? Who would be the chief actor? Where would the scene end?
6. Make a list of ten other Christmas stories and write down the names of the authors. How many of these have you read? Which do you like best?

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which in the last rays of the setting sun will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingled roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant and

accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity, for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village too would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He

would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village too used to employ him to run their errands and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm. It was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do: so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children too were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue

was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master, for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground and curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the

contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, he would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind,

my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fear-

fully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets; others, jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages too were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses on them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even

ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf too had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van

Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog. He was answered only by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress too was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably

stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. He began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow with his pockets full of handbills was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled

up to him and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm and, rising on tiptoe inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory, a Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army at the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand — war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of this bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — That's me yonder — No — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed

through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "Hush, you little fool! The old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he, — "young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which

there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor — how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician — the changes of states and empire made but little impression on him — but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is

the common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

This story is fairly difficult to read because of an unusual number of long words. The story, however, is one of the most delightful in all literature. Do not allow difficult words to delay you on a first reading. Read steadily through for the sake of the story. When you have the main outlines, be sure to read it again for the understanding of details and for the study of unusual words.

1. To make sure that you know the story, answer these questions:

a. Where did the story occur?
b. Describe briefly the chief person of the story.
c. Name five other persons in the story.
d. How did Rip come to wander up " to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains "?
e. Whom did he meet there?
f. What made Rip go to sleep? How long did he sleep?
g. Where did he go when he awoke? Whom did he meet?
h. What are some of the things that had happened during his absence?
i. How did Rip learn he had been away for twenty years?
j. What had become of his wife and children?
k. How did Rip spend his last years?

2. Rip Van Winkle was a favorite not only " among all the good wives of the village " but with the thousands who have read Irving's tale. Can you tell why this is so? What are his chief characteristics?

3. Copy the following list of traits in your notebook and place one R before each one that in any way describes Rip; place RR before the ones that fairly well describe him; and place RRR before the ones that are most descriptive of him.

1. industrious
2. patient
3. soldierly
4. good-natured
5. likable
6. wise
7. scheming
8. thrifty
9. intelligent
10. happy
11. combative
12. neighborly
13. patriotic
14. courageous
15. superstitious
16. intemperate
17. quarrelsome
18. irritable
19. neat
20. foolish
21. skillful

4. Besides Rip, there are several others of striking character in this story. Name two of these and mention their chief traits.

5. Read the following sentences and think of a word or words that will complete the sentence so as to make sense.

a. Rip had an —— —— to hard labor.
b. The incidents of this story supposedly occurred about the time of the —— ——.
c. Presumably Rip went to sleep because he —— ——.
d. Rip's wife was a —— person.
e. When Rip told his story, his neighbors thought —— —— ——.

Vocabulary Study

Here is a word test. Copy in your notebook the following words and place a cross (×) before each one of which you can tell the meaning. What should you do with the others?

akimbo	connubial	haunted	reiterated
alacrity	corroborated	hereditary	reverenced
amiable	counterpart	identity	sages
amphitheater	culprit	impunity	shrew
ancestors	desisted	incessantly	solitary
apprehension	despotism	invariably	surmounted
approbation	dismembered	junto	tavern
ascended	disputatious	listlessly	tendrils
assemblage	eloquence	matrimony	termagant
assiduity	evinced	melancholy	torpor
august	famished	mysterious	tranquilly
austere	flagon	ninepins	transient
barometer	flighty	patriarch	tribulation
bethought	forlorn	patrimonial	tyranny
beverage	gigantic	perpetual	uncouth
bewitched	gossip	placid	urchin
chivalrous	grizzled	populous	vehemently
chronicle	gully	profound	
confounded	haranguing	quaint	

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

THERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death. But as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning duke of Athens). He complained that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded, in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction. But this honorable reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country. Therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander and told him the peril she was in,

and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius, or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her.

"I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret, but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of fairies. Oberon the king, and Titania, the queen of the fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement. They never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarreling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend. Upon her death, the fairy queen stole the child from his nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as

Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence. I have forsworn his company."

"Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen. "Your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger.

"Well, go your way," said Oberon. "Before the morning dawns, I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy counselor.

Puck (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages. Sometimes he would get into the dairies and skim the milk; sometimes plunge his light and airy form into the butter churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success. Whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab; and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips and spill the ale over her withered chin. And presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman; and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night. "Fetch me the flower which maids call Love in Idleness. The juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep. And the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey or a busy ape. Before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower.

While Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius.

However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite, "Take a part of this flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth. If you find him sleeping, drop some of the love juice in his eyes; but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garment which he wears."

Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously: and

then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept.

"Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me. But first sing me to sleep."

Then they began to sing this song:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them.

Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love juice on her eyelids, saying,

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house. But before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss; and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep.

Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek. He naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke. So, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes.

But it so fell out that Helena came that way and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes. And strange to relate, so powerful was the love charm that all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed. Thus this misfortune happened.

Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always

better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping.

"Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground. Is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake."

Upon this, Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such loverlike speeches.

Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her.

"Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by everyone? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness."

Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him.

In the meantime, Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping

Demetrius with the love juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena. He, as Lysander had done before, began to address love speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance. And then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena. She knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises. And your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me Goddess, Nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia. "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me."

"Ay, do," returned Helena, "persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then

wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this willfully?"

"Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake. Did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport."

"You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary they can go no farther. And when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia. Then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping; and Oberon, seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood and was likewise asleep, said, "This fellow shall be my Titania's true love." And clapping an ass's head over the clown's, Oberon found that it seemed

to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened the clown, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes; and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamored queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies. Their names were Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman. Hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Peaseblossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Peaseblossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red humblebee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey bag. Where is Mustardseed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustardseed; "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustardseed, but to help Mr. Peaseblossom to scratch. I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustardseed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried pease," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes. The fairy queen immediately recovered her senses and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other. And he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander, presently opening his eyes and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had

been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep: and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is a dramatic story written largely in poetic form by William Shakespeare. The prose tale here printed is by Charles and Mary Lamb, and follows faithfully the play by Shakespeare.

1. The drama comprises several stories skillfully woven together by the author. Try to follow each of the following stories through, apart from its connections with the other stories:

   a. The story of Oberon and Titania.
   b. The story of Lysander and Hermia.
   c. The story of Demetrius and Helena.

2. Which interests you most, the affairs of the lovers or the playful tricks of the fairies?

3. Arrange, in the order in which you like them best, the following characters of the story: Oberon, Theseus, Puck, Hermia, Egeus, Lysander, Helena, Titania.

4. Note how Puck tells of his pranks in these lines from Shakespeare's play:

> Thou speak'st aright;
> I am that merry wanderer of the night.
> I jest to Oberon and make him smile
> When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
> Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her, then down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

JUDGING THE MERIT OF STORIES

1. Consider the five stories in this section and rank them according to whether you find them hard or easy to read. In the following list they are ranked according to their length. The longest is given first.

a. Rip Van Winkle
b. A Midsummer Night's Dream
c. Old Scrooge
d. The Christmas Dinner
e. A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

Copy in your notebook the title of the story that was easiest for you to read. Place last the title of the one that was most difficult to read, with the other titles in order between these two.

2. Now arrange the five titles in the order of their humor, placing first the title of the most humorous story. Copy the list in your notebook.

MAKING YOUR READING CURVE

In your notebook, or on a sheet of paper about 8½ by 11 inches, draw lines as in this diagram.

Words per Minute								
450								
400								
350								
300								
250								
225								
200								
175								
150								
125								
100								
75								
50								
25								
0								
Trials	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

On line 1 place a dot at the number representing your rate of reading as it appears on the first trial in the table you made from directions on page 63. On line 2 make a dot for your second trial, and so on for all other trials.

Connect these dots by a heavy line. This line is your curve of growth in reading rate. If you improve properly, the curve should rise on successive trials.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

"An officer and a gentleman"

RUDYARD KIPLING

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and

then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife Pobs; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. Pobs till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened Coppy, and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in anyone, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis — henceforward to be called Coppy for the sake of brevity — Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword — just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more — Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of

kissing — vehemently kissing — a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning — "I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked, "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Whom do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said, '*hut jao.*'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like it."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days — hang it, how can I make you see it! — I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says its un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* do vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha — or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and

command the Regiment and — all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell anyone. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like — tell anyone you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment — deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks — the house and veranda — coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery — called by him "my

quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house — that was not forbidden — and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river — dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy — the almost almighty Coppy — had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins — a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, everyone had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men.

And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then — broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his

shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy *sais* gave him his mount, and since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a footpace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-post, where all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody — not even Coppy — must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and — I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from the cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming — one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden (he had seen the picture), and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you — I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men — worse than Goblins — and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *sahib bahadur*," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, — "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular — and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three — was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his *r's* and *th's* aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them both go, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God,

and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

* * * * * * * *

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barracks-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy.

"Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o'Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river — sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said!" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy — "a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

1. Where did this story occur? Among what class of people? Tell briefly a few things a reader should know about the land and the people of the story.

2. Who was Wee Willie Winkie? What did people think of him?

3. Recall the events of this story in the order in which they happened. Think what happens first and write in your notebook a word or sentence to

indicate what this is. Do the same for what happens second and so on to the last thing that occurred. Is the story told in the direct time order?

4. What is there about Wee Willie Winkie that makes Kipling call him "An officer and a gentleman"? Why an "officer"? Why a "gentleman"?

THE FIFTY-FIRST DRAGON[1]

HEYWOOD BROUN

OF all the pupils at the knight school Gawaine le Cœur-Hardy was among the least promising. He was tall and sturdy, but his instructors soon discovered that he lacked spirit. He would hide in the woods when the jousting class was called, although his companions and members of the faculty sought to appeal to his better nature by shouting to him to come out and break his neck like a man. Even when they told him that the lances were padded, the horses no more than ponies, and the field unusually soft for late autumn, Gawaine refused to grow enthusiastic. The Headmaster and Assistant Professor of Pleasaunce were discussing the case one spring afternoon, and the Assistant Professor could see no remedy but expulsion.

"No," said the Headmaster, as he looked out at the purple hills which ringed the school, "I think I'll train him to slay dragons."

"He might be killed," objected the Assistant Professor.

"So he might," replied the Headmaster brightly, but he added more soberly, "we must consider the greater good. We are responsible for the formation of this lad's character."

"Are the dragons particularly bad this year?" interrupted the Assistant Professor. This was characteristic. He always seemed restive when the head of the school began to talk ethics and the ideals of the institution.

"I've never known them worse," replied the Headmaster. "Up in the hills to the south last week they killed a number of peasants, two cows, and a prize pig. And if this dry spell holds,

[1] From Heywood Broun's *Seeing Things at Night*. Copyright, 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. Used by permission.

there's no telling when they may start a forest fire simply by breathing around indiscriminately."

"Would any refund on the tuition fee be necessary in case of an accident to young Cœur-Hardy?"

"No," the principal answered judicially, "that's all covered in the contract. But as a matter of fact, he won't be killed. Before I send him up in the hills I'm going to give him a magic word."

"That's a good idea," said the Professor. "Sometimes they work wonders."

From that day on Gawaine specialized in dragons. His course included both theory and practice. In the morning there were long lectures on the history, anatomy, manners, and customs of dragons. Gawaine did not distinguish himself in these studies. He had a marvelously versatile gift for forgetting things. In the afternoon he showed to better advantage, for then he would go down to the South Meadow and practice with a battle-ax. In this exercise he was truly impressive, for he had enormous strength as well as speed and grace. He even developed a deceptive display of ferocity. Old alumni say that it was a thrilling sight to see Gawaine charging across the field toward the dummy paper dragon which had been set up for his practice. As he ran, he would brandish his ax and shout "A murrain on thee!" or some other vivid bit of campus slang. It never took him more than one stroke to behead the dummy dragon.

Gradually his task was made more difficult. Paper gave way to papier-maché and finally to wood, but even the toughest of these dummy dragons had no terrors for Gawaine. One sweep of the ax always did the business. There were those who said that when the practice was protracted until dusk and the dragons threw long fantastic shadows across the meadow, Gawaine did not charge so impetuously nor shout so loudly. It is possible there was malice in this charge. At any rate, the Headmaster

decided by the end of June that it was time for the test. Only the night before a dragon had come close to the school grounds and had eaten some of the lettuce from the garden. The faculty decided that Gawaine was ready. They gave him a diploma and a new battle-ax and the Headmaster summoned him to a private conference.

"Sit down," said the Headmaster. "Have a cigarette."

Gawaine hesitated.

"Oh, I know it's against the rules," said the Headmaster. "But after all, you have received your preliminary degree. You are no longer a boy. You are a man. Tomorrow you will go out into the world, the great world of achievement."

Gawaine took a cigarette. The Headmaster offered him a match, but he produced one of his own and began to puff away with a dexterity which quite amazed the principal.

"Here you have learned the theories of life," continued the Headmaster, resuming the thread of his discourse, "but after all, life is not a matter of theories. Life is a matter of facts. It calls on the young and the old alike to face these facts, even though they are hard and sometimes unpleasant. Your problem, for example, is to slay dragons."

"They say that those dragons down in the south wood are five hundred feet long," ventured Gawaine timorously.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Headmaster. "The curate saw one last week from the top of Arthur's Hill. The dragon was sunning himself down in the valley. The curate didn't have an opportunity to look at him very long because he felt it was his duty to hurry back to make a report to me. He said the monster — or shall I say, the big lizard? — wasn't an inch over two hundred feet. But the size has nothing at all to do with it. You'll find the big ones even easier than the little ones. They're far slower on their feet and less aggressive, I'm told. Besides, before you go I'm going to equip you in such fashion that you need have no fear of all the dragons in the world."

"I'd like an enchanted cap," said Gawaine.

"What's that?" asked the Headmaster, testily.

"A cap to make me disappear," explained Gawaine.

The Headmaster laughed indulgently. "You mustn't believe all those old wives' stories," he said. "There isn't any such thing. A cap to make you disappear, indeed! What would you do with it? You haven't even appeared yet. Why, my boy, you could walk from here to London, and nobody would so much as look at you. You're nobody. You couldn't be more invisible than that."

Gawaine seemed dangerously close to a relapse into his old habit of whimpering. The Headmaster reassured him: "Don't worry; I'll give you something much better than an enchanted cap. I'm going to give you a magic word. All you have to do is to repeat this magic charm once and no dragon can possibly harm a hair of your head. You can cut off his head at your leisure."

He took a heavy book from the shelf behind his desk and began to run through it. "Sometimes," he said, "the charm is a whole phrase or even a sentence. I might, for instance, give you 'To make the' — No, that might not do. I think a single word would be best for dragons."

"A short word," suggested Gawaine.

"It can't be too short or it wouldn't be potent. There isn't so much hurry as all that. Here's a splendid magic word: *Rumplesnitz.* Do you think you can learn that?"

Gawaine tried, and in an hour or so he seemed to have the word well in hand. Again and again he interrupted the lesson to inquire, "And if I say 'Rumplesnitz' the dragon can't possibly hurt me?" And always the Headmaster replied, "If you only say 'Rumplesnitz,' you are perfectly safe."

Toward morning Gawaine seemed resigned to his career. At daybreak the Headmaster saw him to the edge of the forest and pointed him to the direction in which he should proceed.

About a mile away to the southwest a cloud of steam hovered over an open meadow in the woods and the Headmaster assured Gawaine that under the steam he would find a dragon. Gawaine went forward slowly. He wondered whether it would be best to approach the dragon on the run as he did in his practice in the South Meadow or to walk slowly toward him, shouting "Rumplesnitz" all the way.

The problem was decided for him. No sooner had he come to the fringe of the meadow than the dragon spied him and began to charge. It was a large dragon and yet it seemed decidedly aggressive in spite of the Headmaster's statement to the contrary. As the dragon charged, it released huge clouds of hissing steam through its nostrils. It was almost as if a gigantic teapot had gone mad. The dragon came forward so fast and Gawaine was so frightened that he had time to say "Rumplesnitz" only once. As he said it, he swung his battle-ax and off popped the head of the dragon. Gawaine had to admit that it was even easier to kill a real dragon than a wooden one if only you said "Rumplesnitz."

Gawaine brought the ears home and a small section of the tail. His schoolmates and the faculty made much of him, but the Headmaster wisely kept him from being spoiled by insisting that he go on with his work. Every clear day Gawaine rose at dawn and went out to kill dragons. The Headmaster kept him at home when it rained, because he said the woods were damp and unhealthy at such times and he didn't want the boy to run needless risks. Few good days passed in which Gawaine failed to get a dragon. On one particularly fortunate day he killed three, a husband and wife and a visiting relative. Gradually he developed a technique. Pupils who sometimes watched him from the hilltops a long way off said that he often allowed the dragon to come within a few feet before he said "Rumplesnitz." He came to say it with a mocking sneer. Occasionally he did stunts. Once when an excursion party from London was

watching him he went into action with his right hand tied behind his back. The dragon's head came off just as easily.

As Gawaine's record of killings mounted higher, the Headmaster found it impossible to keep him completely in hand. He fell into the habit of stealing out at night and engaging in long drinking bouts at the village tavern. It was after such a debauch that he rose a little before dawn one fine August morning and started out after his fiftieth dragon. His head was heavy and his mind sluggish. He was heavy in other respects as well, for he had adopted the somewhat vulgar practice of wearing his medals, ribbons and all, when he went out dragon hunting. The decorations began on his chest and ran all the way down to his abdomen. They must have weighed at least eight pounds.

Gawaine found a dragon in the same meadow where he had killed the first one. It was a fair-sized dragon, but evidently an old one. Its face was wrinkled and Gawaine thought he had never seen so hideous a countenance. Much to the lad's disgust, the monster refused to charge and Gawaine was obliged to walk toward him. He whistled as he went. The dragon regarded him hopelessly, but craftily. Of course it had heard of Gawaine. Even when the lad raised his battle-ax the dragon made no move. It knew that there was no salvation in the quickest thrust of the head, for it had been informed that this hunter was protected by an enchantment. It merely waited, hoping something would turn up. Gawaine raised the battle-ax and suddenly lowered it again. He had grown very pale and he trembled violently. The dragon suspected a trick. "What's the matter?" it asked, with false solicitude.

"I've forgotten the magic word," stammered Gawaine.

"What a pity!" said the dragon. "So that was the secret. It doesn't seem quite sporting to me, all this magic stuff, you know. Not cricket, as we used to say when I was a little dragon; but after all, that's a matter of opinion."

Gawaine was so helpless with terror that the dragon's confi-

dence rose immeasurably and it could not resist the temptation to show off a bit.

"Could I possibly be of any assistance?" it asked. "What's the first letter of the magic word?"

"It begins with an *r*," said Gawaine weakly.

"Let's see," mused the dragon, "that doesn't tell us much, does it? What sort of word is this? Is it an epithet, do you think?"

Gawaine could do no more than nod.

"Why, of course," said the dragon, "reactionary Republican."

Gawaine shook his head.

"Well, then," said the dragon, "we'd better get down to business. Will you surrender?" he asked.

With the suggestion of a compromise Gawaine mustered up enough courage to speak.

"What will you do if I surrender?" he asked.

"Why, I'll eat you," said the dragon.

"And if I don't surrender?"

"I'll eat you just the same."

"Then it doesn't make any difference, does it?" moaned Gawaine.

"It does to me," said the dragon with a smile. "I'd rather you didn't surrender. You'd taste much better if you didn't."

The dragon waited for a long time for Gawaine to ask "Why?" but the boy was too frightened to speak. At last the dragon had to give the explanation without his cue line. "You see," he said, "if you don't surrender you'll taste better because you'll die game."

This was an old and ancient trick of the dragon's. By means of some such quip he was accustomed to paralyze his victims with laughter and then to destroy them. Gawaine was sufficiently paralyzed as it was, but laughter had no part in his helplessness. With the last word of the joke the dragon drew back his head and struck. In that second there flashed into the mind of

Gawaine the magic word *Rumplesnitz*, but there was no time to say it. There was time only to strike and, without a word, Gawaine met the onrush of the dragon with a full swing. He put all his back and shoulders into it. The impact was terrific and the head of the dragon flew away almost a hundred yards and landed in a thicket.

Gawaine did not remain frightened very long after the death of the dragon. His mood was one of wonder. He was enormously puzzled. He cut off the ears of the monster almost in a trance. Again and again he thought to himself, "I didn't say 'Rumplesnitz'!" He was sure of that and yet there was no question that he had killed the dragon. In fact, he had never killed one so utterly. Never before had he driven a head for anything like the same distance. Twenty-five yards was perhaps his best previous record. All the way back to the knight school he kept rumbling about in his mind, seeking an explanation for what had occurred. He went to the Headmaster immediately, and after closing the door told him what had happened. "I didn't say 'Rumplesnitz,'" he explained with great earnestness.

The Headmaster laughed. "I'm glad you've found out," he said. "It makes you ever so much more of a hero. Don't you see that? Now you know that it was you who killed all these dragons and not that foolish little word *Rumplesnitz*."

Gawaine frowned. "Then it wasn't a magic word after all?" he asked.

"Of course not," said the Headmaster; "you ought to be too old for such foolishness. There isn't any such thing as a magic word."

"But you told me it was magic," protested Gawaine. "You said it was magic and now you say it isn't."

"It wasn't magic in a literal sense," answered the Headmaster, "but it was much more wonderful than that. The word gave you confidence. It took away your fears. If I hadn't told

you that, you might have been killed the very first time. It was your battle-ax did the trick."

Gawaine surprised the Headmaster by his attitude. He was obviously distressed by the explanation. He interrupted a long philosophic and ethical discourse by the Headmaster with, "If I hadn't of hit 'em all mighty hard and fast, any one of 'em might have crushed me like a, like a —" he fumbled for a word.

"Egg shell," suggested the Headmaster.

"Like a egg shell," assented Gawaine, and he said it many times. All through the evening meal people who sat near him heard him muttering, "Like a egg shell, like a egg shell."

The next day was clear, but Gawaine did not get up at dawn. Indeed, it was almost noon when the Headmaster found him cowering in bed, with the clothes pulled over his head. The principal called the Assistant Professor of Pleasaunce, and together they dragged the boy toward the forest.

"He'll be all right as soon as he gets a couple more dragons under his belt," explained the Headmaster.

The Assistant Professor of Pleasaunce agreed. "It would be a shame to stop such a fine run," he said. "Why, counting that one yesterday, he's killed fifty dragons."

They pushed the boy into a thicket above which hung a meager cloud of steam. It was obviously quite a small dragon. But Gawaine did not come back that night or the next. In fact, he never came back. Some weeks afterward brave spirits from the school explored the thicket, but they could find nothing to remind them of Gawaine except the metal parts of his medals. Even the ribbons had been devoured.

The Headmaster and the Assistant Professor of Pleasaunce agreed that it would be just as well not to tell the school how Gawaine had achieved his record and still less how he came to die. They held that it might have a bad effect on school spirit. Accordingly, Gawaine has lived in the memory of the school as its greatest hero. No visitor succeeds in leaving the building

today without seeing a great shield which hangs on the wall of the dining hall. Fifty pairs of dragons' ears are mounted upon the shield and underneath in gilt letters is "Gawaine le Cœur-Hardy," followed by the simple inscription, "He killed fifty dragons." The record has never been equaled.

There is much more in "The Fifty-First Dragon" than the story of this boy. First of all, be sure that you get the story. Then see if you can understand what the author was thinking about when he wrote it.

1. Is the "knight school" like a real school of the present day or of ancient time?
2. What do the teachers think of Gawaine?
3. How was he trained to kill dragons?
4. Why does the Headmaster give him a magic word?
5. How did Gawaine succeed in killing dragons?
6. What change came over Gawaine because of his success?
7. How did forgetting the magic word affect Gawaine?
8. Parts of the story are humorous. Which parts amused you most?
9. What lesson does this tale suggest? What does the dragon represent?
10. Why did Gawaine fail on the fifty-first dragon?
11. Re-read the selection rapidly and select the ten most difficult words in it. Write them in your notebook.

MEN ARE FOUR

He who knows, and knows he knows —
He is wise — follow him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows —
He is asleep — wake him.
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not —
He is a fool — shun him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not —
He is a child — teach him.

Arabian Proverb

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI[1]

O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

[1] From O. Henry's *The Four Million*, copyrighted by Doubleday, Page and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her

knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign read: MME SOFRONIE. HAIR GOODS OF ALL KINDS. One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame lifting the mass with practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it, she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch, Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly

on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home, her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task. Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed on Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone," he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me; I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if

you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going awhile at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hand under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em awhile. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise,

their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house.

But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

There are several unusual words in this story, but they need not interfere with your understanding and enjoyment of the story about Della and Jim.

At the time this story was written, it was an unheard-of thing for a woman to wear her hair short.

1. Reread the first paragraph. Notice how it arouses your curiosity at once. Can you see the picture of Della?
2. There are really two stories here. Tell the story of Della. Then tell Jim's story.
3. Do you consider this a humorous story? Is it a happy story? Is it a sad or pathetic story? Explain your answer by sentences from the story.
4. If you were making a picture to illustrate the story, what scene would you select? Compare your choice with scenes selected by your classmates.
5. O. Henry's stories move quickly and are full of surprises. What is one example of surprise in this story?
6. The author frequently uses short sentences to make the story move quickly. Find examples of this.
7. Select from this story the sentence which interests you most and write it in your notebook.
8. Select and cut from a magazine a surprise story that you can place in your notebook. As you read the story, divide it into parts and at appropriate places write sub-titles for these parts.

WHICH IS THE MOST INTERESTING STORY?

As you read the stories in this book, it will be interesting to make a record of your judgment on each one. Which of the stories you have read on pages 103–186 interests you most? Do others in the class give first choice to the same story you select as the most interesting?

This scale wil help you to keep a record in your notebook. It is a *scale of interest.*

Scale

This selection is tiresome to read.				This selection interests me.		
− 3 (least)	− 2 (less)	− 1 (a little)	0 (average)	+ 1 (a little)	+ 2 (more)	+ 3 (most)

EXPLANATION

Think of this line as a yardstick with which to measure the interest of a story you have read. If the story interests you very much, as much as any story you have read, you may place a dot above the + 3 at the right end of the line. If you found the story very tiresome, the dot should be placed above the − 3 at the left end of the line. If the story is neither interesting nor tiresome, the mark should be above the zero at the middle of the line. The + 1 means the story is only a little interesting; + 2 means that the story is of real interest but you have read more interesting stories.

DIRECTIONS

1. In your notebook draw a measurement line for each story, as shown on page 188.

2. Above the zero point on the first line write the title of the first selection, "Roast Pig," as shown on page 188. Place a dot above this line at the point which shows how interesting this story was to you when you read it.

Mark the second line for "Old Scrooge" in a similar way, and continue for the other stories.

3. Which selection have you marked as most interesting? Which as least interesting?

4. Now connect the dots you have made by drawing a straight line from each one to the one next below it. This will be your *curve of interest.*

Compare your curve with those made by the other members of the class.

Roast Pig

This selection is tiresome to read.					This selection interests me.	
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

Old Scrooge

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Christmas Dinner

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

Rip Van Winkle

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

A Midsummer Night's Dream

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

Wee Willie Winkie

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Fifty-first Dragon

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Gift of the Magi

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

SCOUTING

To encounter dangers and hard tasks, whether in military matters, in extending civilization's frontier into new countries, or in meeting the equally difficult problems of modern city life, and to come through the challenging experience successfully, with honor in the soul and courtesy on the lips — this is to be a good scout, whatever one's station in life or official position may be.

Because of its obvious example of manly conduct, the scout's life is offered as a challenge to young people. In recent years, the organizations of Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and Girl Scouts have embodied the ideals of scouting in a way that easily leads boys and girls to learn the habits and the virtues of the good scout. These are fine things to learn.

The scout is one who sees and hears accurately. In time of war he is the capable soldier who goes ahead, often at great danger to himself, to spy out the land, to locate the enemy, and to bring back to his comrades important information. In American pioneer days the hardy explorer and soldier kept the frontier safe from marauding Indians and the wild animals of the forest, and led the advance of settlements ever westward across the mountains and the plains. Daniel Boone was a scout of this type in the days following the American Revolution; a half century later Buffalo Bill scouted the western plains for the travelers across the continent.

From the nature of his task it is necessary that the scout have keen senses and an alert mind, that he be courageous and quick in action, that he be loyal and devoted to his fellows and the cause he serves, and that he know the out-of-doors, its ways and its dangers. On occasion he must fend forth alone across trackless plains or into deep forests, amid danger from savage animals and at times from hostile men, with his only reliance the sharpness of his wits and his resolute skill.

BOOKS TO READ

WHILE you are reading this section on SCOUTING, you will wish to read the great scout stories. The list below contains some of the best you can find.

ALLEN, CHARLES F. *David Crockett, Scout.* J. B. Lippincott Company
"Davy" Crockett was a pioneer and a real American. A fine book for the young scout.

BADEN-POWELL, SIR ROBERT. *Scouting for Boys.* C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., London
The founder of the Scout movement tells what scouting means for boys.

BEARD, LINA, and BEARD, A. B. *On the Trail.* Charles Scribner's Sons
For girls — how to prepare for camping and hiking.

Camp Fire Girls' Vacation Book. The Camp Fire Girls, New York City

Camp Fire Girls. Handbook of Camp Fire Girls, New York City

EASTMAN, CHARLES A. *Indian Scout Talks.* Little, Brown, and Company
Scouts and Camp Fire Girls can here learn how to hike and camp; a real Indian teaches them from his own boyhood experiences.

EATON, WALTER P. *Boy Scouts of Berkshire.* W. A. Wilde Company
A scout master tells what every scout ought to know.

HENRY, O. *Ransom of the Red Chief and Other Stories for Boys.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The best of O. Henry's stories arranged especially for boys by F. K. Mathiews, editor of the *Boy Scout's Year Book.*

KEPHART, HORACE. *Camping and Woodcraft.* The Macmillan Company
A serious description of how to make one's way and live in the trackless woods; the equipment needed, the cautions to be observed, and dangers to be faced.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scout Masters.* Doubleday, Page and Company
This splendid Englishman has written a book especially for the boys who are scouts.

MATHIEWS, F. K. (Editor) *Boy Scout's Year Book.* D. Appleton and Company
Splendid short stories of the out-of-doors by many writers of prominence.

MILLS, ENOS. *Waiting in the Wilderness.* Doubleday, Page and Company
A Rocky Mountain scout tells how to know the forests and the mountains and how to live in them.

NANSEN, FRIDTJOF. *The First Crossing of Greenland.* Longmans, Green and Company
This famous Norwegian explorer tells of making the journey across Greenland on skiis and snowshoes. A tale of hazardous travel on fields of ice and snow.

SCHULTZ, JAMES W. *With the Indians in the Rockies.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Two boys try outdoor life with Indians; their adventures and what they learned.

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON. *Boy Scouts of America.* Doubleday, Page and Company

—— *Two Little Savages.* Doubleday, Page and Company
This out-of-doors writer tells how to live in the open; wigwams and outdoor cooking.

—— *Woodcraft Manual for Boys* and *Woodcraft Manual for Girls.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Tells how to get on outdoors, where one must make one's own way.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. *Camp Fires and Guide Posts.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *Fisherman's Luck.*

—— *Little Rivers.*
The author, a preacher and college teacher, writes of his vacations out-of-doors in a manner that makes us all wish we could fish and camp with him.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS. *Summer in a Canyon.* Houghton Mifflin Company
How Polly Oliver spends her vacation in the mountains.

In the Official Handbook for Boy Scouts of America the following stories are listed as interesting reading for boy scouts.

GREY, ZANE. *The Last of the Plainsmen.* A. C. McClurg and Company

MASEFIELD, JOHN. *Jim Davis.* Frederick A. Stokes Company

PAINE, RALPH D. *The Wrecking Master.* Charles Scribner's Sons

QUIRK, LESLIE W. *Baby Elton, Quarter-Back.* The Century Company

STEVENSON, BURTON E. *Tommy Remington's Battle.* The Century Company

STOCKTON, FRANK R. *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast.* The Macmillan Company

TOMLINSON, EVERETT T. *Scouting with Daniel Boone.* Doubleday, Page and Company

WALLACE, LEW. *Ben Hur.* Harper and Brothers

The following books tell of tramping in mountains and by lakes and streams for recreation and the thrill of outdoor sport.

HORNADAY, WILLIAM T. *Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies.* Charles Scribner's Sons

KNOWLES, JOSEPH. *Alone in the Wilderness.* Small, Maynard and Company

LEITH, C. K., and LEITH, A. T. *A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay.* Cartwell Printing Company, Madison, Wisconsin

LUMMIS, CHARLES F. *A Tramp Across the Continent.* Charles Scribner's Sons

MUIR, JOHN. *My First Summer in the Sierra.* Houghton Mifflin Company

RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. *Through Glacier Park.* Houghton Mifflin Company

SCOUTING

WHAT IS A BOY SCOUT?[1]

A SCOUT! He enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk over the city's streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by the signs. He can tie a knot that will hold; he can climb a tree which seems impossible to others; he can swim a river; he can pitch a tent; he can mend a tear in his trousers; he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not; he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance. He can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, and can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls. He knows the stars by name and can find his way by them. He can identify birds and animals and fish and knows the ways and habitat of each.

A scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A scout, like an old frontiersman, does not shout his wisdom from the housetops. He possesses the quiet power that comes from knowledge. He speaks softly and answers questions modestly. He knows a braggart but he does not challenge him, allowing the boaster to expose his ignorance by his own loose-wagging tongue.

A scout holds his honor to be his most precious possession, and he would die rather than have it stained. He knows what is his duty, and all obligations imposed by duty he fulfills of his own free will. His sense of honor is his only taskmaster, and

[1] Used with the permission of the Boy Scouts of America; from its *Handbook for Boys*.

his honor he guards as jealously as did the knights of old. In this manner a scout wins the confidence and respect of all people.

A scout can kindle a fire in the forest on the wettest day and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had, he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of the rubbing sticks used by the Indians, and he knows how to start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows also the danger of forest fires, and he kindles a blaze that will not spread. The fire once started, what a meal he can prepare out there in the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the campfire and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A scout practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems in the world must first master themselves. He keeps a close guard on his temper and never makes a silly spectacle of himself by losing his head. He keeps a close guard on his tongue, for he knows that loud speech is often a cloak to ignorance, that swearing is a sign of weakness, and that untruthfulness shatters the confidence of others. He keeps a close guard on his appetite and eats moderately of food which will make him strong; he never uses alcoholic liquors because he does not wish to poison his body; he desires a clear, active brain, so he avoids tobacco.

A scout never flinches in the face of danger, for he knows that at such a time every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire, or panic, or shipwreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness, and courage, and considers the safety of others before that of himself. He is especially considerate of the helpless and weak.

A scout can make himself known to a brother scout wherever he may be by a method which only scouts can know. He has

brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother scout without making a sound or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

A scout is kind to everything that lives. He knows that horses, dogs, and cats have their rights and he respects them. A scout prides himself upon doing good turns, and no day in his life is complete unless he has been of aid to some person.

A scout does not run away or call for help when an accident occurs. If a person is cut, he knows how to stop the flow of blood and gently and carefully bind up the wound. If a person is burned, his knowledge tells him how to alleviate the suffering. If anyone is dragged from the water unconscious, a scout at once sets to work to restore respiration and circulation. He knows that not a minute can be lost.

A scout knows that people expect more of him than they do of other boys, and he governs his conduct so that no word of reproach can truthfully be brought against the great brotherhood to which he has pledged his loyalty. He seeks always to make the word *Scout* worthy of the respect of people whose opinions have value. He wears his uniform worthily.

A scout knows his city as well as he knows the trails in the forest. He can guide a stranger wherever he desires to go, and his knowledge of short-cuts saves him many needless steps. He knows where the police stations are located, where the fire-alarm boxes are placed, where the nearest doctor lives, where the hospitals are, and which is the quickest way to reach them. He knows the names of the city officials and the nature of their duties. A scout is proud of his city and freely offers his services when he can help.

A scout is a patriot and is always ready to serve his country at a minute's notice. He loves Old Glory and knows the proper forms of offering it respect. He never permits its folds to touch

the ground. He knows how his country is governed and who are the men in high authority. He desires a strong body, an alert mind, and an unconquerable spirit, so that he may serve his country in any need. He patterns his life after those of great Americans who have had a high sense of duty and who have served the nation well.

A scout chooses as his motto "Be Prepared," and he seeks to prepare himself for anything — to rescue a companion, to ford a stream, to gather firewood, to help strangers, to distinguish right from wrong, to serve his fellowmen, his country, and his God — always to "Be Prepared."

The good qualities of a scout are of three sorts: (1) those that have to do with nature; (2) those concerning his personal habits; and (3) those concerning his relations with other persons.

In your notebook write headings and list the important qualities under each as follows:

1. Nature
   a.
   b.
   c.
   etc.
2. Personal Qualities
   a.
   b.
   c.
   etc.
3. Social Qualities
   a.
   b.
   c.
   etc.

CAMPING ON THE PLAINS [1]

ENOS A. MILLS

I WALKED out of Cheyenne early one morning thirty-odd years ago with a camp outfit and a week's provisions. It was late May. One mile out and I was on the fenceless, trackless plains. The prairie was green with low-growing buffalo grass and brilliant with dashes of red, yellow, and blue wild flowers on short stems. Meadow larks were singing and prairie dogs barking merrily. The sun shone hot from a clear blue sky all day.

A little before sundown I dropped my heavy pack by an old buffalo wallow near the Wyoming-Nebraska line. I could see miles across level plains toward every point of the compass; not a house, a fence, or a tree within the horizon. I was alone. I judged there was not a person within fifteen miles, perhaps not for twice as far. Although I traveled about for days I did not see a house or a fence.

The water hole by which I camped was a shallow buffalo wallow about fifty feet long and half as wide. Ten years before thousands of buffalo had ranged these scenes. Water is scarce on the plains, and these wallows once served both the antelope and the buffalo as drinking places. The crowding stars seemed only a stone's throw above the wide, flat prairie, and the merry coyotes were having fun all around me when I lay down to sleep.

I wasted a lot of time the next morning in trying to find something among my too numerous pieces of camp outfit. Just as I had things scattered over the prairie, two cowboys came riding up. They were from a cow outfit that was drifting northward and had seen me from afar. They were grazing two thousand head of cattle and had a six-horse cook wagon and seventy saddle ponies.

[1] From Enos A. Mills's *Waiting in the Wilderness*, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Used by permission.

"What's this, a general merchandise store?" one of them called pleasantly, as he viewed my equipment scattered around the water hole.

"The kid has more kitchenware than the cook at our cow camp," said the other kindly but merrily as they rode off.

The prairie dogs were yapping and scampering about and I threw my belongings into a heap and went toward the nearest dog town. They were excited over my presence: sat up and barked and chattered and, I am certain, used bad language because I did not move on. When I approached nearer than twenty feet, they ducked into their holes. They looked and acted more like fat woodchucks than dogs.

In a shallow ravine near camp I came close to a mother antelope and her two kids. She made the youngsters lie down the instant she saw me and then edged off, plainly with the hope of leading me to follow. But I wanted a closer view of the kids.

When I reached the spot where I supposed them lying, I could not see them. A young antelope blends with the plains, plants, and soil so that it is well hidden when it flattens down. I stumbled over one of the youngsters. He leaped up and then I spied the second. But not until I had touched it with my hand did it quit playing dead and rush off with the other toward the mother.

They went only a short distance when they reëntered the ravine. I slipped down this, crawled over a ridge, and came within a hundred feet of them. The youngsters were busy suckling. One was kneeling on each side, occasionally urging mother to speed the milk by butting her. When they started across the prairie, I went far around and came in behind a low ridge, planning to get close to them or to another mother with one kid whom I saw in the distance. After a number of trials and much traveling I was again close to the mother and two kids. But she scented me and ran far away.

It was time to start for camp. I looked around to figure out

where it was. Out on the plains where most of the time one can see miles in every direction I had not thought of using a compass.

I had known the points of the compass all day. There was the sun a little above the horizon and I knew that beneath it was a little to the south of west. But knowing the directions did not tell me the all-important thing — the direction to camp. I did not know whether camp was miles south or miles west.

I walked a short distance to the top of a ridge. I could not see a single landmark that I recognized. Landmarks had been forgotten in the watching of antelope. The sun was setting red in the west. This was a landmark, and as I had wandered eastward from camp, I thought and also felt that my buffalo wallow camp must be somewhere off in the west.

I headed at the sun and walked rapidly until dark. I still was uncertain where camp was and stopped and made a fire. A compass will not do a fellow any good, nor will knowing points of the compass, unless he constantly uses his head and keeps the position of camp in mind. I should have looked back occasionally during the day and made mental pictures of the few landmarks. But I spent the night on the prairie without supper or bedding.

Daylight came grandly at four o'clock and I at once started off to back-track myself to camp. A number of antelope stood for a time on a ridge between me and the red rising sun. I headed eastward. I had walked due west after leaving the mother antelope the night before and easily back-tracked this straight line.

Back-tracking myself over the course where I had crawled, curved, and doubled in following the antelope was a task. Occasionally I got down on hands and knees to find the dim trail or to determine which way I should follow it. This was the best of trailing experience.

Finally I arrived at the place where I had first seen the mother antelope and kids. Then, certain of the way, I gave up trailing and started on a short cut to camp. I met a vigorous whirlwind

spinning across the plains and taking with it tinware and other non-essentials from camp. "Go it," I called, and let it go. On the way I must have picked up fifty-seven varieties of my camp stuff. Then I walked upon the ashes of a camp fire that appeared familiar. The tracks were my own. Here within five hundred feet of Buffalo Camp I had spent last night.

This experience showed me that the supreme camping test for an outdoor fellow is finding the way back to camp. He cannot do this with a compass alone unless he turn surveyor and make notes every little while. I have known many a man with a compass to become hopelessly lost. One who makes a mental log of his movements, who knows where he is every minute, will be able to return to camp without a compass or even without landmarks.

In back-tracking myself, I discovered a number of nature's points of the compass, pointers that I had not before noticed. They were plentiful enough and I was surprised not to have seen them earlier. These were made by the prevailing westerly winds — piles of tumbleweeds against the westerly sides of sagebrush clumps. On the eastern leeward side of these clumps were sand drifts. These formed east and west lines here and there that showed long distances. Here were home-grown compasses that would not get out of order or become lost or broken.

1. In what kind of country was Enos Mills camping?
2. What animals did he see?
3. Why did he get lost?
4. What is this writer's opinion of a compass?
5. What are "nature's points of the compass"?
6. What are "nature's points of the compass" in your locality? How could you find your way if lost in the woods or in the open country?

CHASING THE LYNX[1]

H. G. Wells

One morning Trafford found the footmarks of some catlike creature in the snow near the bushes where he was accustomed to get firewood; they led away very plainly up the hill, and after breakfast he took his knife and rifle and snowshoes and went after the lynx — for that he decided the animal must be. There was no urgent reason why he should want to kill a lynx, unless perhaps that killing it made the store shed a trifle safer; but it was the first trail of any living thing for many days; it promised excitement; some primordial instinct perhaps urged him.

The morning was a little overcast and very cold between the gleams of wintry sunshine. "Goodby, dear wife!" he said, and then, as she remembered afterwards, came back a dozen yards to kiss her. "I'll not be long," he said. "The beast's prowling, and if it doesn't get wind of me I ought to find it in an hour." He hesitated for a moment. "I'll not be long," he repeated, and she had an instant's wonder whether he hid from her the same dread of loneliness that she concealed. Or perhaps he only knew her secret. Up among the tumbled rocks he turned, and she was still watching him. "Goodby!" he cried and waved, and the willow thickets closed about him.

Time seemed to pass very slowly that day. She found herself going repeatedly to the space between the day tent and the sleeping hut from which she could see the stunted wood that had swallowed him up, and after what seemed a long hour her watch told her it was still only half-past twelve. And the fourth or fifth time that she went to look out she was set atremble by the sound of a shot. And then at regular intervals out of that distant brown purple jumble of thickets against the snow came two more shots. "Something has happened," she said, "something

[1] From H. G. Wells's *Marriage*, copyrighted by Duffield and Company. Used by permission.

has happened," and stood rigid. Then she became active, seized the rifle that was always at hand when she was alone, fired into the sky and stood listening.

Prompt came an answering shot.

"He wants me," said Marjorie. "Something — perhaps he has killed something too big to bring!"

She was for starting at once, and then remembered this was not the way of the wilderness.

She thought and moved very rapidly. Her mind catalogued possible requirements: rifle, hunting knife, the oilskin bag with matches, and some chunks of dry papers, the rucksac — and he would be hungry. She took a saucepan and a huge chunk of cheese and biscuit; then a brandy flask is sometimes handy — one never knows. Though nothing was wrong, of course. Needles and stout thread, and some cord. Snowshoes. A waterproof cloak could be easily carried. Her light hatchet for wood. She cast about to see if there was anything else. She had almost forgotten cartridges — and a revolver. Nothing more. She kicked a stray brand or so into the fire, put on some more wood, damped the fire with an armful of snow to make it last longer, and set out towards the willows into which he had vanished.

Trafford's trail led Marjorie through the thicket of dwarf willows and down to the gully of the rivulet which they had called Marjorie Trickle; it had long since become a trough of snow-covered rotten ice. The trail crossed this and, turning sharply uphill, went on until it was clear of shrubs and trees, and in the windy open of the upper slopes it crossed a ridge and came over the lip of a large desolate valley with slopes of ice and icy snow. Here she spent some time in following his loops back on the homeward trail before she saw what was manifestly the final trail running far away out across the snow, with the spoor of the lynx, a lightly-dotted line, to the right of it. She followed this suggestion of the trail, put on her snowshoes, and shuffled her way

across this valley, which opened as she proceeded. She hoped that over the ridge she would find Trafford, and scanned the sky for the faintest discoloration of a fire, but there was none. That seemed odd to her, but the wind was in her face, and perhaps it beat the smoke down.

Over the ridge she would find him. Surely she would find him over the ridge.

She found herself among rocks, and there was a beaten and trampled place where Trafford must have waited and crouched. Then on and down a slope of tumbled boulders. There came a patch where he had either thrown himself down or fallen. It seemed to her he must have been running.

Suddenly, a hundred feet or so away, she saw a patch of violently disturbed snow — snow stained a dreadful color, a snow of scarlet crystals! Three strides and Trafford was in sight.

She had a swift conviction he was dead. He was lying in a crumpled attitude on a patch of snow between convergent rocks, and the lynx, a mass of blood-smeared silvery fur, was in some way mixed up with him. She saw as she came nearer that the snow was disturbed round about them, and discolored copiously, yellow widely, and in places bright red, with congealed and frozen blood. She felt no fear now, and no emotion; all her mind was engaged with the clear, bleak perception of the fact before her. She did not care to call to him again. His head was hidden by the lynx's body; it was as if he was burrowing underneath the creature. His legs were twisted about each other in a queer, unnatural attitude.

Then, as she dropped off a boulder and came nearer, Trafford moved. A hand came out and gripped the rifle beside him. He suddenly lifted a dreadful face, horribly scarred and torn, and crimson with frozen blood; he pushed the gray beast aside, rose on an elbow, wiped his sleeve across his eyes, stared at her, grunted, and flopped forward. He had fainted.

She was now as clear-minded and as self-possessed as a woman

in a shop. In another moment she was kneeling by his side. She saw, by the position of his knife and the huge rip in the beast's body, that he had stabbed the lynx to death as it clawed his head; he must have shot and wounded it and then fallen upon it. His knitted cap was torn to ribbons and hung upon his neck. Also his leg was manifestly injured; how, she could not tell. It was chiefly evident he must freeze if he lay here. It seemed to her that perhaps he had pulled the dead brute over him to protect his torn skin from the extremity of cold. The lynx was already rigid, its clumsy paws asprawl. The torn skin and clot upon Trafford's face was stiff as she put her hands about his head to raise him. She turned him over on his back — how heavy he seemed! — and forced brandy between his teeth. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she poured a little brandy on his wounds.

She glanced at his leg, which was surely broken, and back at his face. Then she gave him more brandy and his eyelids flickered. He moved his hand weakly. "The blood," he said, "kept getting in my eyes."

She gave him brandy once again, wiped his face, and glanced at his leg. Something ought to be done to that, she thought. But things must be done in order.

"I want to get you to that place there under the rock," she said. "If I drag, can you help?"

He answered obstinately, "You'd better go."

"I'll make you comfortable first," she answered, "anyhow."

He made an enormous effort, and then with her quick help and with his back to her knee, raised himself on his elbows.

"And afterwards?" he asked.

"Build a fire."

"Wood?"

"Down there."

"Two bits of wood tied on my leg — splints. Then I can drag myself. See? Like a blessed old walrus."

He smiled, and she kissed his bandaged face again.

"Else it hurts," he apologized, "more than I can stand."

She stood up again, thought, put his rifle and knife to his hand for fear of a lurking wolf, abandoning her own rifle with an effort, and went striding and leaping from rock to rock towards the trees below. She made the chips fly, and was presently towing three venerable pine dwarfs, bumping over rock and crevice, back to Trafford. She flung them down, stood for a moment bright and breathless, then set herself to hack off the splints he needed from the biggest stem. "Now," she said, coming to him.

"A fool," he remarked, "would have made the splints down there. You're — *good*, Marjorie."

She lugged his leg out straight, put it into the natural and least painful pose, padded it with moss and her torn handkerchief, and bound it up. As she did so, a handful of snowflakes came whirling about them. She was now braced up to every possibility. "It never rains," she said grimly, "but it pours," and went on with her bone-setting. He was badly weakened by pain and shock, and once he swore at her sharply. "Sorry," he said.

She rolled him over on his chest, and left him to struggle to the shelter of the rock while she went for more wood.

The sky alarmed her. The mountains up the valley were already hidden by driven rags of slaty snowstorms. This time she found a longer but easier path for dragging her boughs and trees; she determined she would not start the fire until nightfall, nor waste any time in preparing food until then. There were dead boughs for kindling — more than enough. It was snowing quite fast by the time she got up to him with her second load, and a premature twilight already obscured and exaggerated the rocks and mounds about her. She gave some of her cheese to Trafford, and gnawed some herself on her way down to the wood again. She regretted that she had brought neither candles nor lantern, because then she might have kept on until the cold of

night stopped her, and she reproached herself bitterly because she had brought no tea. She could forgive herself the lantern, for she had never expected to be out after dark, but the tea was inexcusable. She muttered self-reproaches while she worked like two men among the trees, panting puffs of mist that froze upon her lips and iced the knitted wool that covered her chin. Why don't they teach a girl to handle an ax?

When at last the wolfish cold of the Labrador night had come, it found Trafford and Marjorie seated almost warmly on a bed of pine boughs between the sheltering dark rock behind and a big but well-husbanded fire in front, drinking a queer-tasting but not unsavory soup of lynx-flesh, that she had fortified with the remainder of the brandy. Then they tried roast lynx and ate a little, and finished with some scraps of cheese and deep draughts of hot water.

This story is from H. G. Wells's novel entitled *Marriage*. A young man and his wife have come from England to spend a vacation in the wilds of Labrador. While they are camping up the mountain side, this incident happens.

1. Note the preparation Marjorie makes before going for Trafford.
2. What signs does Marjorie follow in order to locate Trafford?
3. What were the chief dangers hovering over the wounded man when Marjorie found him?
4. What are the chief things Marjorie did to relieve and rescue her husband?
5. Could Trafford have rescued himself if Marjorie had not come?
6. In what ways did Marjorie behave like a good scout?
7. Did she fail in any way to be a good scout?
8. What is the most exciting moment in this story?

Word Study. Copy the following list of words and place a cross (×) before each one you understand. What will you do about the others?

bandage	extremity	reproach
brand	obscured	requirement
copiously	pose	unsavory
crouched	primordial	urgent
crystals	prowl	venerable

THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE[1]

Stephen Leacock

It is no part of the present narrative to follow in detail the explorations and discoveries made in the polar seas in recent times. After the great episode of the loss of Franklin and the search for his ships, public interest in the Northwest Passage may be said to have ended. The journey made by Sir Robert McClure and his men, after abandoning their ship, had proved that such a waterway existed, but the knowledge of the northern regions acquired in the attempt to find the survivors of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* made it clear that the passage was valueless, not merely for commerce, but even for the uses of exploration. For the time being, a strong reaction set in, and popular opinion condemned any further expenditure of life and money in the frozen regions of the Arctic.

But although the sensational aspect of northern discovery had thus largely disappeared, a new incentive began to make itself increasingly felt. The progress of physical science, the rapid advance in the knowledge of electricity and magnetism, and the rise of the science of biology were profoundly altering the whole outlook of the existing generation towards the globe that they inhabited. The sea itself, like everything else, became an object of scientific study. Its currents and its temperature, its relation to the land masses which surrounded it, acquired a new importance in the light of geological and physical research. The polar waters offered a fruitful field for the new investigations. In place of the adventurous explorers of Frobisher's day, searching for fabled empires and golden cities, there appeared in the seas of the north the inquisitive man of science, eagerly examining the phenomena of sea and sky, to add to the stock of human knowledge.

[1] From Stephen Leacock's *Adventures of the Far North.* Published by Glasgow, Brook and Co. Used by permission.

Very naturally there grew up under such conditions an increasing desire to reach the Pole itself, and to test whether the theoretical conclusions of the astronomer were borne out by the actual observations of one standing upon the apex of the spinning earth. The attempt to reach the Pole became henceforth the great preoccupation of Arctic discovery. From this time on the story of what has been done in the northern seas belongs not to Canada but to the world at large. The voyages of such men as Frobisher, Davis, and Hudson, and the journeys of men like Hearne and Mackenzie led to the opening up of this vast country and belong to Canadian history. But in recent Arctic discovery the point of interest had never been found in the lands about the northern seas, but only in the Arctic Ocean itself and in the effort to penetrate farther and farther north. Little by little this effort was rewarded. A series of intrepid explorers forced their way onward until at last the Pole itself was reached and the frozen North had yielded up its hollow mystery.

The struggle to reach the Pole was the form in which Arctic exploration came to life again after the paralyzing effect of the Franklin tragedy. Some of the Franklin relief expeditions had reached very high latitudes, and shortly after the great tragedy the exploring ships of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, and the *Polaris* under Captain Hall, had all passed the eightieth parallel and been within less than ten degrees of the Pole. The idea grew that there might be an open polar sea, navigable at times to the very apex of the world. In 1875 the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, two ships of the British navy, were sent out with the express purpose of reaching the North Pole. They sailed up the narrow waters that separate Greenland from the large islands lying west of it. The *Alert* wintered as far north as latitude 82° 24′. A sledge party that was sent out under Captain Markham went as far as latitude 83° 20′, and the expedition returned with the proud distinction of having carried its flag northward beyond all previous explorations.

But other nations were not to lag behind. An American expedition (1881) under Lieutenant Greeley carried on the exploration of the extreme north of Greenland and of the interior of Grinnell Land, which lies west of it. Two of Greeley's men, Lieutenant Lockwood and a companion, followed the Greenland coast northward in a sledge and passed Markham's latitude, reaching 83° 24′ north, which remained for many years as the highest point attained. Greeley's expedition became the subject of a tragedy almost comparable to the great Franklin disaster. The vessels sent with supplies failed to reach their destination. For four years Greeley and his men remained in the Arctic regions. Of the twenty-three men in the party only six were found alive when Captain Schley of the United States navy at last brought relief.

After the Greeley expedition the fight towards the Pole was carried on by a series of gallant explorers, none of whom, strange to narrate, were British. Commander R. E. Peary of the United States navy came prominently before the world as an Arctic navigator in the last decade of the nineteenth century. In 1892 he crossed northern Greenland in the extreme latitude of 81° 37′, a feat of the highest order.

Still more striking was the work of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, which attracted the attention of the whole world. Nansen had devoted profound study to the question of the northern drift of the polar waters. It had often been observed that driftwood and wreckage seemed, in many places, to float towards the Pole. Trees that fall in the Siberian forests and float down the great rivers to the northern sea are frequently found washed up on the shores of Greenland, having apparently passed over the Pole itself. A strong current flows northward through Bering Strait, and it is a matter of record that an American vessel, the *Jeannette*, which stuck fast in the ice near Wrangel Land in 1879, drifted slowly northward with the ice for two years and made its way in this fashion some four hundred miles towards

the Pole. Dr. Nansen formed the bold design of carrying a ship under steam into one of the currents of the Far North, allowing it to freeze in, and then trusting to the polar drift to do the rest.

The adventures of Nansen and his men in this enterprise are so well known as scarcely to need recital. A stout wooden vessel of four hundred tons, the *Fram* (or the *Forwards*), was specially constructed to withstand the grip of the polar ice. In 1893 she sailed from Norway and made her way by the Kara Sea to the New Siberian Islands. In October the *Fram* froze into the ice and there she remained for three years, drifting slowly forwards in the heart of the vast mass. Her rudder and propeller were unshipped and taken inboard, her engine was taken to pieces and packed away, while on her deck a windmill was erected to generate electric power. In this situation, snugly on board their stout ship, Nansen and his crew settled down into the unbroken night of the Arctic winter. The ice that surrounded them was twelve feet thick, and escape from it, even had they desired it, would have been impossible. They watched eagerly the direction of their drift, worked out by observation of the stars. For the first few weeks, propelled by northern winds, the *Fram* moved southwards. Then slowly the northern current began to make itself felt, but during the whole of this first winter the *Fram* only moved a few miles onward towards her goal. All the next summer the ship remained fast frozen and drifted about two hundred miles. With her rate of progress and direction, Nansen reckoned that she would reach, not the Pole, but Spitzbergen, and would take four and a half years more to do it.

All through the next winter the *Fram* moved slowly northwards and westwards. In the spring of 1895 she was still about five hundred miles from the Pole, and her present path would miss it by about three hundred and fifty miles. Nansen resolved upon an enterprise unparalleled in hardihood. He resolved to take with him a single companion, to leave the *Fram* and to walk over the ice to the Pole, and thence as best he might to make his

way, not back to his ship again (for that was impossible), but to the nearest known land. The whole distance to be covered was almost a thousand miles. Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen left the *Fram* on March 13, 1895, to make this attempt. They failed in their enterprise. To struggle towards the Pole over the pack-ice, at times reared in rough hillocks and at times split with lanes of open water, proved a feat beyond the power of man. Nansen and his companion got as far as latitude 86° 13′, a long way north of all previous records. By sheer pluck and endurance they managed to make their way southward again. They spent the winter on an Arctic island in a hut of stone and snow, and in June of the next year (1896) at last reached Franz Joseph Land, where they fell in with a British expedition. They reached Norway in time to hear the welcome news that the *Fram*, after a third winter in the ice, had drifted into open sea again and had just come safely into port.

Equally glorious, but profoundly tragic, was the splendid attempt of Professor Andrée to reach the Pole in a balloon, which followed on the heels of Nansen's enterprise. Andrée, who was a professor in the Technical School at Stockholm, had been for some years interested in the rising science of aërial navigation. He judged that by this means a way might be found to the Pole, where all else failed. By the generous aid of the king of Sweden, Baron Dickson, and others, he had a balloon constructed in Paris which represented the very latest progress towards the mastery of the air, in the days before the airplane and the light-weight motor had opened a new chapter in history.

Andrée's balloon was made of 3360 pieces of silk sewed together with three miles of seams. It contained 158,000 cubic feet of hydrogen; it carried beneath it a huge wicker basket that served as a sort of house for Andrée and his companions, and to the netting of this were lashed provisions, sledges, frame boats, and other appliances to meet the needs of the explorers if their balloon was wrecked on the northern ice. There was no means of

propulsion, but three heavy guide ropes, trailing on the ground, afforded a feeble and uncertain control. The whole reliance of Andrée was placed, consciously and with full knowledge of the consequences, on the possibility that a strong and favoring wind might carry him across the Pole.

The balloon was taken on shipboard to Spitzbergen and there inflated in a tall shed built for the purpose. Andrée was accompanied by two companions, Strindberg and Fraenkel. On July 11, 1897, the balloon was cast loose and, with a southerly wind and bright sky, it was seen to vanish towards the north. It is known, from a message sent by a pigeon, that two days later all was well and the balloon still moving towards its goal. Since then no message or token has ever been found to tell us the fate of the three brave men, and the names of Andrée and his companions are added to the long list of those who have given their lives for the advancement of human knowledge.

With the opening of the present century the progress of polar exploration was rapid. Peary continued his explorations towards the north of Greenland, and in 1906, by reaching latitude 87° 6,′ he wrested from Nansen the coveted record of Farthest North. At the same time Captain Sverdrup (the commander of the *Fram*), the Duke of the Abruzzi, and many others were carrying out scientific expeditions in polar waters. The voyage made in 1904 by Captain Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian, later on to be world-famous as the discoverer of the South Pole, is of especial interest, for he succeeded in carrying his little ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of Bering Strait — the only vessel that has ever actually made the Northwest Passage.

But the great prize fell to Captain Peary. On September 6, 1909, the world thrilled with the announcement that Peary had reached the Pole. His ship, the *Roosevelt*, had sailed in the summer of 1908. Peary wintered at Etah in the north of Greenland, and in the ensuing year, accompanied by Captain Bartlett with five white men and seventeen Eskimos, he set out to reach

the Pole by sledge. By arrangement, Peary's companions accompanied him a certain distance carrying supplies, and then turned back in successive parties. The final dash for the Pole was made by the commander himself, accompanied only by a negro servant and four Eskimos. On April 6, 1909, they reached the Pole and hoisted there the flag of the United States. To make doubly certain of their discovery, Peary and his men went some ten miles beyond the Pole and eight miles in a lateral direction. They saw nothing but ice about them, and no indication of the neighborhood of any land.

This selection can best be studied with a map of the Arctic regions at hand.

This schedule of dates will help you to understand the order of the several expeditions described in this article. Check to see if any expeditions are omitted.

	British	Norwegian	Swedish	American
1845	Sir John Franklin Dr. Kane Dr. Hayes Capt. Hall			
1875	Capt. Markham			
1881				Lieut. Greeley
1885				Capt. Schley
1892				Commander Peary
1893–95		Dr. Fridtjof Nansen		
1897			Prof. Andrée	
1904		Amundsen		
1906–09				Commander Peary

1. What stimulated a new interest in polar exploration after the lull following the Franklin disaster?

2. The old objective in Arctic exploration was to find the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What was the new objective?

3. The Franklin expedition had reached latitude 77 degrees. Locate this on a map.

4. Each explorer tried some new method of reaching the Pole. Tell what it was in the case of (*a*) Nansen; (*b*) Andrée; (*c*) Peary.

5. What have been the two greatest dangers in polar exploration?

6. What are the chief characteristics of a good explorer?

7. What is the most important result of all these polar expeditions?

8. Arctic exploration has not ceased, but its object is now different. Do you know what it is? What new inventions now aid such explorations?

9. Write a paragraph that might be added to Leacock's article, telling of Arctic explorations in recent years.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Sir John Franklin was the first man to discover the Northwest Passage to the Pacific. After two years of exploration, his whole expedition was lost in 1847. During the next ten years thirty-nine expeditions were sent out to search for traces of these unfortunate, heroic explorers.

Sir Robert McClure found the Northwest Passage in 1850 by starting from Bering Strait.

Erebus and **Terror**, Franklin's ships.

Frobisher, an English explorer who searched for the Northwest Passage in 1576. **Davis** searched for this passage in 1585, 1586, and 1587.

Hudson, a noted English navigator who in 1607 hoped to sail across the Pole to the Spice Islands.

Hearne, an English explorer in British North America, 1769–72.

Mackenzie, a Scottish explorer who commanded an expedition to the Canadian Northwest in 1789.

THE SCOUT'S CONDUCT

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1. EVERY action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.

5. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

6. In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

7. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

8. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

9. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

10. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

11. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

12. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

13. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

15. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

16. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

17. Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse, nor revile.

18. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

19. Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

20. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

21. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

22. When you speak of God, or His attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

23. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

24. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

25. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

26. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

27. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

28. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

29. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

30. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

31. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

Among the papers of George Washington found at Mount Vernon after his death were 110 "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." They were evidently written when he was in his 'teens, and they help us to understand many of his habits as a grown man. The thirty-one printed here illustrate the ideals of this youth who became America's first great political and military leader.

Try to group these rules under the headings on page 196: Nature, Personal Qualities, Social Qualities.

a. In which group do most of Washington's rules belong?

b. In which fewest?

c. Do any of Washington's rules fail to come under the scout groups?

THE SCOUT GROWN UP

Benjamin Franklin

1. TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY

Make no expense but to do good to others or to yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS

Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. HUMILITY

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

These rules of conduct were written by Benjamin Franklin when he was a mature man. They represent his ideas of a well-regulated life.

1. How well do they agree with Washington's rules given on pages 214–217?
2. Do they apply to boys and girls of your age in school?
3. Make a list of ten rules of conduct that you think would be useful to a boy or girl of your age.

SEA FEVER [1]

JOHN MASEFIELD

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yard from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

[1] From John Masefield's *Poems*. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

THE COAST RANGE OF ALASKA[1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

THE wind roars up from the angry sea
With a message of warning and haste to me.
It bids me go where the asters blow,
And the sunflower waves in the sunset glow.
From the granite mountains the glaciers crawl,
In snow-white spray the waters fall.
The bay is white with the crested waves,
And ever the sea wind ramps and raves.

I hate this cold, bleak northern land,
I fear its snow-flecked harborless strand —
I fly to the south as a homing dove,
Back to the land of corn I love.
And never again shall I set my feet
Where the snow and the sea and the mountains meet.

1. Read the two poems by Garland and Masefield together. Do the two poets feel alike about the sea? Do you see any reason for this difference?
2. Why does Garland say "I hate," etc.? Does it follow from this that he would dislike the kind of sea Masefield tells about?
3. How does Masefield's poem make you feel about the sea?

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*. Used by permission of the author.

HOW VALUABLE IS THE INFORMATION?

Here is a scale that will help you to estimate the value of the information you gain from reading.

Scale

The information found in this selection seems to me valueless.				The information found in this selection seems to me valuable.		
−3 (least)	−2 (less)	−1 (a little)	0 (average)	+1 (a little)	+2 (more)	+3 (most)

Explanation

Think of this line as a yardstick with which to measure the value of the information you gain from reading a selection. If the selection seems to have very valuable information, as much as that in anything you have read, you may place the dot above the plus 3 at the right end of the line. If the selection seems to have information of very little or no value, place the dot above the minus 3 at the left end of the line. If the information gained seems of moderate worth, place the dot above the zero at the middle of the line. Plus 1 means that the story contains information of more than average value and plus 2 means that it contains very important information but does not equal the most valuable selections you have read.

Directions

1. In your notebook draw lines for each selection in the section on Scouting as indicated on page 222.

2. Above the zero point on the first line write the title of the first selection, "What is a Boy Scout?" as indicated. Place a dot above this line at the point which indicates your judgment as to the importance of the information contained in the selection.

Mark the second line for the next selection and so on throughout the list.

3. If you will now connect the dots you have made by drawing a straight line from each one to the one next below it, you will have a *curve of information* for this group of selections.

Compare the curve which you have made with those made by other members of your class.

4. Which selection have you marked as containing the most valuable information? Which seems to be least valuable in this regard? Does this selection have any other important value?

The information found in this selection seems to me valueless.						The information found in this selection seems to me valuable.
			What is a Boy Scout?			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			Camping on the Plains			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			Chasing the Lynx			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			The Conquest of the Pole			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			The Scout's Conduct			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			The Scout Grown up			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			Sea Fever			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3
			The Coast Range of Alaska			
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

NATURE'S WAYS AND MOODS

All of us are curious about things we see and hear. We watch and examine the things about us, often tearing them to pieces the better to see how they are made. How many of us have run after butterflies, picked up spiders and wasps, and pulled the legs off grasshoppers just out of sheer interest in knowing how they are made and how they behave! Among the larger animals we have made friends and companions. And the joys we have all had in the woods and fields, up mountain sides, by the shores of lakes and along the banks of streams!

When a person wishes to tell merely what he sees and thinks, he writes in prose. If he wishes to tell the time of day, he will say: "It is morning," "The sun is rising," "It is getting light," or some such sentence. If, however, one is greatly delighted by the sunrise bursting in gorgeous colors over the eastern horizon, plain prose seems inadequate to portray all that he would like to say or write. He then wishes to express something of the joyous feelings which the color and the light arouse in him, and he may write in poetry, as did Keats in these lines:

> Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
> And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill.

For a similar reason Milton wrote:

> Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the east.

Shakespeare's way of saying a similar thing is this:

> Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
> Lifts up his burning head.

Thus does poetry make the morning sun seem more beautiful than do the matter-of-fact statements of prose. The rhythm, diction, and imagery of poetry enrich for us the world about us — not the morning merely but also the twilight, the noonday, the night, the hills and rocks, and all things that live and breathe.

BOOKS TO READ

WHILE you are reading this section on NATURE'S WAYS AND MOODS, choose several of the books named below and read them. Keep in your notebook a list of all you read.

Bird-Lore. D. Appleton and Company
A magazine devoted to information and stories about birds and how they live.

BOSTOCK, F. C. *The Training of Wild Animals.* The Century Company
An animal trainer tells how he tames lions and tigers and teaches them to perform their tricks. A glimpse behind the scenes.

BROWN, JOHN. *Rab and His Friends.*
You will like Rab's friends; you will like Rab and you will wonder at the human quality in the dog.

BURROUGHS, JOHN. *Birds and Bees.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Birds, bees, muskrats, squirrels, and foxes seem to tell John Burroughs more than they do most of us, about how they live and what they want.

CHAPMAN, FRANK. *Bird Life.* D. Appleton and Company
—— *The Travels of Birds.* D. Appleton and Company
A scientist tells of the habits of birds for the general reader.

COMSTOCK, ANNA B. *Ways of the Six-Footed.* The Comstock Publishing Company
Mrs. Comstock is a naturalist of great learning, who here tells the stories of insects and how they live.

DORRANCE, JOHN GORDON. *Story of the Forest.* American Book Company
The life history of trees; the uses of trees for mankind, and the part certain trees have played in history.

FABRE, JEAN HENRI. *Field, Forest, and Farm.* The Century Company
This Frenchman tells of the riches of the earth, its fields and its forests, and how it can be made to yield greater bounty for mankind.

HARTLEY, GEORGE INNESS. *Boy Hunters in Demerara.* The Century Company
"Implants a hope in the reader's breast that sometime he may paddle a dugout with William Beebe. In the meantime the boy will carry this book in his pocket as an interpreter of the jungle exhibits at zoo and museum."

HAWKES, CLARENCE. *Tenants of the Trees.* L. C. Page and Company
How to make friends with the birds and the other animals who live in trees.

HAWKSWORTH, HALLAM. *The Strange Adventures of a Pebble.* Charles Scribner's Sons
"Crowns geography and makes geology a member of the family circle. Each informal chapter . . . is supplemented by a clever page called Hide-and-Seek in the Library, which induces the child to dip eagerly into those books whose titles are apt to be embalmed under the forbidding heading 'Bibliography.'"

INGERSOLL, ERNEST. *Wild Neighbors.* The Macmillan Company
Stories of the wild animals who live near the habitations of men.

JORDAN, DAVID STARR. *Science Sketches.* A. C. McClurg and Company
A great scientist here tells for boys and girls the stories of the salmon, the stone, and many of nature's wonders.

LONDON, JACK. *The Call of the Wild.* The Macmillan Company
How Buck, the big pampered house dog, becomes the leader of a pack of wolves in the wild days of the Alaska gold fever.

MARRYAT, FREDERICK. *Masterman Ready.* E. P. Dutton and Company
A desert island story that makes you recall Robinson Crusoe.

MILLER, OLIVE THORNE. *First Book of Birds.* Houghton Mifflin Company

—— *Second Book of Birds.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Interesting stories and descriptions of birds.

MILLS, ENOS A. *The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine.* Houghton Mifflin Company
The story of an old tree in the Rockies and the wild animals that played about it.

MUIR, JOHN. *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth.* Houghton Mifflin Company
One of America's nature lovers tells of his boyhood on his father's farm, where he invented machines. Later he went to school and college and became a great geologist and explorer.

OLLIVANT, ALFRED. *Bob, Son of Battle.* Doubleday, Page and Company.
The story of a sheep dog who protected his charges against all dangers.

ROGERS, JULIA E. *Trees that Every Child Should Know.* Grosset and Dunlap
Gives the marks by which any child may identify any tree he sees.

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON. *Wild Animals I Have Known.* Charles Scribner's Sons
A series of stories that reveal the character of North American wild animals.

SHARP, DALLAS LORE. *Roof and Meadow.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A gifted writer has watched the birds and the beasts and tells about them so that we all understand them better.

SLUSSER, E. Y.; WILLIAMS, M. B.; and BEESON, E. B. *Stories of Luther Burbank and His Plant School.* Charles Scribner's Sons
The life of Luther Burbank, the maker of new plants and new flowers.

SQUIRE, EMMA LINDSAY. *The Wild Heart.* Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
Stories of wild animals — the deer, the bear, the gull, and many others.

TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON. *Lad; A Dog.* E. P. Dutton and Company
—— *Bruce.* E. P. Dutton and Company
—— *His Dog.* E. P. Dutton and Company
"Lad" was the author's friend through sixteen years; "Bruce" was a Red Cross dog; and "His Dog" renewed the courage of a very weak man. All are "true collies from the tip of their inquiring noses to the last hair of their waving tails." The best dog stories from the pen of a writer who knows and loves dogs.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. *Fisherman's Luck.* Charles Scribner's Sons
—— *Little Rivers.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Excellent sketches of outdoor sport and recreation.

VELVIN, ELLEN. *Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals.* Moffat, Yard and Company
A delightful writer has studied how wild animals are trained for the circus. Most interesting sketches of animal behavior.

WARD, JOHN J. *Insect Biographies With Pen and Camera.* Frederick A. Stokes Company
Friend or enemy, we need to know the life story of insects. Thus we can aid the helpful ones to live and multiply; we can protect ourselves against the others.

SIDELIGHTS ON ANIMAL LIFE

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I SPENT much of the fall of 1889 hunting on the headwaters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake. During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man named Griffeth or Griffin — I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Griff." He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time; nor did I ever before or after make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock Pass, he found my whisky flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents. When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account.

We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping bag, a fur coat, and my washing

[1] From Roosevelt's *The Wilderness Hunter*, copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission.

kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. A frying pan, some salt, flour, baking powder, a small chunk of salt pork, and a hatchet made up a light pack, which, with the bedding, I fastened across the stock saddle by means of a rope and a spare packing cinch. My cartridges and knife were in my belt; my compass and matches, as always, in my pocket. I walked while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having to hold the lariat which served as halter.

The country was for the most part fairly open, as I kept near the foothills where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest. The trees were of small size. There was no regular trail, but the course was easy to keep, and I had no trouble of any kind save on the second day. That afternoon I was following a stream which at last "canyoned up" — that is, sank to the bottom of a canyon-like ravine impassable for a horse. I started up a side valley, intending to cross from its head coulees to those of another valley which would lead in below the canyon.

However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of the small, noisy brook with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnic berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on the mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

For half a mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow, shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodge-pole pines, which on the ridges grew close together with tall slender trunks, while in the valleys the growth was more open. Though

the sun was behind the mountains, there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterward found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad and two or three times as long, which he did not leave.

I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hillside, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him.

He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

It was already twilight, and I merely opened the carcass and then trotted back to camp. Next morning I returned and with much labor took off the skin. The fur was very fine, the animal being in excellent trim, and unusually bright-colored. Unfortunately, in packing it out I lost the skull and had to supply its place with one of plaster. The beauty of the trophy, and the memory of the circumstances under which I procured it, make me value it perhaps more highly than any other in my house.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when white hunters first encountered the grizzly, he was doubtless an exceedingly savage beast, prone to attack without provocation, and a redoubtable foe to persons armed with the clumsy, small-bore, muzzle-loading rifles of the day. But at present bitter experience has taught him caution. He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous enemy to stock, until, save in the very wildest districts, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and to avoid man's presence almost as carefully as

the most timid kind of game. Except in rare cases he will not attack of his own accord, and, as a rule, even when wounded his object is escape rather than battle.

Still, when fairly brought to bay, or when moved by a sudden fit of ungovernable anger, the grizzly is beyond peradventure a very dangerous antagonist. The first shot, if taken at a bear a good distance off and previously unwounded and unharried, is not usually fraught with much danger, the startled animal being at the outset bent merely on flight. It is always hazardous, however, to track a wounded and worried grizzly into thick cover, and the man who habitually follows and kills this chief of American game in dense timber, never abandoning the bloody trail whithersoever it leads, must show no small degree of skill and hardihood, and must not too closely count the risk to life or limb.

Bears differ widely in temper, and occasionally one may be found who will not show fight, no matter how much he is bullied; but as a rule, a hunter must be cautious in meddling with a wounded animal which has retreated into a dense thicket and has been once or twice roused; and such a beast, when he does turn, will usually charge again and again, and fight to the last with unconquerable ferocity. The short distance at which the bear can be seen through the underbrush, the fury of his charge, and his tenacity of life make it necessary for the hunter on such occasions to have steady nerves and a fairly quick and accurate aim. It is always well to have two men in following a wounded bear under such conditions. This is not necessary, however. A good hunter, rather than lose his quarry, will under ordinary circumstances follow and attack it, no matter how tangled the fastness in which the animal has sought refuge; but he must act warily and with the utmost caution and resolution, if he wishes to escape a terrible and probably fatal mauling.

An experienced hunter is rarely rash, and never heedless. He will not, when alone, follow a wounded bear into a thicket, if by the exercise of patience, skill, and knowledge of the game's habits

he can avoid the necessity; but it is idle to talk of the feat as something which ought in no case to be attempted. While danger ought never to be needlessly incurred, it is yet true that the keenest zest in sport comes from its presence and from the consequent exercise of the qualities necessary to overcome it. The most thrilling moments of an American hunter's life are those in which, with every sense on the alert, and with nerves strung to the highest point, he is following alone into the heart of the forest fastness the fresh and bloody footprints of an angered grizzly; and no other triumph of American hunting can compare with the victory to be thus gained.

A full-grown grizzly will usually weigh from five to seven hundred pounds, but exceptional individuals undoubtedly reach more than twelve hundredweight. The California bears are said to be much the largest. This I think is so, but I cannot say it with certainty — at any rate I have examined several skins of full-grown California bears which were no larger than those of many I have seen from the northern Rockies. The Alaskan bears, particularly those of the peninsula, are even bigger beasts. The skin of one which I saw in the possession of Mr. Webster, the taxidermist, was a good deal larger than the average polar bear skin; and the animal when alive, if in good condition, could hardly have weighed less than 1400 pounds. Bears vary wonderfully in weight, even to the extent of becoming half as heavy again, according as they are fat or lean; in this respect they are more like hogs than like any other animals.

The grizzly is now chiefly a beast of the high hills and heavy timber; but this is merely because he has learned that he must rely on cover to guard him from man, and has forsaken the open ground accordingly. In old days, and in one or two very out-of-the-way places almost to the present time, he wandered at will over the plains. It is only the wariness born of fear which nowadays causes him to cling to the thick brush of the large river-bottoms throughout the plains country.

When there were no rifle-bearing hunters in the land to harass him and make him afraid, he roved hither and thither at will in burly self-confidence. Then he cared little for cover, unless as a weather-break or because it happened to contain food he liked. If the humor seized him, he would roam for days over the rolling or broken prairie, searching for roots, digging up gophers, or perhaps following the great buffalo herds either to prey on some unwary straggler which he was able to catch at a disadvantage in a washout, or else to feast on the carcasses of those which died by accident. Old hunters, survivors of the long-vanished ages when the vast herds thronged the high plains and were followed by the wild red tribes, and by bands of whites who were scarcely less savage, have told me that they often met bears under such circumstances. These bears were accustomed to sleep in a patch of rank sage bush, in the niche of a washout, or under the lee of a boulder, seeking their food abroad even in full daylight.

The bears of the Upper Missouri basin — which were so light in color that the early explorers often alluded to them as gray or even as white — were particularly given to this life in the open. To this day that close kinsman of the grizzly known as the bear of the barren grounds continues to lead this same kind of life, in the far north. My friend Mr. Rockhill, of Maryland, who was the first white man to explore eastern Tibet, describes the large, grizzly-like bear of those desolate uplands as having similar habits.

However, the grizzly is a shrewd beast and shows the usual bear-like capacity for adapting himself to changed conditions. He has in most places become a cover-haunting animal, sly in his ways, wary to a degree, and clinging to the shelter of the deepest forests in the mountains and of the most tangled thickets in the plains. Hence he has held his own far better than such game as the bison and elk. He is much less common than formerly, but he is still to be found throughout most of his former range, save of course in the immediate neighborhood of the large towns.

In most places the grizzly hibernates, or as old hunters say,

"holes up," during the cold season, precisely as does the black bear; but as with the latter species, those animals which live farthest south spend the whole year abroad in mild seasons. The grizzly rarely chooses that favorite den of his little black brother, a hollow tree or log, for his winter sleep, seeking or making some cavernous hole in the ground instead. The hole is sometimes in a slight hillock in a river bottom, but more often on a hillside, and may be either shallow or deep. In the mountains it is generally a natural cave in the rock, but among the foothills and on the plains the bear usually has to take some hollow or opening, and then fashion it into a burrow to his liking with his big digging claws.

Before the cold weather sets in, the bear begins to grow restless and to roam about, seeking for a good place in which to hole up. One will often try and abandon several caves or partially dug-out burrows in succession before finding a place to his taste. He always endeavors to choose a spot where there is little chance of discovery or molestation, taking great care to avoid leaving too evident trace of his work. Hence it is not often that the dens are found.

Once in his den, the bear passes the cold months in lethargic sleep; yet in all but the coldest weather, and sometimes even then, his slumber is but light, and if disturbed he will promptly leave the den, prepared for fight or flight as the occasion may require. Many times when a hunter has stumbled on the winter resting-place of a bear and has left it, as he thought, without his presence being discovered, he has returned only to find that the crafty old fellow was aware of the danger all the time and sneaked off as soon as the coast was clear. But in very cold weather hibernating bears can hardly be wakened from their torpid lethargy.

When the bear first leaves his den, the fur is in very fine order, but it speedily becomes thin and poor, and does not recover its condition until the fall. Sometimes the bear does not betray

any great hunger for a few days after his appearance, but in a short while he becomes ravenous. During the early spring, when the woods are still entirely barren and lifeless, while the snow yet lies in deep drifts, the lean, hungry brute, both maddened and weakened by long fasting, is more of a flesh eater than at any other time. It is at this period that he is most apt to turn true beast of prey, and show his prowess at the expense either of the wild game or of the flocks of the settler and the herds of the ranchman. Bears are very capricious in this respect, however. Some are confirmed game and cattle killers; others are not; while yet others either are or are not accordingly as the freak seizes them, and their ravages vary almost unaccountably, both with the season and the locality.

During the years soon after his graduation from Harvard University in 1880, Theodore Roosevelt lived on cattle ranches in the northwestern and western states. He found abundant opportunity there to satisfy, not only his love of hunting and sport, but his interest in outdoor life. His interest in natural history began in early childhood and lasted until the end of his life, and his observations upon the ways of animals rank high among writings of this type. *The Wilderness Hunter,* from which "Hunting the Grizzly Bear" is taken, is based upon the experiences which Roosevelt had in his early days in the great West.

1. Note the hunter's outfit which Roosevelt carried.
2. Locate and describe the country where he was hunting.
3. Was Roosevelt an accurate observer of animal habits? What evidence do you find in this story?
4. Roosevelt's home contained numerous trophies of hunting expeditions. Note what he says of this grizzly's hide.
5. Was Roosevelt a careful hunter? What is the evidence?
6. Was he courageous in the experience which he describes here?
7. Do you know of any animals, except bears, which hibernate in winter?
8. Does this tale show that Roosevelt was a good story-teller?
9. Invent subtitles for places in the narrative where there is a change of subject. For instance, there might be a heading after line 2 on page 229. What heading would you put here?
10. Find ten new or unusual words in the selection and copy them in your notebook.

LADRONE TRAVELS IN STATE[1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

WITH a little leisure to walk about and talk with the citizens of Seattle, I became aware of the great change which a year had brought. The boom of the gold-seeker was over. The talk was now upon the Spanish war; the business of outfitting was no longer paramount. The reckless hurrah, the splendid exultation, were gone. Men were sailing to the north, but they now embarked quietly, methodically, in business fashion.

In Seattle, as all along the line, the talk a year ago had been almost entirely on gold hunting. Every storekeeper had advertised "Klondike Goods," but these signs were now rusty and faded. The fever was over; the reign of the humdrum was restored. It is safe to say that the North will never again witness such a furious rush of men as that which took place between August, '97, and June, '98. Gold is still in the North, and it will continue to be sought, but the attention of the people is directed elsewhere.

I took the train next day and passed my horse, Ladrone, in his car in the night somewhere; and as I looked from my window at the fires blazing in the forest, my fear of his burning came upon me again. At Spokane I waited a day in great anxiety for him to arrive. At last the train drew in and I sought his car. Someone had closed his door, and as I nervously forced it open, fearing he was suffering for air, he greeted me with that glad chuckling whinny which a gentle horse uses toward his master.

He had plenty of hay, but was hot and thirsty, and I hurried (at risk of life and limb) to bring him water. His eyes shone with delight as he saw me coming with the big bucket of cool drink.

Leaving him with his tub filled with hay and water, I once more bade him goodby and started him for Helena, five hundred miles away.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*. Used by permission of the author.

At Missoula, the following evening, I rushed into the ticket office and shouted, "Where is 54?"

The clerk knew me and smilingly extended his hand.

"How de do? She has just pulled out. The horse is all O.K. We gave him fresh water and feed."

I thanked him and returned to my train.

Reaching Livingston in the early morning, I found that I must wait nearly all day for the train. This was no hardship, however, for it enabled me to return once more to the plain. All the old familiar presences were there. The splendid sweep of brown, smooth hills, the glory of clear sky, the crisp exhilarating air, appealed to me with great power after my long stay in the cold green mountains of the North.

I walked out a few miles from the town over the grass, brittle and hot (from which the clapping grasshoppers rose in swarms), and dropping down on the point of a mesa relived again, in drowse, the joys of other days. Gold seeking in the Rocky Mountains seemed marvelously simple and easy compared to even the best sections of the Northwest. The long journey of the Forty-niners had not only been incredibly more splendid and dramatic, but it had had the allurement of a land of eternal summer lying beyond the final great range; whereas the long trail I had just passed, grim and monotonous, led toward an ever-increasing ferocity of cold and darkness to the Arctic Circle, to the silence of winter and death.

When the train came crawling down the pink and purple slopes of the hills at sunset, I was ready for my horse. Bridle in hand, I raced after the big car while it was being drawn up into the freight yards. As I galloped, I held excited controversy with the head brakeman. I asked that the car be sent to the platform. He objected. I insisted and the car was thrown in. I entered, and while Ladrone called a glad welcome I knocked out some bars, bridled him, and said, "Come, boy, now for a gambol."

He followed me without the slightest hesitation out across a

plank to the platform and down the steep slope to the ground. There I mounted him without waiting for saddle and away we flew.

He was gay as a bird! His neck arched and his eyes and ears were quick as those of a squirrel. We galloped down to the Yellowstone River, and as he thrust his dusty nozzle deep into the clear mountain water I rejoiced with him. Then away he raced, snorting with pleasure until our fifteen minutes were up.

I was glad to quit. He was too active for me to enjoy riding without a saddle. Right up to the door of the car he trotted, seeming to understand that his journey was not yet finished. He entered unhesitatingly and took his place. I battened down the bars, nailed the doors into place, then filled his tub with water, mixed him a bran mash, and sent him on, this time with perfect confidence. He was actually getting fat on his prison fare, and too wise to allow himself to be bruised by the jolting of the cars.

The bystanders, seeing a horse traveling in such splendid loneliness, asked, "Runnin' horse?" and I (to cover my folly) replied evasively, "He can run a little for good money." This satisfied everyone that he was a sprinter and quite explained the luxury of his private car.

At Bismarck I found myself once more ahead of "54" and waited all day for my horse to appear. As the time of the train drew near, I borrowed a huge pail and tugged it, filled with water, out beside the track and there sat for three hours, expecting the train each moment. At last it came, but Ladrone was not there. His car was missing. I rushed into the office of the operator: "Where's the horse in 13,238?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered the agent, in the tone of one who didn't care.

Visions of Ladrone sidetracked somewhere and perishing for want of air and water filled my mind. I waxed warm.

"That horse must be found at once," I demanded.

The clerks and operators wearily looked out of the window.

The idea of anyone being so concerned about a horse was to them insanity or worse. I insisted. I banged my fist on the table. At last one of the young men yawned languidly, looked at me with dim eyes, and as one brain cell coalesced with another he matured an idea.

"Rheinhart had a horse this morning on his extra."

"Did he? — maybe that's the one."

They discussed this probability with lazy indifference. At last they condescended to include me in their conversation.

I insisted on their telegraphing till they found that horse, and with an air of distress and saint-like patience the agent wrote out a telegram and sent it. Thereafter he could not see me; nevertheless I persisted. I returned to the office each quarter of an hour to ask if an answer had come to the telegram. At last it came. Ladrone was ahead and would arrive in St. Paul nearly twelve hours before me. I then telegraphed the officers of the road to see that he did not suffer and composed myself as well as I could for the long wait.

At St. Paul I hurried to the freight office and was greatly relieved to find the horse had been put in a railway stable. I sought the building and there, among the big dray horses, looking small and trim as a racer, stood my lost horse, eating merrily on some good Minnesota timothy. He was just as much at ease there as in the car or on the boat or on the marshes of the Skeena valley, but he was still a half-day's ride from his final home.

Again I bustled about fitting up another car. Once more and for the last time I sweated and tugged, getting feed, water, and bedding while the railway hands marveled and looked askance. At last someone said, "Does it pay to bring a horse like that so far?"

"Pay!" I shouted, thoroughly disgusted, "No! Does it pay to feed a dog for ten years? Does it pay to bring up a child? Pay — no; it does not pay. I'm amusing myself. You drink beer because you like to. You use tobacco — I don't.

squander my money on a horse." I said a good deal more than the case demanded, being hot and dusty and tired and — I had broken loose. The clerk escaped through a side door.

At last I closed the bars on my gray and saw him wheeled out into the grinding, jolting tangle of cars, where the engines cried out like untamable flesh-eating monsters. The light was falling, the smoke thickening, and it was easy to imagine a tragic fate for that patient and lonely horse.

Delay in getting the car made me lose my train, and I was obliged to take a late train which did not stop at my home. I was still paying for my horse out of my own bone and sinew. At last the luscious green hills, the thick grasses, the tall cornstalks and the portly haystacks of my native valley came in view, and they never looked so abundant, so generous, so entirely sufficing to man and beast as now in returning from a land of cold green forests, sparse grass, and icy streams.

At ten o'clock another huge freight train rolled in. Ladrone's car was sidetracked and sent to the chute. For the last time he felt the jolt of the car. In a few minutes I had his car opened and a plank laid.

"Come, boy!" I called. "This is home!"

He followed me as before, so readily, so trustingly, my heart responded to his affection. I swung to the saddle.

With neck arched high and with a proud and lofty stride, he left the door of his prison behind him. His fame had spread through the village. On every corner stood my fellow citizens, marveling to see us pass.

As I reached the door to the old barn, I said to Ladrone, "Enter! Your days of thirst, of hunger, of cruel exposure to rain and snow are over. Here is food that shall not fail" — and he seemed to understand.

It might seem absurd if I were to give expression to the relief and deep pleasure it gave me to put that horse into that familiar stall. He had been with me more than four thousand miles. He

had carried me through hundreds of icy streams and over snow fields. He had responded to every word and obeyed every command. He had suffered from cold and hunger and poison. He had walked logs and wallowed through quicksands. He had helped me up enormous mountains and I had guided him down dangerous declivities. "His faithful heart has never failed even in days of direst need, and now he shall live amid plenty and have no care so long as he lives. It does not pay — that is sure — but after all what does pay?"

Hamlin Garland was one of the gold-seekers who went to the Klondike in 1898. At the head of his pack train was a beautiful gray saddle horse. The horse was so faithful throughout the dangers of the trip that Mr. Garland refused to leave him in the North to die of cold and starvation, as all horses did. Instead he incurred heavy expenses to bring the horse back three thousand miles by boat and train to his home in Wisconsin.

A map of the Northern Pacific Railroad will show the route Ladrone traveled from Seattle to Wisconsin.

1. What are the changes which "a year had brought" (line 2, page 236)?
2. How many days did Ladrone spend in traveling from Seattle?
3. "It does not pay — that is sure — but after all, what does pay?" How do you explain these lines?

AS A DOG SHOULD[1]

CHARLES ALEXANDER

A HUGE car, silent, implacable, and shiny as a shell-backed monster, rolled out of its lair and slowed to a stop on the paved track crossing the lawn. At its appearance Umpqua, a little so-called dog, of a type and size to back into a tomato can and defy the world, leaped from a crêpe-de-chine lap and streaked across the grass. He stood beside the car and, head tipped a little sidewise, expectantly eyed the driver.

The Doctor got out, produced a carrying apparatus, and began clamping it on to the running board. As he worked, he said to

[1] Used by permission of *Collier's, The National Weekly.*

the dog, "Don't worry, Ump; we're not going anywhere today. Besides, if we were, you couldn't go."

The voices of girls called from the lawn. The summer afternoon was warm. A little breeze loafed among the roses, occasionally spilling a few petals on the ground. Alene, the younger daughter, with long white hands and sure young eyes, came and watched the Doctor, sitting with a cushion between her shoulders and the trunk of a mountain ash that served its lonely sentence beside the drive.

Ump would not be inveigled into her lap and her long hands. Perfectly still he stood, only his bright brown eyes moving as he watched the Doctor fussing about the car. Many times Ump's eyes had followed the Doctor and the shiny monster down the drive and out — upon the strange white road.

Where the road led Ump did not dream. He was incapable of dreaming its possible destination, since he never had followed it, or any road, to any destination. Nothing had he followed but the walks and paths among the lawns and gardens that led, all of them, back upon themselves, back to the high doorways of the bulky white house. They were adventures in themselves, these paths, especially at sunrise, when the grass glistened and fat slugs threaded through it. Ump had a habit of stealthily exploring the paths each morning.

But the road was something else again. He had a habit, too, of following the shiny car, when he could escape fondling hands and laps, as far as the pillars of the gate. Here he could see the road; could see a distance along it; could see, if he stood up with one paw on the pillar, a vast sea of yellow fields, and beyond — in the infinite beyond — blue hills heaped like breastworks around the valley.

He could not even dream of these, either, since he did not know what hills were. No man's dog was Ump. He was a fondling, bred and reared to be cuddled in crêpe-de-chine laps and petted by idle white hands. Alene's sure eyes, and the Doctor's wise

ones, could see no hint of the shaggy monster that stirred in him as he stood at the gate and glimpsed the hills while the great car crept out on the road, bearing the master — Ump's man-master — away. Always, when the gate closed, he slowly returned to his duties as toy and fondling.

This day the gate did not open. While Ump watched, the Doctor lugged strange cases, packages, canvas paraphernalia, out of the house and to the car. He packed and repacked them, carefully disregarding all the advice that Alene generously tendered him. Last of all was a strapped bundle of books. Alene laughed about them and told Ump how funny it was.

Then the Doctor squeezed himself into what was left of the driver's seat. The car purred a little. Ump turned toward the gate. The car moved. But it moved backward and vanished inside the garage. In the middle of the drive Ump stood, his ears pointed, puzzling at this suspicious and unheard-of maneuver. He had been awaiting his glimpse of the hills, but the gate had not opened. He was disappointed, and suddenly very determined. He ran from Alene, hid behind the mountain ash, and there spent the night. Nor did the magic of the night soothe him.

"Ump! Ump, you rascal. Where are you? Ump*qua*, come here."

It was early morning; the car stood outside the gate, eagerly humming, and its four passengers were impatient for the start. There were the Doctor and Alene, with his first daughter, an empty-handed wife, and Ray, her empty-headed husband. All looked back at the house and grounds. From the gate Thomas anxiously looked at them.

"Where's Ump? Have you seen Ump?" barked the Doctor.

"No, sir, but I'll look."

"Well, look later. We're going."

"Tell Ump goodby for me, Thomas," sang Alene as the gears shifted. "Don't forget his milk. At eight and at five."

Thomas closed the gate. The car started. Ump got up from the dust as the car passed from over him. He trotted close beside it, hopped on the running board, crouched against the fender. Then they were whizzing down the white road; the Umpqua valley was sliding behind them, the Umpqua range approaching, the ancient wind singing to them its ancient song. And the Doctor raised his own voice:

Yonder the Far Horizon lies,
  And there, by night and day,
The old ships sail to port again,
  The young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must,
  And if men ask you why,
You may place the blame on the stars and the sun
  And the white road, and the sky.

The Doctor did not know that Umpqua too, braced on the running board, heard the song of the wind; heard and felt more than he or any of them heard or felt. Such strange, such subtle things, indeed, the wind from off the mountains poured into Umpqua's ears and nose that he forgot after a while his fear of his footing on the lurching board, and unconsciously crept forward. He crawled past the fore door, along the hood, put his feet on the lamp, and stretched forward.

He could not stretch far enough. He thrust his nose well out into the wind. It tore at him, drove into his nostrils — and he stretched farther, climbed upon the lamp itself, until half his body was ahead of the car. The wind from the mountains blew through him, blew into his blood. He was drunk on the words and music of it, its shouted knowledge and whispered secrets, that were like patches of flame swirling and eddying in the driving substance. The air was green, almost palpable, seemingly alive. Ump was like a weather vane pointed into it.

The people in the car shouted. The Doctor even swore, damning the little fyste that had stowed away on his car. Alene

shrieked to Ump to come back, lest he be killed. And none of them noticed the rut until the front wheels struck it and the car plunged and lurched.

"Stop, Daddy," cried Alene.

"Stop yourself," snorted the Doctor. "Let the little devil go back home. I've taught him to stay at home. He knows better than to sneak out and get on this car. We can't look out for him in the mountains. Some jackrabbit would eat him. Let him be; he'll go home."

And Ump, picking himself up from the dust, saw a rapidly vanishing car and a trail of hieroglyphics in the road that the tires had left.

Next morning, as camp was breaking in the foothills, he limped along those hieroglyphics, a little white mite crawling between two walls of giant trees. And Alene, now a slim khaki figure, ran and gathered him up. She said nothing to the Doctor. He could not now say anything. The fyste had won his right to ride.

Ump was changed. He allowed Alene to gather him into her lap, and he was too exhausted to nibble the sandwich she saved for him. But when the car started up the dank road into the black-forested Umpquas, he stirred. He got to the side of the seat, hung his head over, pointed it into the wind.

They stopped at a spring, and Ump too must drink. He declined to reënter the car. Alene pleaded. The Doctor got out and drove him around and around. He retreated under the car.

"Let the little fool walk," growled the Doctor. "He'll be nothing but a nuisance to us on the whole trip. If he gets back home alive, it will be a miracle."

When he slammed the door, Ump jumped aboard, climbed along the fender, and took up his perch on the headlight.

"He's crazy," said the Doctor. "Crazy on air."

"I don't see why a civilized dog should insist on standing out there with his nose pointed, as if he were on the trail of a cougar or something," said Alene.

The Doctor was indignant. "Civilized? Ump isn't civilized; he never was civilized; he was just sick, and now he's getting well." Which was as close to profundity as the Doctor had come in all his studious life.

Thus Ump finished the journey, while the mountains closed in like a presence, so that even the people in the car fell silent. He clung upon the lamp, his eyes wet and blinded, his nose stretched forward as far as he could stretch it. He did not shift position. He never looked aside. All his tiny being was listening, sensing, feeling those thousand ancient voices in the ancient wind. And they became more than sudden sibilant voices. They became forms and phantoms, glimpses of vague forms and shaggy phantoms that seemed, to Ump, to come streaming down the wind to him.

At noon they made permanent camp on a little flat high in the Umpquas. When Ump saw this, he climbed down from the lamp. He did not run to them in play, though he was conscious in a new way of his duty to them. He was not the Ump of old. He was no longer sick. This was his own country; he was a wanderer returned to his heath. Whatever strange people lived here were his people. Yet, paradoxically, they were enemy people. He knew that, knew it without question, knew it indubitably, for the wind told him.

While the Doctor and Ray pitched the tents, Ump stealthily crawled across the glade to a great bleached snag that stretched from the forest on one hand to the roaring little river on the other. It was a huge snag, six feet high as it lay, and two hundred feet long, fire-smitten out of the father forest of the present forest. Ump managed, with the aid of a leaning limb, to climb upon it. Thence he made his way toward its fortress-like butt, at the river.

Slowly, cautiously, he advanced. He was in the midst of a thousand mighty dangers. Near him the Doctor puffed and shouted as he swung a hand ax, but Ump was silent and wide-

eyed. He knew what he knew, which was what the air and the feel of it told him; he knew that this was no time for careless shouting. Along the log seas of tree fern swarmed, as high as the log's white top, so that it formed a wooden road through the surface of the fern brake. Down this road crept Ump. At the butt the roots stuck up like a wall; Ump climbed among them, stuck his nose out, looked, and listened.

The forest was still. The great firs, like aged prophets, crooned a little, high above. In the river was a group of subdued voices, as though a clan of hunters, heads together, muttered over their plans. Beneath the great firs, cavern after gloomy cavern opened out. And as Ump watched, he saw the Wilderness. He saw one of his own people — his enemy friends. He froze, a little white speck up among the roots, scarcely drawing breath.

It was a smooth tawny body. Only for an instant did he see it. It came out of the gloom, lightly leaped over a brown log, disappeared in the gloom. It was only a shadow of tawniness, a hint of a sinuous body. But the clean white fangs glinted in the twilight forest. And from them a limp body hung, a body that would have made many creatures the size of Ump. And Ump knew: the white fangs, the lifeless body hanging from them — these were the Wilderness. Somewhere he had known it all before — when and how he did not know.

The paunchy Doctor was industriously sharpening a peg when Ump flung upon him. The little dog seemed crazed. He danced around the man, yelped, tried to tell him of the great fanged enemy in the forest. He scrambled back on the snag, ran its length, took a long look into the gloom where the beast had appeared, and ran back.

The Doctor's fat hand swept Ump aside. "Get away," he growled. "Go lie down. Did you see a mouse?"

Ump, humiliated, slunk off, the stub of his tail trying to sneak between his legs. Alene reached to pick him up. He growled a quavery, fierce little growl that bade her mind her own affairs.

He found a shoe box and crawled into it, turning about so as to fasten his eyes on the huge Doctor.

Ump was loyal. Here, in the presence of enemies, he was beginning to find his own relationship to his master. For the first time in his life he felt an overwhelming love for the master. From every hand came squalls and cries that he alone understood. The intense reality of them (to him) made him wild to rush and tell the whole thing to the Doctor.

He felt important. He and he alone understood the cries and squalls, heard the overtone of hidden life, felt the full meaning of that single picture he had seen of tawny body and white fangs. He wished to rush up to his master and tell him these important things.

Yet that was wholly ridiculous, as his one attempt showed. Back at the house in the valley Ump had had no duties and no cause to serve his master; wherefore he had no cause to love him. He had amused himself with superficial cunning, stealing a pound of butter when the refrigerator door was open, or killing a barred-rock hen occasionally and suffering a gentle beating in consequence. And he had amused the Doctor's daughters in about the same way that dolls had once amused them.

Here in the forest he suddenly discovered meaning and purpose in his own existence. It was unnamable, indefinable, but none the less real. Looking at the man, Ump knew that he loved him. He forgot that he was a pitiful little house dog, felt instead that he was Dog, man's dog, standing beside his majestic master and facing a world where fangs gleamed in the darkness and huge, vague bodies crept and leaped.

He did not sulk for long. The voices called and challenged him. Crawling across the clearing, he spent an hour venturing, a step at a time, into the forest. He came to the base of a fir and discovered a world of trembling sensations in sneaking around it. He examined everything with his eyes; there were a thousand things to see, and each, to Ump, was crammed with baffling

memories and with wisps and shreds and suggestions of memories that had never before come alive within his brain. Suddenly, from a clump of vine maple, a horrible torrent of maledictions poured on him — coarse curses, jeering screams, guttural threats. Down the tree trunk a brown body flashed, leaped to a log, stared at Ump. That was a yellow-bellied pine squirrel, and far above another squirrel purred and chirruped. The camp-robber jay that had cursed him went off into another thicket, mockery and ridicule floating back.

Ump, eyes fastened on the round eyes of the squirrel, boiled with excitement. The shadowy, shaggy things were materializing. He stood frozen, glaring at the yellow-belly; the latter glared down from the log, jerked his body nervously, sat up and shrieked a defy at Ump. The squirrel's teeth were bowed and curved like little sabers. His blue-brown fur was mysteriously soft.

A step at a time, eyes glued on the squirrel, Ump crept over the brown moss. He came to the log. The yellow-belly stopped, barked at him, jerked right and left to startle Ump, and worked himself into a fury. And thereat Ump made his mistake. He backed off.

Like a flash, the blustering squirrel leaped, being careful to land well away from Ump. But Ump, at the leap, was suffocated with terror. He turned and ran.

Back at camp the four busy people were treated to a rare sight. Ump, a white, frightened ball, fled for the tent. One jump behind him, coming in great sailing bounds, was a fat yellow-belly. At every jump toward Ump's heels the yellow-belly barked his righteous indignation. At every bark Ump fled the faster. And when he shot inside the tent, burying himself in a pile of blankets, the squirrel stood up and hurled his choicest abuse at the white tent.

The Doctor roared until he was weak. He sat down and roared; then he lay in the fern and continued to roar. And

finally, propped on an elbow, he called Ump forth and mercilessly kidded him.

"You're some dog, now, aren't you, Ump? A regular he-dog. By golly, you'll show these fuzzy monsters of the forest what it is to meet up with a real man's dog. But you want to be careful. This is a wild and dangerous neck o' woods. A mouse might catch you out alone and bite your ears off."

Ray and Mrs. Ray laughed. Alene comforted her pet.

"Don't you mind them, Ump. You're all right, and you and I know it, don't we? Besides, he *can* kill things. I've seen him."

"I never saw him kill anything but warm milk. What did he kill?"

"Well, it was only a beetle. But it was a big beetle, shiny and horrible. Ump boxed it with his paws. Then he bit it."

"Good for Ump," cried the Doctor. "I'll buy him a medal."

"Besides, that was an awfully big squirrel. He looked mad too. And he had the — the drop on Ump."

"I hope to tell you!" chuckled the Doctor. "That is, he almost — and would have, if Ump hadn't broken the canine speed limit. I never saw him move like that before, even at mealtime. You're all right, Ump. Any dog that can project himself through space like that deserves a pension."

Ump looked his reproach, escaped from Alene, and hid within the tent. He had wanted to defend his master, to fill his place as a dog should. And at the first danger he had fled.

In the tent he stayed until nightfall. Then he nosed his way out at the back of the tent and around the edge of the shadows that the fire before the tent threw into the darkness. Around the fire the campers sat on canvas stools, the Doctor with a book in his hands, Ray meditating on the trout possibilities of the river.

"I scouted down it a ways," he said. "Fine water. There's a deep place under a bluff, just below the end of that dead snag,

where there are some big beauties. But you can't get 'em out of that water. It's clear as glass."

"Oh, yes, you can if you do it right," drawled the Doctor. "Sneak up on 'em and tease 'em to the top."

"You'll have to show me," said Ray. "I'm not going to waste time there. But I saw some monsters in that pool."

The Doctor smiled and made his own plans. He read some ancient knowledge out of his book, felt very well satisfied, and led the retreat to the cots.

Yet, perhaps, the wisdom that he found in his printed pages did not compare with what Ump felt abroad in the wilderness night. He had climbed the snag again and crouched hidden among its roots, staring into the black forest. Long into the night he lay motionless, teeming inwardly with thrill after thrill.

Behind him the fern lay in billows like a silver sea. The air brought to his nose a hundred wild tales. From everywhere came voices, voice upon voice, yet strangely combining in one continuous undertone. In the wall of the night before him were eyes — flashing green or burning red like coals, and always in pairs, always two by two. The whole night was eyes. The vast blue-black sky blinked with them. And there, too, they seemed always to blink in pairs.

Under the forest were occasional rustlings, when red eyes swirled together, and at times a squall came from afar. Somewhere arose the kittenish meow of a lost fawn; later the bleat and snort of a doe came, and angry snarls.

Silvery wings floated down; above Ump a wood bat had caught a hawk moth, clipping his wings off in flight. The little lapdog's blood pounded. He felt near to bursting. Here, around him, in shadowy shapes, were the living things whose calls had come to him even in the valley. He was facing them, the things he should, as a loyal dog, face for his sleeping master.

Before the tent the fire died down to embers; around Ump life in all its olden meanings held forth. He heard a scratching on the

log. Far down it a lithe shape climbed over, and he saw, for an instant, glowing red coals, two by two. Aslant the high sky great wings fluttered, and a snapping of beaks came out of the air.

This was the place, on guard before his master's camp. Overwhelmed by the glory of it, Ump leaped from the snag. It was a long leap; he landed on his nose. But he ran, tripping in the fern, until he stood in the forest. And he barked wildly, defiantly, at all the threatening death, all the life, all the shadows and red eyes and glistening fangs.

Then, his challenge unanswered, he raced into the tent, barking a summons to his master. He was no longer a fyste; he had forgotten himself and his place. He was a dog, a proper dog, huge and shaggy, royally great as the dogs his blood had come down from had been great. He was telling his master of the enemies without, bidding him come and kill.

The Doctor saw it otherwise. He grunted himself awake, got the vociferous Ump by the neck, and punctuated his remarks with sharp whacks of a boot. And then he got a tin bucket, advised Ump for good and all to hold his peace, and clapped the bucket over him.

The Doctor slept no more, not because of Ump's warning, but because dawn was at hand, and he had certain gleeful plans for showing his son-in-law how to extract wary old trout from the deep pool, all before breakfast.

When the others were again asleep, he carefully got into his khaki, jointed up his split bamboo, and ducked outside. He did not hear the tin bucket suddenly overturn as he went through the wet fern toward the river. He would not have appreciated it had he known that Ump was out to protect his master in the forest.

He followed the snag, turned down the river a quarter of a mile, and came to the bluff. It towered above the important little stream, only a ledge twenty feet above the water permitting passage. To cast from this ledge took all of the Doctor's skill. But his wrist had lost none of its cunning. His fly flecked the

pool for an instant, skipped away, touched the wimples again. A brown flash split the water. The Doctor whipped a wimple farther upstream; the great trout followed.

He struck. The Doctor held his pole rigid. He forgot to play the trout. The silk line snapped.

Behind him on the ledge was an ominous rattle of unsheathed claws on rock. He wheeled, his pole held upright. And there was the Unknown, the thing that does not happen, the thing undreamed. He was face to face with the wilderness, up against what men were up against ere ever they placed word upon paper.

A cougar was flattened on the ledge between him and camp. It was twenty feet away — one leap. Nine feet it stretched to the tip of its heavy tail, and that tail whipped from side to side against the rocks. Its shoulders bulged above its sinuous body. Almost soundlessly it snarled, its mouth vast, its little ears flattened on its tigerish head. The Doctor stared. As a matter of knowledge, he knew that cougars seldom attack. Yet as he stared it crept forward, and what he read in its yellow-notch eyes any man, however unlearned, would have read and known for truth.

He tried to think. He could not go around the cougar. He dared not turn and run. He took a tentative step backward. That too was dangerous. The cougar slid forward, covered half the space between them. He knew it was fatal to step backward, but he did not know why — did not know that a den in the ledge behind him held three striped kittens. His move backward brought him closer to the cougar's young, and made her rage flame higher.

He thought of weapons. The cougar slowly crawled. He saw the slender pole in his hand. Carefully he lowered it, touched the cat's nose, whipped her nose gently.

That annoyed her. She struck at the pole with a paw that could have broken a stallion's back. His own popping eyes riveted on hers, the Doctor continued to whip her.

But that was only a makeshift. It distracted her for a moment, but it teased her, fanned her rage. Her tail lashed. She would leap. Something must happen — *something*.

The man and the cougar heard it at the same instant. The cat half whirled, presenting a mouthful of white, saberlike teeth.

It was Ump. He came flying like a ball of white fluff. He did not hesitate. He forgot that he was a mite of a dog, dreamed again that he was great and shaggy, hip-high on his master, armed with terrible jaws to lock on a tiger's throat, and strength to hurl a tiger down. He had been made by man into a lapling, a pitiful plaything for sorry women; yet his master was in danger, and Ump was Dog.

Snarling a terrible little snarl, he flew into the cougar's face. There was a sudden storm of tawny arms and legs. During that storm the fat Doctor ran. Even Ump, running from an indignant squirrel, had not run as the Doctor ran.

That day the party drove out of the hills, down a dank lane between two walls of crooning forest. The wind sang all the old songs. The car struck all the ruts. The Doctor's eyes wandered again and again to a front lamp that was covered with prints of tiny muddy feet.

Among all the animals in the world the dog has been the most faithful of man's companions. In hunting days, the days of need and danger, the dog was always man's invaluable aid. In thousands of homes he is now kept for companionship only. His life in the house of modern civilized man is a far remove from the life his ancestors must have lived. Of all dogs, the lap dog seems least like these ancestors.

1. What things about Ump's life were different from that of a dog in the forest?

2. In what way does Ump seem unlike a real dog?

3. Think of some other dog story, such as *Rab and His Friends*, *The Dog of Flanders*, *Bob, Son of Battle*, and *The Call of the Wild*. Is Ump like any of the dogs in these stories?

4. How do you explain the title, "As a Dog Should"?

5. Select and write in your notebook three phrases that seem to you particularly well put.

THE BETTER I LIKE DOGS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

I

HE was a disreputable old man, grouchy, dishonest, a pest to the rural region where stood his woodland shack. His one companion was a blear-eyed collie, some fifteen years of age, as crotchety and rheumatic and unpopular as his derelict master. The two lived together. They had lived so since the man had fished the dog out of a mill pond fifteen years before and taken the month-old youngster home with him.

There came a winter day when all cash and credit were gone and eviction-papers were served. The rheumatism was unbearable. Penniless, sick, crippled, the old ruffian gave up the fight for independence. He hobbled to the poorhouse, three miles away. At his heels, as ever, hobbled the ancient collie.

Gruffly, the derelict explained to the poormaster his miserable plight. Still more gruffly, he asked refuge for himself and his loved dog, in that last resort of the hopelessly destitute. All he wanted, he said, was bare food and lodging for the two of them during such few days as might remain to either or both.

The poormaster replied that the man could come in and that he would be made as comfortable as possible. But the collie was another matter. There was a rule against pet animals in the poorhouse. The dog must be left to shift for himself.

Long and sourly the old man glowered at the smug poormaster and noted the brightness and warmth beyond the open doorway. He sniffed frying food. All these things might be his — but at a price he could not or would not pay.

Snarling, he limped away. Snarling — because his human god had seen fit to snarl — the asthmatic old collie limped away. Down the frozen road they hobbled, side by side and out of sight.

Next morning neighbors found them, again side by side, in the fireless woodland shack that had been their home. With

a rusty army rifle the man had put a bullet through his collie's head; then another through his own. He had solved their parochial problem in the only way it could be solved.

This story is true. The newspapers, a few years ago, printed it in much detail.

I have told it here, at perhaps needless length, not as a bit of pathos, but to point the maudlin idiocy of a man who chose to give up a life of comfort for the sake of a useless old dog that loved him. It is one of only three incidents I have been able to verify of an adult human who gave his life voluntarily for the sake of a dog.

I have verified no fewer than three hundred and seventeen instances of dogs throwing away their lives for humans. By a little more research I might have swelled the three hundred and seventeen to many times its sum.

Of these two other cases where a man has died for a dog, both sacrifices were as foolishly useless as was the disreputable old pauper's. One was of a youth who dived into a canal to drag out his Newfoundland puppy that had fallen in. The pup swam to safety. The rescuer was drowned. The other was of a man who ran out on the railroad track to drive his two dogs from the path of an express train. The dogs escaped. The man was killed.

Those were ultra-rare exceptions to the everyday rule. Perhaps all three men deserved what they got for hazarding the rich gift of life for a mere dog. Countless dogs have chosen poverty and ill-treatment sooner than desert the human who was their god. Countless dogs have leaped into the water or dared death under train wheels for a like cause. But that was because they were on a lower plane of animal life — soulless and mindless brutes that knew no better.

Nothing is news which is not unusual. The newspapers made much of the story of the man who chose death rather than desert his helpless old collie for such comforts as the poorhouse

afforded. But seldom is there more than a brief line or so to chronicle the pluck of a dog that dies in a blazing house in an effort to save life, or of a dog that dies fighting a bull or a boar or a poisonous snake for the sake of an imperiled human. Such tales are far too common to have much news value.

There are a score of reasons why I am inclined to put the dog ahead of man, in all but brains and speech. One of them is the dog's genius for forgiveness. If he is your pal, if he has elected you his god, there is nothing he will not forgive you. The closest human friendships can be smashed forever by a flurry of hot words or by a real or fancied slight.

Kick your dog all over the lot — if you can find no better way to prove your inferiority to him — beat or starve or swear at him. If he has learned to recognize you as his *master* — not merely as his *owner* — his forgiveness is instant and complete. He cannot harbor ill-will toward his friend and overlord. As to revenge for such treatment — revenge is a word whose meaning he does not know when applied to his master.

This is pure forgiveness, not stupidity. He can carry rancor and repulsion and the longing for revenge — he can carry them sometimes for years — against some human outsider who has harmed him. But never against his master-friend.

II

Instinct carries your dog far, but not to the absurd lengths attributed to him. For example, you have heard fifty times that a man is to be distrusted if dogs and little children dislike him; and, conversely, that you can trust anyone whom children and dogs like. That is as ridiculous as is the aged maxim about trusting a man who looks you squarely in the eye.

Dogs and children — or the other way around — like or hate people for the same reason we grown-ups like or hate people. Namely, for no logical reason at all, but for some occult attraction or its opposite. In my reporting days I came across criminals

whose children and dogs adored them. I have seen many a blameless man who, to save his soul, could not win the affection of a baby or a dog.

Governor Baxter of Maine sent a collie to a local prison, as a cheering influence on the convicts. The dog made friends, eagerly, with some of the most hardened wretches there. There are two clergymen who come sometimes to my house — splendid and godly and manly, both of them — with whom my dogs refuse most insolently to associate.

I am glad to have exploded the old lie about a dog's infallibility in knowing good men from bad. It makes dogs seem so much more human. I recall one odd exception though — if it was an exception — to a theory of my own that dogs as a rule like only men whom other folk like. Here is the story.

When I was a boy, there was a smug little bandbox chap in my father's church whose very name (let's call him Smith) was good for a grin, from man and woman alike. Men regarded him as a sissy. Women declined to regard him at all. Dogs worshiped him. This canine affection made little Smith nervous.

"I do wish those great horrid brutes wouldn't follow me around everywhere I go!" he said to me once in falsetto peevishness. "I'm afraid of them. In fact, the only pets I really care for are my goldfish. Goldfish are so gentle and orderly. Hardly one of mine ever gets really boisterous. Dogs are rough and noisy and — and, well, terrifying!"

Smith, as my father said of him, was feminine without being effeminate. He had the smallest hands and feet I have seen on a grown man. Also, he wore rippling side-whiskers. It was said he put the whiskers in curl papers at night. In spite of his funny sissiness, there was not a dog in town that did not love him. One summer he went to Europe on a Cook tour. There he was burned to death, rescuing children from a flaming orphanage. He carried five babies to safety when the blaze had driven back the firemen. The roof caved in on him while he was rescuing

the sixth. . . . Perhaps the dogs had known more about his character than did we snickering fellow-humans.

With all their hedge of limitations, dogs learn from us with a speed we could not hope to equal if we should be tossed down among a race of different and more highly developed creatures on some other planet.

Let me pick up my hat and coat — and every dog at Sunnybank knows at once I am going for a walk. They crowd around me and make rackety dashes for the front door. How do they know a coat and hat betoken a walk? By observation, of course. But should we read as quickly and correctly an action as reasonless to us as the donning of a coat must seem to a dog if it were performed by a Martian?

I had a collie that was allowed in the dining room only when dinner was ended and while we sat over the coffee. Presently I found that he came into the room, unsummoned, the moment the coffee was served — never ten seconds earlier or later. I figured it out and I guessed the reason. As the coffee came in, I always lighted a cigar. At sound of the match, thirty feet away in the library, the dog got up and came into the dining room.

I proved this by striking a match once while we were in the middle of dinner. In hurried the dog. He took one look at the table, then slunk out. Nor, for a week thereafter, would he come into the dining room, match or no match, unless he was called. I had shaken his faith in his own clever reasoning.

Sometimes a human mother will risk life for her young — sometimes, not always. Almost invariably a dog mother will take such risk. I have been able to prove, again and again, in my own Sunnybank kennels, this extreme of sacrificial mother love among dogs. Here is a single instance, culled out of many.

Gael was a fierily temperamental little collie. Lion-brave in all else, there were two things which filled her with mortal panic. One was a hurricane and the other was a thunderstorm. At the first gust of a heavy wind she fled for the nearest shelter. Thunder

and lightning drove her half-crazy with fright. It had been so all her life.

When she was nearly two years old, Gael had her first litter of pups. There were eight of them. One day she escorted the pudgily tottering six-weeks-old youngsters on a ramble over the lawn. There she and they cuddled down for an hour's nap in the shade of a rose clump.

Across the lake from the north came a swirl of heavy wind, the precursor of one of the furious thunderstorms that infest our lake country. At first slap of the wind Gael was awake and on her feet. On the wings of the hurricane rushed a spectacular electric storm.

Shivering and whimpering with fright, Gael waked her pups and began to urge them in frenzy toward the refuge of their distant kennel. But it is not easy to drive or lead a litter of eight baby collies. The pups could not get the idea. Some of them wanted to go to sleep again. Others thought it was a good time to lure their pretty little mother into a romp. Frantically she nosed them along, ahead of her. But she made scant progress. Her stark excitement confused them.

Then the wind and the thunderstorm smote the unfortunates. There was ample time for Gael to flee for shelter if she were willing to desert her babies. But she saw there was no hope of making them go with her. Calling them to her, she stood stock still, huddling them under her shaggy body as best she could and trying to shield them from the torrent of rain that lashed her. There she crouched, steady and motionless, her head raised to the storm. At each recurrent flare of lightning and bellow of thunder she would growl fierce defiance to the elements she dreaded and before whose onslaught she had always shown pitiful cowardice.

"*Perfect love casteth out fear!*" The text struck home to me as with two of my men I hurried to gather up the rain-soaked babies and carry them indoors. Even when we were bearing them to

shelter, Gael did not relax her vigilance but trotted slowly behind us, turning to snarl savage threats at the pursuing storm.

III

The incident, and others along the same line, have added to my own store of reasons for thinking dogs could teach us far more than we can teach them.

When I say dogs, I refer to the average well-trained mongrel or thoroughbred — and a mongrel is sometimes finer than a thoroughbred, in the myriad traits that make a dog an ideal pal or guard. I do not refer to lap dogs. Yet even the lap dog has his points of superiority over man.

We keep lap dogs indoors, robbing them of their right to exercise. We stuff them with foods their systems abhor, yet which they must eat or starve. We deprive them of every natural doggy right and make them thoroughly abnormal — though a dog is by nature the most gloriously normal creature on earth. Somehow, they survive it. Often they live on for many years, despite the asthma and kindred ills born of their cruel cosseting.

Yet, give man a drastic change of food and of water, deprive him of his wonted mode of life, cram him with nondigestibles foreign to his capacities, keep him in a breathless tropic atmosphere — for such a hot room is to a dog whose ancestors lived wholly in the open — maul and pamper him. What will happen? He will die from the first or the second of the immediate diseases with which outraged nature may choose to pelt him.

Again score one for the dog's superiority over mankind. This time in hardihood and adaptability.

From childhood, I have had dogs around me. For the past thirty-odd years I have made an intensive study of them. The more I learn, the more I find I have yet to learn. But it has not taken me that time, nor a tithe of that time, to discover that they are our superiors in nineteen things out of twenty. Intellect (not intelligence) and the dubious blessing of speech — in

these two matters we are their betters. In a hundred others — in swerveless loyalty, in forgiveness, in four-square honesty, in humor, in stamina, in adaptability, in conscience, in pluck, in sacrifice, in all five of the so-called "senses" (except vision), in normality, and in many another fine detail — they are immeasurably beyond us.

To an endless line of notables, from Thomas Heywood to Thomas Carlyle, has been attributed the hackneyed plaint: "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." This is as foolish as the one about distrusting men whom dogs avoid. There is no more reason why a knowledge of men should increase one's innate normal liking for dogs than that a sojourn in southern Italy should beget a fondness for Irish folklore.

Just the same — we might learn *much* from our dogs, had we the patience and the wit to learn it. But I should be sorry to have dogs learn too much about us. For Man thus might lose his canine godhead and his staunchest chum. We remain our dogs' gods only because our dogs know no better than to choose us for that unmerited job.

1. We have in this selection a series of stories told to illustrate something about dogs. Find the story for each of the following topics:
   - *a.* Man's love for dogs.
   - *b.* A dog's forgiveness.
   - *c.* A dog's affection.
   - *d.* Dogs' care for their young.
2. In how many ways does the author think dogs are superior to men?
3. How does he think man is superior to dogs?
4. Do you agree with the author in his opinions?
5. What is the story of "the bandbox chap" intended to show?

THE RETURN OF THE MOCKING BIRD

For weeks we had expected his coming. Could it be that he had come at last? Several times we had thought we heard him singing across the street and each time we had been wrong. Surely we were not mistaken now.

Three-year-old William and I struck out across the clover when we heard that note, for it came from the very tip of the walnut tree and straight beyond in our line of vision was the brilliant April sun. We must get another angle. Down through the barbed wire fence we went, and while I disentangled the boy's sweater from the delaying barbs, the uninterrupted flow of music poured forth from the high tree. We could not trust the song alone. Twice we had tramped through the blackberry vines to get a view of a songster, only to find a robin. Once we had been misled by a brown thrasher. Here again were the robin notes, but there were other notes too. We must get a good view of the bird himself.

Along the fence on the other side we went toward the bird, and the song continued. We were quite near the tree when there came harsher notes; the bird lifted and we saw the white bands beneath the wings and the broad white-edged tail. "That's it," I cried, and William shouted "A mocking bird, a mocking bird!" until all the family were out to see the newcomer.

The previous summer had given us our first experience with this wonderful songster. The new house into which we had moved was on the outskirts of the town and was surrounded with wide open spaces. Scattered about were numerous maples, small clumps of hackberry, and wild cherry and half-grown walnut trees. Across the new-made street was a small cherry orchard, but no house was near. The region was thus quite undisturbed and even before the advent of the cherry season was the haunt of many birds.

Bluebirds were warbling in the nearest maple before the snow was gone, their mellow notes mingling with those of the cardinal, who had been our winter-long companion. The robins were nesting before the new leaves were broad enough to hide their new-made home, and a little later the brown thrasher concealed her eggs in the hedge of shrubs and briers that stretched along the fence back of the lot. When the fields were dry, the flicker dropped down into the fresh lawn back of the house to pick up the worms and ants, and across the meadow one could see a meadow lark sporting along the ground and a whole group rising with a sputtering alarm note when anything disturbed them. These, with the song sparrows and chipping sparrows, the ruby-throated humming bird and an occasional oriole and catbird, were our neighbors through the whole summer.

Among this aërial choir the mocking bird came in early April with a boldness, a dash, and a persistence that would have made him the most conspicuous singer of the group even if his song had been far less varied and profuse than it really was. He was scarcely on the ground before he poured out such a freshet of notes that the songs of other birds seemed like rivulets beside the way. Did the thrasher carol in clear, sweet, firm, and liquid notes? The mocking bird could carol in notes as clear and firm. Did the robin sing his "cheerily, cheerily, cheer-up?" The mocking bird could sing as cheerily. Did the sparrow chip from the grapevine clinging to the wild cherry, and the bluebird warble from the walnut tree? These notes were a part of the mocking bird's repertoire. If the flicker whistled and the blue jay screamed, the mocking bird outdid them in accuracy and profuseness. The farmer's guineas clattering across the fields and the stealthy cat mewing beside the porch furnished additional motifs for the mocking bird. Continuously he poured out an indescribable medley of bird and animal notes, making up the combination apparently as the song proceeded.

Always, too, he assumed a conspicuous place. The topmost

twig of the maple across the road was a favorite perch. Here one might see him at any time of day, the beautiful Quaker drab of his coat outlined among the thin leaves, a striking contrast with the volubility of his song. As June came on, this volubility increased. He sang incessantly, and we wondered how he found means to appease his voracious appetite. In the early morning and in the evening and even in the blazing noonday sun he would sit for hours pouring out his capricious composition.

Nor did the long-lighted days of June suffice for his rapturous performance. Once at seven o'clock in the evening we heard him in a cherry tree just over the yard fence. For two hours we sat on the lawn and listened and counted and identified his notes. He would start off with a whistle and repeat it two or three times. Then would come the thrasher's warble, to be also repeated. Then there was the bluebird, the sparrow, the robin, the whistle again, and over and over with all kinds of variations and repetitions and adaptations, the most beautiful ripple of liquid notes being suddenly broken into with the scream of the blue jay, the call of a cat, or the clatter of the guinea. It is this wholly absurd injection of harsh and unmusical notes into the midst of the most charming melody that keeps his song from being wholly pleasing and makes one often prefer the more consistent even if less dashing and less varied song of the thrasher.

Again and again on that evening we tried to count the different notes that he sang. It was easy to get to twenty and twenty-five, but he was not content with any such poverty-stricken assortment of musical units as that; twenty-eight and thirty and then still more, and we began to lose our power to tell whether a note was old or new. We thought we counted to thirty-nine but we could not be certain that we were not counting some of them twice. Seven o'clock passed to nine and to nine-thirty; at ten we were trying to get off to sleep, but that song still came forth as fresh and radiant as it had done three hours earlier. The honey that at first is the very ecstasy of taste will clog the palate if too long

indulged, and we began to wish the bird would go to sleep. It had become a contest between Morpheus and the nocturnal songster, with us as the sufferers. If Morpheus almost won, the bird seemed to be possessed by some sudden and ecstatic emotion which he sent forth with more than usual vehemence and we were again awake.

The hour wore on and it seemed the bird would never stop. It must be done; I did not wish to frighten the bird for fear he would not sing there again; but this could not endure all night and there was no prospect that he would stop. I stole downstairs and out across the lawn. The song did not cease until I, an object of white, appeared immediately under the tree not more than four feet from the bird himself. The song stopped; I remained still but there was no movement. I stooped to pass under a limb, and as I rose up somewhat nearer the bird, there was a flutter of wings up through the leaves and he was gone. However, I was not back in bed before the song poured forth again, this time from the top of the maple beyond the cherry orchard. It was now so far away that it was less disturbing and we went to sleep that night to the sound of natural music. That the song continued all night we had some reason to believe, for it was the first sound that greeted our ears on waking the next morning.

We had other proofs that the bird sings all the night through. Once when returning from the theater at midnight we stopped to listen to his song and it seemed more beautiful than ever. Our minds were filled with the romance of the play, the air was balmy, and the full moon drenched the landscape with a flood of blue light. The bird was at the top of the tallest tree and from where we walked the highest branches could not be distinguished in the dim light. It seemed as if the song came from above the trees, from the sky, in fact. It seemed to come from unsupported space and to be pure disembodied music. As we stood there and drank in that song, it seemed worth while to live. The world was beautiful and sweet and joyous. No sleep tonight, we said, for

we would not waken to any experience like this. And then apparently lest we forget the sordidness of the world, there broke upon this stream of song as beautiful as bird could sing, three screams as harsh and disgusting as cat ever made, and then after a few more notes of music, the guinea notes. Then back again to the song which rolled and rippled all through the night.

The next day we saw two mocking birds together carrying twigs and straws and rootlets. Then we knew what we had not realized before — that June is the mating season and that all the wealth of song which we foolishly had taken for our own had been intended for another. That other had heard and had been charmed, even as we had been. The song ceased while the nest was building. The tall hackberry at the corner of the yard seemed at first the goal of all their hurried flights. But no nest appeared there and a few days later I found the nest complete in the branches of a cherry tree across the street. A few days more and there were five bluish-green eggs covered with blotches of reddish brown. Fortunately, there were few cherries on that particular tree and we refused to pick what there were.

During the nesting season the male perched about the tree and sang an occasional song but never with the fervor of his earlier music. He was a watchful guardian of the nest and made a terrible furor whenever anyone approached. Once after the eggs were hatched, while the two parent birds were busy bringing worms and bugs and cherries and dropping them into the upstretched open gullets, a blue jay "sporting about the premises in them baseball clothes of his" broke in upon the family rights of his unobtrusive neighbors, attacking, after his savage manners, the young birds in the nest. The parent birds, who apparently were out of sight at first, were the next instant in a bitter assault upon the intruder. With screeches and screams they both set upon the blue jay, jabbing and striking on every side. As the jay flew away, the mocking birds continued in pursuit. First one and then the other would fly above the jay and, with a shot like the

drop of a bullet, would strike their enemy on the back and about the head. The screaming jay would hardly recover from one attack before he would have to defend himself from the other bird.

The agility of the mocking birds and the viciousness of their assault explain why I never saw any other jay about their place. Nor did the hawks, which were numerous enough in the woods near by, ever harm the young birds.

The fledglings were almost ready to leave the nest when one evening a windstorm drove us all into the house and bent the trees and lashed the branches about. As soon as the storm was over I went out, followed by the children, to see what had happened to the mocking birds. We found only fragments of the nest clinging to the wind-swept limbs. Not a bird, either old or young, was to be found, and after tramping about through the wet grass for a time we gave up, thinking that the young must have been killed and the old ones had flown away. It was three heavy-hearted youngsters who went to bed that evening, for we all had made daily visits to the nest and had for a long time looked forward to the first flight. A cruel wind had robbed the parent birds of their summer's joyful labor and had made a group of human beings feel infinitely poorer by its sudden tearing blast.

Apparently the wind was not so cruel as we thought, for within a few days there were a number of young mocking birds flying about the bushes and on the low branches of the trees. Throughout the remaining days of summer and well into the fall, the place was fairly thronged with young birds. Young robins, young sparrows, young thrashers, young flickers, young bluebirds mingled with the old of all these species, and the air was a sphere of interminable and complex music. But the mocking birds outdid all the others. Besides the ones which we had watched, others came and at times we could count a dozen or more perched on the top board of the fence or on the telephone wire that stretched across the back yard. Here for weeks they lived,

sometimes in mimic fight among themselves or with other birds, sometimes in serious battle. They sang, they played, they fed, they went through many kinds of — to us — meaningless behavior.

One act frequently indulged in was to perch on the top of the telephone pole or the top of a tree and make short flights from this point. The bird would suddenly stop his singing and spread his wings and tail so that the two white marginal feathers stood out clearly edging the gray of the middle feathers. Lifting himself in the air, he would make a half circle ending at a point exactly over and several feet above his original position. Then with wings almost motionless he would settle down to the same perch from which he first had flown. This behavior he would repeat at intervals throughout a period of a half hour or more.

As the late fall days came on, the mocking birds were seen more often in groups. Perching on the fence or on the wires, they made a long row and from this perch they would all fly at the same instant, heading together to some other perch near by. For hours at a time they would thus play together. Finally when the days became cold and the snow fell, we saw them no more.

Through the long winter that followed we often thought of them sporting in the warmer climate to the south and looked with longing for the spring days that would bring them back. Now they had come! Do you wonder that we shouted with delight?

1. Probably more persons are interested in birds than in any other living thing except human beings. Can you give three reasons why this is so?
2. What birds can you recognize by their color? By their song? By their flight? By their eggs? By their nests?
3. Where in the United States would you expect to find the mocking bird?
4. What habits of the mocking bird do you learn from this sketch?
5. In what ways is the mocking bird like the robin? The bluebird?
6. What makes the mocking bird so great a favorite?
7. What material connected with this story is appropriate for your notebook?

THE GAUNT GRAY WOLF[1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

O a shadowy beast is the gaunt gray wolf!
And his feet fall soft on a carpet of spines;
Where the night shuts quick and the winds are cold
He haunts the deeps of the northern pines.

His eyes are eager, his teeth are keen,
As he slips at night through the bush like a snake,
Crouching and cringing, straight into the wind,
To leap with a grin on the fawn in the brake.

He falls like a cat on the mother grouse
Brooding her young in the wind-bent weeds,
Or listens to heed with a start of greed
The bittern booming from river reeds.

He's the symbol of hunger the whole earth through,
His specter sits at the door or cave,
And the homeless hear with a thrill of fear
The sound of his wind-swept voice on the air.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*. Used by permission of the author.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,

Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,

Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

1. Of all the insects you know, which seems most worthy of a poem? Give your reasons.

2. Emerson does not tell all that might be told of the humble-bee (more commonly called bumblebee). What does he omit and why?

3. The bee recalls to Emerson many other things. Note what they are. Consider what the poem would be with these left out.

4. Note the many poetical names which Emerson calls the bee. How do you like "thou animated torrid zone?" In what way does the bumblebee take the place of a voyage to Porto Rico and the tropics?

5. Which do you like the better, the picture of the delights of May or that of midsummer? Read aloud lines which you like especially well.

6. Note the poetical way in which Emerson speaks of the coming up of the violet and the buzzing of the bee.

7. What was the humble-bee's philosophy? What do you think of it?

8. Why does Emerson call the bee a "yellow-breeched philosopher?"

EXPLANATORY NOTES

An Epicurean is a follower of the doctrine of the old Grecian philosopher, Epicurus, who taught that pleasure is the aim of life.

Indian in the 4th stanza refers to the country of India. The garden in the 5th stanza is a New England garden. **Bilberries** are like blueberries but black in color. **Succory**, another name for the chicory plant, has a bright blue flower.

Agrimony is a yellow-flowered herb whose cup is covered with hooked hairs.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Holmes's own favorite among his writings was "The Chambered Nautilus." It was by this poem more than any other that he hoped to be remembered. Whittier rightly prophesied that it was "booked for immortality."

The nautilus is a shellfish which inhabits the warm waters of the Pacific and the Mediterranean. Its snail-like spiral shell is a beautiful "mother of pearl." The little creature builds new chambers for itself as it grows, sealing up each as it builds a new one, until gradually its shell contains several cells, each with "a dome more vast" than the one before it. The tentacles with which it obtains its food were once thought to be "wings" by which the nautilus "sailed." Holmes had several nautilus shells in his own collection and delighted in showing them to his guests.

1. What lines of the poem indicate where the nautilus lives?
2. What is a crypt? What does the poet refer to when he writes of the "sunless crypt" of the nautilus shell?
3. Read the passage which gives you the best picture of the building of the shell.
4. What is the poet's way of saying that the broken shell is cast upon the shore?
5. The poem might be divided into two parts. Stanzas 1 to 3 are the first part. If the last two stanzas were omitted, would the title still apply to the first three? What would be a good title for the last two stanzas?
6. Explain these phrases: venturous bark; growing shell; irised ceiling; last-found home; low-vaulted past.
7. State briefly what Holmes means by "the heavenly message."

MEMORIZING

"The Chambered Nautilus" is a poem worth remembering. Perhaps you have already found a good way to memorize poems. Unless you have a better plan of your own, try this one.

Step 1. Make sure that you understand every word and every line in the poem.

Step 2. Read the poem aloud from beginning to end. Read it several times.

Step 3. Then close the book and repeat as much of the poem as possible.

Step 4. Open the book and read the poem through, giving attention to the parts that you find hard to remember.

Make a mark on paper for every time you read the poem through. Find out how many marks you must make before you are able to repeat the entire poem without error.

NOTEBOOK

Make for your notebook a list of ten wild animals which are found in your state or in your part of the country. Can you find a story about any one of them?

Write a hundred words telling about the wild animal which interests you most.

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

Richard Le Gallienne

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea: out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too —
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

These two poems by Le Gallienne and Keats are printed together here so that you may contrast spring and autumn as described by these poets. The first poem pictures May as full of life and promise; Keats's poem shows autumn as a time of harvest.

Note that in each poem the author thinks of the season as a person. May is a builder. Autumn is a friend.

1. Write in two columns the things which each poet describes, thus:

Le Gallienne	*Keats*
apple blooms	grapes
oak and beech leaves	apples

Which gives the richer picture?

2. In each poem the author gives pictures:

Le Gallienne	*Keats*
glimmering rooms	season of mists
carpet of mosses	sitting careless on a granary floor

Find other pictures in each poem.

3. Poetry of this kind must be read aloud to be appreciated. Make certain that you understand the words and the lines and then read each poem aloud. If you find this difficult, ask someone who is a good reader to read the two poems for you. Then answer these questions:

a. Which rhythm is easier to read?
b. Which is the more lively?
c. Is each rhythm suited to the season it describes? Explain.

4. Which of the two seasons do you like better? Why?

5. Which of the two poems do you like better? Can you tell why?

6. Make a list of poems about spring and another list of poems about autumn. Write the name of the author and the exact title of each poem.

A DAY IN JUNE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

THE SNOWSTORM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The steed and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

There are few contrasts in nature greater than the day in June and the winter snowstorm. In these two poems Lowell and Emerson picture the delights of each season and help us to enjoy both.

Be sure to read both these poems aloud.

1. Lowell's picture of June is full of living things: cowslip, buttercup, bird, maize, robin, chanticleer, etc. Find phrases or lines that express *life*, such as "We hear life murmur" and "The flush of life may well be seen."

2. In Emerson's poem the wind is an architect and mason. It does not care for living things. Find lines that tell of its work.

3. It is easy to find contrasts in the two poems. Note these:

Lowell	*Emerson*
The flush of life may well be seen	The whited air
Thrilling back over hills and valleys.	Hides hills and woods.
We sit in the warm shade, etc.	The housemates sit
	Around the radiant fireplace.

Find other lines that show the differences between June and the winter months.

4. Each of these poems is more difficult to understand than a plain prose description of a June day or a snowstorm would be. This difficulty is due to several things; for instance:

a. Inverted sentence order

Lowell	*Emerson*
come perfect days	arrives the snow

b. Personification of impersonal things

Lowell	*Emerson*
Every clod feels a stir of might	The fierce artificer
	Curves his white bastions

c. Unusual words

Lowell		*Emerson*	
instinct	mean	courier	mauger
chalice	startles	Parian	mimic

Be sure you understand the meaning of all these words and expressions. Find other expressions that would probably not be used in a prose description.

5. When you understand the poems well, answer these questions:

a. Which poem gives you the more varied picture?

b. Which pictures nature in the more kindly mood?

c. In which poem does the author seem full of joy?

APRIL DAYS [1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

DAYS of witchery, subtly sweet,
When every hill and tree finds heart,
When winter and spring like lovers meet
In the mist of noon and part —
In the April days.

Nights when the wood frogs faintly peep
Once — twice — and then are still,
And the woodpeckers' martial voices sweep
Like bugle notes from hill to hill —
Through the pulseless haze.

Days when the soil is warm with rain,
And through the wood the shy wind steals,
Rich with the pine and the poplar smell,
And the joyous earth like a dancer reels —
Through April days!

These two poems by Garland and Carman contrast two seasons, the awaking life of tree and bird in April and the yellow and purple of October. There is also a contrast of two moods, the mood of the "joyous earth" in spring and the more sober, lonely feelings of autumn.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *Prairie Folks*. Used by permission of the author.

A VAGABOND SONG[1]

BLISS CARMAN

THERE is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

1. In studying the two poems, first see how the poet describes his season. What objects in nature does Garland see? What does Carman note? It will help you to do this if you write two columns in this way:

Garland's Spring	*Carman's Autumn*
hill	yellow
tree	purple
winter and spring meet	something in the autumn

2. Which poet gives you the more colorful picture? Which describes more actual things?

3. Is there any difference in the kinds of objects each describes?

4. Both poets speak of bugle notes. Do they have the same ideas in mind?

5. The two poems are written in different meters. Practice reading each poem aloud until you can bring out the effect of the meter. How would you describe this difference in meter?

6. After reading these two poems, answer these questions:
   a. Which season do you like better?
   b. Which poem do you prefer? Can you tell why?

[1] Used by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard and Company.

SUMMER'S ARMIES [1]

EMILY DICKINSON

SOME rainbow coming from the fair!
Some vision of the world Cashmere
I confidently see!
Or else a peacock's purple train,
Feather by feather, on the plain
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy butterflies bestir,
Lethargic pools resume the whir
Of last year's sundered tune.
From some old fortress on the sun
Baronial bees march, one by one,
In murmuring platoon!

The robins stand as thick today
As flakes of snow stood yesterday,
On fence and roof and twig.
The orchis binds her feather on
For her old lover, Don the Sun,
Revisiting the bog!

Without commander, countless, still,
The regiment of wood and hill
In bright detachment stand.
Behold! Whose multitudes are these?
The children of whose turbaned seas,
Or what Circassian land?

[1] From Emily Dickinson's *Poems*, copyrighted by Little, Brown and Company. Used by permission.

GOODBY AND KEEP COLD[1]

ROBERT FROST

THIS saying goodby on the edge of the dark
And cold to an orchard so young in the bark
Reminds me of all that can happen to harm
An orchard away at the end of the farm
All winter, cut off by a hill from the house.
I don't want it girdled by rabbit and mouse,
I don't want it dreamily nibbled for browse
By deer, and I don't want it budded by grouse.
(If certain it wouldn't be idle to call,
I'd summon grouse, rabbit, and deer to the wall
And warn them away with a stick for a gun.)
I don't want it stirred by the heat of the sun.
(We made it secure against being, I hope,
By setting it out on a northerly slope.)
No orchard's the worse for the wintriest storm;
But one thing about it, it musn't get warm.
"How often already you've had to be told,
Keep cold, young orchard. Goodby and keep cold.
Dread fifty above more than fifty below."
I have to be gone for a season or so.
My business awhile is with different trees,
Less carefully nourished, less fruitful than these,
And such as is done to their wood with an ax —
Maples and birches and tamaracks.
I wish I could promise to lie in the night
And think of an orchard's arboreal plight
When slowly (and nobody comes with a light)
Its heart sinks lower under the sod.
But something has to be left to God.

[1] From Robert Frost's *New Hampshire*. Copyright, 1923, by Henry Holt and Company. Used by permission.

TREES [1]

BLISS CARMAN

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod —
Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face:

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail —

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,
On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

[1] Used by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard and Company.

TREES [1]

JOYCE KILMER

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

A tree is the most enduring of all living things. A great tree will provide shade and beauty for succeeding generations of men, sinking its roots ever farther into the earth and building up buttresses around its base as the wind twists and gnarls its branches overhead. To thousands of men and women, a great tree is the symbol of strength and endurance, the kindly companion of their childhood, the sheltering monarch of their mature years. It is a favorite subject with artists and poets, and prose writers without number have written of the life and beauty of trees.

1. The two poems on trees by Joyce Kilmer and Bliss Carman may very well be read together. They have certain ideas in common. Find what these are.

2. There are also distinct differences in the way the two poets write about trees. What does Carman tell about that Kilmer omits?

3. Which of the two poems is simpler in the use of words? Which gives you the greater variety of ideas? Which suggests the more color? Which tells you more about the life of a tree?

[1] From Joyce Kilmer's *Trees and Other Poems.* Copyright, George H. Doran Company, publishers. Used by permission.

4. Henry van Dyke also has written a poem about trees. Can you find others?

5. Find prose selections which express the beauty of trees. See the writings of John Muir, Dallas Lore Sharp, and Walter Pritchard Eaton.

6. Find pictures in which trees are a prominent feature.

7. Possibly you can write something about a tree, either prose or poetry, or draw a picture of trees. Try it.

8. Kilmer's poem has been set to music. Perhaps someone will sing it to the class.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE [1]

SIDNEY LANIER

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

[1] Copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The Chattahoochee is one of many beautiful rivers of Georgia, which rise in the hills in the north and rush down toward the sea, spreading out into wider and calmer streams as they reach the plains.

1. Note that Lanier is trying to imitate the swiftness of the stream in the movement of the lines. You get this impression best by reading the poem aloud. Read the first stanza so as to bring out the headlong dash of the water.

2. When the lines seem too long for the sudden leaps of the stream, he even rhymes words within the lines in order to make the break more evident. Note, for example, "I hurry amain to reach the plain." Find other examples of this internal rhyme.

3. Another way of imitating the smoothness of the gliding water is to use words beginning with the same letter so that the voice will glide like the river; for instance, "the hills of Habersham." This is called alliteration. Find other instances of this in the poem.

4. The poet makes us feel that the river, in spite of the holding back of the rushes and waterweeds, the "laving" laurel and the "fondling" grass, is eager to reach the plains, where work awaits it. The trees, too, and the white quartz and dazzling jewels of its stony bed plead with it to remain. Which lines do you think give the loveliest picture of the stream and the country through which it flows? Why do you think it insists upon going?

5. Lanier is evidently thinking of life's constant call to us. How do you think the river's action is like ours in life?

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I WANDERED lonely where the pine trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea breeze,
And snowdrifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged, and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

The trailing arbutus or mayflower grows in the woods and in "narrow dells" between rocky hillsides of New England and New York and in rare spots elsewhere. The vine trails over the ground, pushing its leathery leaves up through the fallen leaves and boughs, and blooming in early spring, in clusters of delicately tinted, fragrant flowers.

1. The flower causes Whittier to think of the lives of people. What kind of people?
2. What color is suggested by "tinted like a shell"?
3. In several ways Whittier suggests the very early arrival of the arbutus. What are these ways?
4. What do these words mean?

barricade clogged pent cumber ungenial

SNOW-BOUND

John Greenleaf Whittier

I. THE SNOWSTORM

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,

The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;

The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal; we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air; no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art

The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed;
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

II. THE FIRESIDE CIRCLE

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.

Whittier here gives an extended account of the happenings and stories told about the winter fireside, with descriptions of the persons who make up the household — the father, mother, uncle, aunt, two boys, elder sister, younger sister, and the district schoolmaster.

III. THE OUTER WORLD AGAIN

Next morn we wakened with the shout
  Of merry voices high and clear;
  And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
  Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
  From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled;
Then toiled again the cavalcade
  O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
  And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snowballs' compliments,
And reading in each missive tossed
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh bells' sound;
  And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,

Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
  That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
  What mattered in the sufferer's sight
  The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
  Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
  The Christian pearl of charity!

  So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had),
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
  A stranger to the heathen Nine,
  Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.

At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled

We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

1. This poem covers four days and three nights up to line 223. The first day ends at line 30; the first night ends at line 41 and the second night at line 47. The third day ends at line 115, the third night at line 178, and the fourth day at line 223. Read the poem to find out what happens during each day and each night.

2. There are a few things that need straightening out, in order to understand and enjoy *Snow-Bound*. One of your first problems is to find the subjects and verbs in the sentences. These are often far apart with phrases and clauses thrown in between. Thus *sun* in line 1 is the first subject; *rose* in line 2 is its first verb, and *gave* in line 3 is its second verb. In the second sentence the subject and verb *It sank* are together, but they are

preceded by three lines of modifying phrases. The third subject is *chill* at the beginning of line 9; its verb is *told* at the end of line 14.

Practice straightening out some of these difficult sentences so that they will read like prose.

3. A second problem is to note the divisions into which the lines of the poem may be grouped. When you have read the poem through, write titles for lines grouped as follows:

Lines 1–18	Lines 93–115
Lines 19–30	Lines 116–178
Lines 31–46	Lines 179–223
Lines 47–65	Lines 224–236
Lines 66–80	Lines 237–264
Lines 81–92	

4. A third difficulty is the number of unusual words. Note the following words in the first 50 lines:

crested	mute	scaffold
hoary	ominous	spherule
homespun	pellicle	stanchion
littered	portent	waning
meteor	querulous	whinnying

5. Examine lines 50–99 and make a list of unusual words.

6. The poem is full of descriptions that stand out like pictures. Note the storm in lines 31–40; the landscape in lines 47–65; the animals in lines 81–92.

7. Do lines 66–67 suggest to you any picture of the father? If so, describe that picture.

8. Many of Whittier's expressions are picturesque. For instance,

> The whirl-dance of the blinding storm (line 34)
> We cut the solid whiteness through (line 73)
> Of ghostly finger tips of sleet (line 105)
> The merrier up its roaring draught
> The great throat of the chimney laughed (lines 163–164)

Find ten other expressions that seem to you especially picturesque.

9. Note what the family had as reading matter (lines 224 ff.). Name three things. What did the village paper contain? How does it compare with the newspapers you know?

10. Read again lines 1–4 and then lines 261–264. How do they differ in meaning and spirit?

GOOD COMPANY [1]

KARLE WILSON BAKER

TODAY I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars that go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke —
Lord, who am I that they should stoop — these holy folk of Thine?

JUDGING POETRY

In this section on NATURE POETRY there are fourteen poems more or less directly connected with the seasons. Some of them you no doubt like better than others. Think which one you like best and write its title at the top of a page in your notebook, placing the figure 1 before it.

Which one of all the others do you like best? Write its title just below the title of your first choice, and place the figure 2 before it. Do the same for each of the others until you have written the titles of the fourteen poems in the order of your choice.

Compare the list you have written with the order chosen by other members of your class.

If you wish to find the common judgment of your class, proceed as follows:

a. Make a list of the poems and rule a page as shown on page 305.

b. Write in column 1 the figure which you placed before each title in your list.

c. Do the same for each of the other members of your class, using columns 2, 3, etc.

d. When you have written the figures for each pupil, add the numbers across and write the total in the column marked "sum."

[1] From Karle Wilson Baker's *Blue Smoke*, copyrighted by Yale University Press. Used by permission.

e. The poem having the smallest "sum" is the best-liked poem. In the column marked "class rank" place the figure 1 beside this smallest sum. Beside the next lowest total, mark the figure 2, and so on for each of the other poems.

f. Which poem does your class like best? Which does it like least? How does your ranking compare with the class judgment?

Titles	Pupil Judgments							Sum	Class Rank
	1	2	3	4	5	6	etc.		
May Is Building Her House									
To Autumn									
A Day in June									
The Snowstorm									
April Days									
A Vagabond Song									
Summer's Armies									
Goodby and Keep Cold									
Trees (Carman)									
Trees (Kilmer)									
Song of the Chattahoochee									
The Trailing Arbutus									
Snow-Bound									
Good Company									

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

In America the immigrants from Europe found ample space for building a new society. Through three hundred years the process has gone forward as the settlers and their children have bravely tried to erect a new civilization upon this wild continent. Customs, laws, traditions, ideals, our forefathers brought with them from overseas, but the uncharted wilderness gave them opportunity for new ventures in religion, in government, in trade and industry, and in education. The record of these efforts makes American history; the exalted expression of their ideals is a part of American literature.

The chief concern of the earliest settlers was for religion, trade, and government. In these matters they exalted liberty and freedom — freedom in religion, in government, in speech — the liberty of the individual to follow his conscience and his personal interest. About this ideal they built their towns, their colonies, their confederation, and finally their nation and ours.

As the population has grown and spread across the continent, the people have enlarged the meaning of liberty. Complete freedom in religion is established, legalized human slavery is abolished, suffrage has become universal for law-abiding adults, and the pursuit of life and happiness is made safe for the humblest and weakest of the land. America has become powerful; she also loves justice.

The land of freedom and justice claims loyalty and service from its children. Patriotism, passionate and complete to the point of death, is woven into the life of America. Loyal citizens believe in the ideals which our country and our government represent. They are willing to give both life and property in service to the common welfare.

BOOKS TO READ

In the books listed here you will find the romance and adventure of American pioneering as well as much solid information and historical fact.

Select such books as appeal to you and read them while you are studying the selections in this section.

Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman. *The Perfect Tribute.* Charles Scribner's Sons
A charming story of a wounded Confederate boy who pays "the perfect tribute" to Abraham Lincoln.

Bradford, Gamaliel. *Robert E. Lee, American.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A sympathetic biography of the greatest Southern leader by a gifted writer of biography.

Broadhurst, Jean, and Rhodes, Clara L. *Verse for Patriots.* J. B. Lippincott Company
A collection of American patriotic poems.

Brooks, Noah. *First Across the Continent.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Tells of the adventures of the Lewis and Clark expedition across the northern United States to the Oregon country.

Charnwood, Lord. *Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Henry Holt and Company
A distinguished Englishman writes impartially of America's great President. One of the fairest and most readable books on Lincoln.

Churchill, Winston. *The Crisis.* The Macmillan Company
A novel dealing with the period of the Civil War. Although in story form, the book contains many facts about Lincoln and other prominent men of the period.

Coffin, Charles Carleton. *Building the Nation.* Harper and Brothers
Shows how American life has changed as we have made mechanical inventions and other improvements.

Drinkwater, John. *Abraham Lincoln* (a play). Houghton Mifflin Company
An English dramatist of the present day has written this delightful play about Lincoln, his family, his Cabinet, and his generals.

EGGLESTON, EDWARD. *Frontier Life in Indiana Sixty Years Ago.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *The Hoosier Schoolboy.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* Charles Scribner's Sons

Thrilling tales of life in early Indiana days, by one who shared the pioneer's struggles. The author's skill as a story-teller has captivated millions of readers.

FARIS, JOHN T. *Makers of Our History.* Ginn and Company

A collection of stories of great Americans.

GARLAND, HAMLIN. *Boy Life on the Prairie.* Harper and Brothers

Drawn from the author's own experiences on the prairies of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Dakota.

—— *Prairie Folks.* Harper and Brothers

Garland was one of the prairie folks. He tells of his neighbors as he saw them.

—— *Trail Makers of the Middle Border.* Harper and Brothers

A stirring picture of a pioneer family of the finest type; a story of hardship and clean living, of a tremendous expenditure of physical energy in the task of conquering the frontier.

—— *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers.* Harper and Brothers

The story of the great trek to Alaska in the days of the Klondike gold fever.

GAUSS, CHRISTIAN. *Democracy Today.* Scott, Foresman and Company

An excellent collection of essays and speeches telling what American democracy means. The authors range from Lincoln and Lowell to Roosevelt and Wilson.

GILDER, JOSEPH B. *The American Idea as Expounded by American Statesmen.* Dodd, Mead and Company

Important state papers, including the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, and speeches of Washington, Lincoln, Webster, and Roosevelt.

GORE, JOHN ROGERS. *The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln.* The Bobbs-Merrill Company

An authentic account of the early life, boyhood, and early manhood of Lincoln; his struggles in the hard life of the frontier.

HAGEDORN, HERMANN. *Boys' Life of Roosevelt.* Harper and Brothers

A tale of one of the heroes of American youth told by a charming and sympathetic writer.

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT. *The Man Without a Country.*
The story of Philip Nolan, a soldier, who swore at his native land and was sentenced by a judge to live without a country.

HAMILTON, J. G. DE ROULHAC. *Selections from the Writings of Abraham Lincoln.* Scott, Foresman and Company
Excellent selections from the state papers and the personal writings of Lincoln.

HART, A. B., and CHAPMAN, A. B. *How Our Grandfathers Lived.* The Macmillan Company
Truthful history of early American life told in a way that interests young people.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *With the Night Mail.* Doubleday, Page and Company
An interesting tale that shows how the imagination of poets outruns the achievements of practical men.

LEONARD, S. A. (editor) *Poems of the War and the Peace.* Harcourt, Brace and Company
A collection of recent poems which young people enjoy.

MONROE, PAUL, and MILLER, IRVING E. *The American Spirit.* World Book Company
A collection of prose and poetry dealing with American ideals from Columbus to Wilson. More than a hundred selections.

MOODY, JOHN. *The Masters of Capital.* Yale University Press
How great fortunes were built up in America in the period following the Civil War.

MORGAN, JAMES. *Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man.* The Macmillan Company
A life of Roosevelt interesting to both children and adults.

NICOLAY, HELEN. *The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln.* The Century Company
One of the best lives of Lincoln for young people.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. *Two Little Confederates.* Charles Scribner's Sons
A story of the Civil War period by one of the most gifted of Southern writers.

PARKMAN, FRANCIS. *The Oregon Trail.* Little, Brown and Company
A youthful college student sets out in 1846 to see the great West with its Indians, its buffalo, its prairies, its mountains, and its great ocean on the west.

PARKMAN, MARY R. *Fighters for Peace.* The Century Company
Heroes of the World War from King Albert to President Wilson.

PARSONS, GEOFFREY. *The Land of Fair Play.* Charles Scribner's Sons
"This book aims to make clear the great, unseen services that America renders each of us, and the active devotion each of us must yield in return for America to endure."

POWELL, LYMAN P., and POWELL, GERTRUDE W. *The Spirit of Democracy.* Rand McNally and Company
A collection of prose and poetry arranged during the World War. More than one hundred and fifty selections expressive of American ideals.

REMINGTON, FREDERIC. *The Way of an Indian.* Duffield and Company
"The work of a splendid outdoor artist who specialized on western subjects, such as Indians, horses, and cowboys." — Stevens.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. *Episodes from Winning of the West.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
A book of pioneers, Indian tales, frontier conditions, courageous men.

—— *Letters to His Children.* Charles Scribner's Sons
Letters that all children like, written by a man whom both children and grown-ups admire and love.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, and LODGE, HENRY CABOT. *Hero Tales from American History.* The Century Company
Interesting stories of George Washington, Daniel Boone, and others.

ROPER, DANIEL C. *The United States Post Office.* Funk and Wagnalls Company
American civilization would be impossible without the rapid transit of mail. This story shows how the mail service has grown from colonial times to the present.

ROTHSCHILD, ALONZO. *Lincoln, Master of Men.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Selections from Lincoln biographies gathered into one book. Many anecdotes as well as accurate fact.

SANDBURG, CARL. *Abraham Lincoln.* Harcourt Brace and Company
A vivid record of Lincoln's life up to the time he became President. Here the middle nineteenth century in the prairie land is pictured with unexcelled charm.

SHAW, ANNA HOWARD. *The Story of a Pioneer.* Harper and Brothers.
The author as a ten-year-old girl went into the Michigan woods with her parents. From this early frontier life she learned the lessons that made her one of America's foremost women.

SPEARMAN, FRANK H. *The Mountain Divide.* Charles Scribner's Sons
This book tells the story of how the first railroad across the continent, the Union Pacific, was built. It is a tale of adventure and great engineering.

STODDARD, WILLIAM O. *The Boy Lincoln.* D. Appleton and Company
Lincoln's secretary during the war tells of the President's boyhood and education.

TABER, CLARENCE W. *Breaking Sod on the Prairies.* World Book Company
Early Dakota days. A story of real persons. A triumph of the hardy and clear-minded.

TARBELL, IDA M. *He Knew Lincoln.* The Macmillan Company
A charming story by Miss Tarbell of an interview with a man who had known Lincoln.

—— *The Life of Abraham Lincoln.* The Macmillan Company
Miss Tarbell is one of the best of Lincoln's biographers. Her account of his life has all the charm of fiction and its facts are accurate.

THOMPSON, MAURICE. *Alice of Old Vincennes.* Grossett and Dunlap
A delightful tale of a girl in the old French settlement on the Wabash.

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel L. Clemens). *Life on the Mississippi.* Harper and Brothers
Mark Twain, as boy and as river pilot, knew the Mississippi from St. Paul to the Gulf. A delightful picture of the steamboat days.

VAN LOON, HENDRIK. *The Story of Mankind.* Boni and Liveright
"A wide view of the glorious past," for young readers. From the time "when it rained incessantly" to "the Great War which was really the struggle for a new and better world."

WARMAN, CY. *Short Rails.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *The Story of the Railroad.* D. Appleton and Company
These stories make railroading seem like a great adventure.

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD. *The Blazed Trail.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The lumbering days in Michigan, when men roughed it in the forests and along the rivers. The tale of Harry Thorpe, a magnificent, picturesque pioneer.

—— *The Westerners.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Stories of the Great Trek.

The following stories show how the Great Trek turned the continent into a civilized country.

ATKINSON, ELEANOR. *Johnny Appleseed.* Harper and Brothers

BRIGHAM, ALBERT PERRY. *From Trail to Railway Through the Appalachians.* Ginn and Company

CASSON, HERBERT N. *The Romance of Steel.* A. S. Barnes and Company

REYNOLDS, MINNIE J. *How Man Conquered Nature.* The Macmillan Company

THE GREAT TREK

PRAIRIE FOLKS[1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

Pioneers

THEY rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife,
To colonize the plain; they plow and sow,
And fertilize the sod with their own life
As did the Indian and the buffalo.

Settlers

Above them soars a dazzling sky,
In winter blue and clear as steel,
In summer like an arctic sea
Wherein vast icebergs drift and reel
And melt like sudden sorcery.

Beneath them plains stretch far and fair,
Rich with sunlight and with rain;
Vast harvests ripen with their care
And fill with overplus of grain
Their square, great bins.

Yet still they strive! I see them rise
At dawn-light, going forth to toil:
The same salt sweat has filled my eyes,
My feet have trod the self-same soil
Behind the snarling plow.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *Prairie Folks*. Used by permission of the author.

A very important part of the history of America is the story of its pioneers, who from the earliest colonial days pushed westward until they occupied the entire continent. Hamlin Garland's father was a pioneer in the Middle West — in Wisconsin, Iowa, and the Dakotas. Doubtless his father and his father's companions were in his mind when he wrote this poem.

1. The Prairie Folks are of two classes. What are they?
2. How are the pioneers like soldiers?
3. Explain these expressions:
   Vast icebergs drift
   Their square, great bins
   The snarling plow

ACROSS THE PLAINS[1]

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THE overland migration attracted the more hardy and experienced pioneers, and also those whose assets lay in cattle and farm equipment rather than in money. The majority came from the more western parts of the then United States, and therefore comprised men who had already some experience in pioneering. As far as the Mississippi or even Kansas these parties generally traveled separately or in small groups from a single locality. Before starting over the great plains, however, it became necessary to combine into larger bands for mutual aid and protection. Such recognized meeting points were generally in a state of congestion. Thousands of people with their equipment and animals were crowded together in some river bottom awaiting the propitious moment for setting forth.

The journey ordinarily required about five months, provided nothing untoward happened in the way of delay. A start in the spring therefore allowed the traveler to surmount the Sierra Nevada before the first heavy snowfalls. One of the inevitable anxieties was whether or not this crossing could be safely ac-

[1] Reprinted from Stewart Edward White's *The Forty-Niners*, one of The Chronicles of America, by permission of the publishers, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.

complished. At first the migration was thoroughly orderly and successful. As the stories from California became more glowing, and as the fever for gold mounted higher, the pace accelerated.

A book by a man named Harlan, written in the County Farm to which his old age had brought him, gives a most interesting picture of the times. His party consisted of fourteen persons, one of whom, Harlan's grandmother, was then ninety years old and blind! There were also two very small children. At Indian Creek in Kansas they caught up with the main body of emigrants and soon made up their train. He says: "We proceeded very happily until we reached the South Platte. Every night we young folks had a dance on the green prairie." Game abounded, the party was in good spirits and underwent no especial hardships, and the Indian troubles furnished only sufficient excitement to keep the men interested and alert.

After they left Salt Lake, the passage across the desert suddenly loomed up as a terrifying thing. "We started on our passage over this desert in the early morning, trailed all next day and all night, and on the morning of the third day our guide told us that water was still twenty-five miles away. William Harlan here lost his seven yoke of oxen. The man who was in charge of them went to sleep, and the cattle turned back and recrossed the desert or perhaps died there. . . . Next day I started early and drove till dusk, as I wished to tire the cattle so that they would lie down and give me a chance to sleep. They would rest for two or three hours and then try to go back home to their former range." The party won through, however, and descended into the smiling valleys of California, ninety-year-old lady and all.

These parties which were hastily got together for the mere purpose of progress soon found that they must have some sort of government to make the trip successful. A leader was generally elected, to whom implicit obedience was supposed to be accorded. Among independent and hot-headed men quarrels were not

infrequent. A rough sort of justice was, however, invoked by vote of the majority. Though a "split of blankets" was not unknown, usually the party went through under one leadership. Fortunate were those who possessed experienced men as leaders, or who in hiring the services of one of the numerous plains guides obtained a man of genuine experience. Inexperience and graft were as fatal then as now. It can well be imagined what disaster could descend upon a camping party in a wilderness such as the Old West, amid the enemies which that wilderness supported. It is bad enough today when inexperienced people go to camp by a lake near a farmhouse.

Moreover, at that time everybody was in a hurry, and many suspected that the other man was trying to obtain an advantage. Hittell tells of one ingenious citizen who, in trying to keep ahead of his fellow emigrants as he hurried along, had the bright idea of setting on fire and destroying the dry grass in order to retard the progress of the parties behind. Grass was scarce enough in the best circumstances, and the burning struck those following with starvation. He did not get very far, however, before he was caught by a posse who mounted their best horses for pursuit. They shot him from his saddle and turned back. This attempt at monopoly was thus nipped in the bud.

Probably there would have been more of this sort of thing had it not been for the constant menace of the Indians. The Indian attack on the emigrant train has become so familiar through Wild West shows and so-called literature that it is useless to redescribe it here. Generally the object was merely the theft of horses, but occasionally a genuine attack, followed in case of success by massacre, took place. An experience of this sort did a great deal of good in holding together not only the parties attacked but also those who afterwards heard of the attempt.

There was, however, another side to the shield, a very encouraging and cheerful side. For example, some good-hearted philan-

thropist established a kind of reading room and post office in the desert near the headwaters of the Humboldt River. He placed it in a natural circular wall of rock by the road, shaded by a lone tree. The original founder left a lot of newspapers on a stone seat inside the wall with a written notice to "Read and leave them for others."

Many trains, well equipped, well formed, well led, went through without trouble — indeed, with real pleasure. Nevertheless, the overwhelming testimony is on the other side. Probably this was due in large part to the irritability that always seizes the mind of the tenderfoot when he is confronted by wilderness conditions. A man who is a perfectly normal and agreeable citizen in his own environment becomes a suspicious half-lunatic when placed in circumstances uncomfortable and unaccustomed. It often happened that people were obliged to throw things away in order to lighten their loads. When this necessity occurred, they generally seemed to take an extraordinary delight in destroying their property rather than in leaving it for anybody else who might come along. Hittell tells us that sugar was often ruined by having turpentine poured over it, and flour was mixed with salt and dirt; wagons were burned; clothes were torn into shreds and tatters. All of this destruction was senseless and useless, and was probably only a blind and instinctive reaction against hardships.

Those hardships were considerable. It is estimated that during the height of the overland migration in the spring of 1849 no less than fifty thousand people started out. The wagon trains followed almost on one another's heels, so hot was the pace. Not only did the travelers wish to get to the Sierras before the snows blocked the passes, not only were they eager to enter the gold mines, but they were pursued by the specter of cholera in the concentration camps along the Mississippi Valley. This scourge devastated these gatherings. It followed the men across the plains like some deadly wild beast, and was shaken off only

when the high clear climate of desert altitude was eventually reached.

But the terrible part of the journey began with the entrance into the great deserts, like that of the Humboldt Sink. There the conditions were almost beyond belief. Thousands were left behind, fighting starvation, disease, and the loss of cattle. Women who had lost their husbands from the deadly cholera went staggering on without food or water, leading their children. The trail was literally lined with dead animals. Often in the middle of the desert could be seen the camps of death, the wagons drawn in a circle, the dead animals tainting the air, every living human being crippled from scurvy and other diseases. There was no fodder for the cattle, and very little water. The loads had to be lightened almost every mile by the discarding of valuable goods. Many of the emigrants who survived the struggle reached the goal in an impoverished condition. The road was bordered with an almost unbroken barrier of abandoned wagons, old mining implements, clothes, provisions, and the like. As the cattle died, the problem of merely continuing the march became worse. Often the rate of progress was not more than a mile every two or three hours. Each mile had to be relayed back and forth several times.

And when this desert had sapped their strength, they came at last to the Sink itself, with its long white fields of alkali with drifts of ashes across them, so soft that the cattle sank halfway to their bellies. The dust was fine and light and rose chokingly; the sun was strong and fierce. All but the strongest groups of pioneers seemed to break here. The retreats became routs. Each one put out for himself with what strength he had left. The wagons were emptied of everything but the barest necessities. At every stop some animal fell in the traces and had to be cut out of the yoke. If a wagon came to a full stop, it was abandoned. The animals were detached and driven forward. And when at last they reached the Humboldt River itself, they found it almost

impossible to ford. The best feed lay on the other side. In the distance the high and forbidding ramparts of the Sierra Nevada reared themselves.

One of these Forty-Niners, Delano, a man of some distinction in the later history of the mining communities, says that five men drowned themselves in the Humboldt River in one day out of sheer discouragement. He says that he had to save the lives of his oxen by giving Indians fifteen dollars to swim the river and float some grass across to him. And with weakened cattle, discouraged hearts, no provisions, the travelers had to tackle the high rough road that led across the mountains.

Of course, the picture just drawn is of the darkest aspect. Some trains there were under competent pioneers who knew their job; who were experienced in wilderness travel; who understood better than to chase madly away after every cut-off reported by irresponsible trappers; who comprehended the handling and management of cattle; who, in short, knew wilderness travel. These came through with only the ordinary hardships. But, take it all in all, the overland trial was a trail by fire. One gets a notion of its deadliness from the fact that over five thousand people died of cholera alone. The trail was marked throughout its length by the shallow graves of those who had succumbed. He who arrived in California was a different person from the one who had started from the East. Experience had even in so short a time fused his elements into something new.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848. Immediately there was a great migration from the older states to the Pacific Coast. All were anxious to arrive before the gold should be secured by others, and the trip across almost unknown lands was hurried and disastrous.

1. Why are the emigrants called Forty-Niners?
2. Make a list of the dangers the emigrants encountered.
3. What do you learn about the size of the emigrant parties?
4. What is a "split of blankets"?
5. Provide for your notebook a map that shows the territory described in this selection.

THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE[1]

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

HURRAH for a ride on the prairies free,
On a fiery untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
And a fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

With left hand light on the bridle rein,
And saddle-girths cinched behind,
With lariat tied at the pommel's side,
With lusty bronchos true and tried,
We'll race with the whistling wind.

We are off and away, like a flash of light,
As swift as the shooting star,
As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
On! on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

As free as a bird o'er billowy sea
We skim the flowered Divide,
Like seamews strong we fly along,
While the earth resounds with galloping song
As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
Give me the prairies free,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
Ah! that's the ride for me.

[1] From William Lawrence Chittenden's *Ranch Verses*, copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission.

THE COWBOY[1]

EMERSON HOUGH

1. THE Great West, vast and rude, brought forth men also vast and rude. We pass today over parts of that matchless region, and we see the red hills and ragged mountain-fronts cut and crushed into huge indefinite shapes, to which even a small imagination may give a human or more than human form. It would almost seem that the same great hand which chiseled out these monumental forms had also laid its fingers upon the people of this region and fashioned them rude and iron-like in harmony with the stern faces set about them.

2. Of all the babes of that primeval mother, the West, the cowboy was perhaps her dearest because he was her last. Some of her children lived for centuries; this one for not a triple decade before he began to be old. What was really the life of this child of the wild region of America, and what were the conditions of the experience that bore him, can never be fully known by those who have not seen the West with wide eyes — for the cowboy was simply a part of the West. He who does not understand the one can never understand the other.

3. If we care truly to see the cowboy as he was and seek to give our wish the dignity of a real purpose, we should study him in connection with his surroundings and in relation to his work. Then we shall see him not as a curiosity but as a product — not as an eccentric driver of horned cattle but as a man suited to his times.

4. Large tracts of that domain where once the cowboy reigned supreme have been turned into farms by the irrigator's ditch or by the dry-farmer's plan. The farmer in overalls is in many instances his own stockman today. On the ranges of Arizona,

[1] Reprinted from Emerson Hough's *The Passing of the Frontier*, one of The Chronicles of America, by permission of the publishers, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.

Wyoming, and Texas and parts of Nevada we may find the cowboy, it is true, even today; but he is no longer the Homeric figure that once dominated the plains. In what we say as to his trade, therefore, or his fashion in the practice of it, we speak in terms of thirty or forty years ago, when wire was unknown, when the round-up still was necessary, and the cowboy's life was indeed that of the open.

5. By the costume we may often know the man. The cowboy's costume was harmonious with its surroundings. It was planned upon lines of such stern utility as to leave no possible thing which we may call dispensable. The typical cowboy costume could hardly be said to contain a coat and waistcoat. The heavy woolen shirt, loose and open at the neck, was the common wear at all seasons of the year excepting winter, and one has often seen cowboys in the wintertime engaged in work about the yard or corral of the ranch wearing no other cover for the upper part of the body but one or more of these heavy shirts. If the cowboy wore a coat, he would wear it open and loose as much as possible. If he wore a vest, he would wear it slouchily, hanging open or partly unbuttoned most of the time. There was a reason for this slouchy habit. The cowboy would say that the vest closely buttoned about the body would cause perspiration, so that the wearer would quickly chill upon ceasing exercise. If the wind were blowing keenly when the cowboy dismounted to sit upon the ground for dinner, he would button up his waistcoat and be warm. If it were very cold, he would button up his coat also.

6. The cowboy's boots were of fine leather and fitted tightly, with light narrow soles, extremely small and high heels. Surely a more irrational foot covering never was invented; yet these tight, peaked cowboy boots had a great significance and may indeed be called the insignia of a calling. There was no prouder soul on earth than the cowboy. He was proud of being a horseman and had a contempt for all human beings who walked. On

foot in his tight-toed boots he was lost; but he wished it to be understood that he never was on foot. If we rode beside him and watched his seat in the big cow saddle, we found that his high and narrow heels prevented the slipping forward of the foot in the stirrup, into which he jammed his feet nearly full length. If there was a fall, the cowboy's foot never hung in the stirrup. In the corral roping, afoot, his heels anchored him. So he found his little boots not so unserviceable and retained them as a matter of pride. Boots made for the cowboy trade sometimes had fancy tops of bright-colored leather. The Lone Star of Texas was not infrequent in their ornamentation.

7. The curious pride of the horseman extended also to his gloves. The cowboy was very careful in the selection of his gloves. They were made of the finest buckskin, which could not be injured by wetting. Generally they were tanned white and cut with a deep cuff or gauntlet, from which hung a little fringe to flutter in the wind when he rode at full speed on horseback.

8. The cowboy's hat was one of the typical and striking features of his costumes. It was a heavy, wide white felt hat with a heavy leather band buckled about it. There has been no other head covering devised so suitable as the Stetson for the uses of the plains, although high and heavy black hats have in part supplanted it today among stockmen. The boardlike felt was practically indestructible. The brim flapped a little and, in time, was turned up and perhaps held fast to the crown by a thong. The wearer might sometimes stiffen the brim by passing a thong through a series of holes pierced through the outer edge. He could depend upon his hat in all weathers. In the rain it was an umbrella; in the sun a shield; in the winter he could tie it down about his ears with his handkerchief.

9. Loosely thrown about the cowboy's shirt collar was a silk kerchief. It was tied in a hard knot in front, and though it could scarcely be said to be devoted to the uses of a neck scarf, yet it was a great comfort to the back of the neck when one was riding

in a hot wind. It was sure to be of some bright color, usually red. Modern would-be cow-punchers do not willingly let this old kerchief die, and right often they overplay it. For the cowboy of the movies, however, let us register an unqualified contempt. The real range would never have been safe for him.

10. A peculiar and distinctive feature of the cowboy's costume was his chaps (*chaparajos*). The chaps were two very wide and full-length trouser legs made of heavy calfskin and connected by a narrow belt or strap. They were cut away entirely at front and back so that they covered only the thigh and lower legs and did not heat the body as a complete leather garment would. They were intended solely as a protection against branches, thorns, briers, and the like, but they were prized in cold or wet weather. Sometimes there was seen, more often on the southern range, a cowboy wearing chaps made of skins tanned with the hair on; for the cowboy of the Southwest early learned that goatskin left with the hair on would turn the cactus thorns better than any other material. Later, the chaps became a sort of affectation on the part of new men on the range; but the old-time cowboy wore them for use, not as a uniform. In hot weather he laid them off.

11. In the times when some men needed guns and all men carried them, no pistol of less than 44-caliber was tolerated on the range, the solid-framed 45-caliber being the one almost universally used. The barrel was eight inches long, and it shot a rifle cartridge of forty grains of powder and a blunt-ended bullet that made a terrible missile. This weapon depended from a belt worn loose, resting upon the left hip and hanging low down on the right hip so that none of the weight came upon the abdomen. This was typical, for the cowboy was neither fancy gunman nor army officer. The latter carries the revolver on the left, the butt pointing forward.

12. An essential part of the cow-puncher's outfit was his rope. This was carried in a close coil at the side of the saddle horn,

fastened by one of the many thongs scattered over the saddle. In the Spanish country it was called *reata* and even today is sometimes seen in the Southwest made of rawhide. In the South it was called a lariat. The modern rope is a well-made three-quarter-inch hemp rope about thirty feet long, with a leather or rawhide eye. The cowboy's quirt was a short heavy whip, the stock being of wood or iron covered with braided leather and carrying a lash made of two or three heavy loose thongs. The spur in the old days had a very large rowel with blunt teeth an inch long. It was often ornamented with little bells or oblongs of metal, the tinkling of which appealed to the childlike nature of the plains rider. Their use was to lock the rowel.

13. His bridle — for, since the cowboy and his mount are inseparable, we may as well speak of his horse's dress also — was noticeable for its tremendously heavy and cruel curbed bit, known as the Spanish bit. But in the ordinary riding and even in the exciting work of the old round-up and in "cutting out," the cowboy used the bit very little, nor exerted any pressure on the reins. He laid the reins against the neck of the pony opposite to the direction in which he wished it to go, merely turning his hand in the direction and inclining his body in the same way. He rode with the pressure of the knee and the inclination of the body and the light side-shifting of both reins.

14. The saddle was the most important part of the outfit. It was a curious thing, this saddle developed by the cattle trade, and the world has no other like it. Its great weight — from thirty to forty pounds — was readily excusable when one remembers that it was not only seat but workbench for the cowman. A light saddle would be torn to pieces at the first rush of a maddened steer, but the sturdy frame of a cow-saddle would throw the heaviest bull on the range. The high cantle would give a firmness to the cowboy's seat when he snubbed a steer with a sternness sufficient to send it rolling heels over head. The high pommel, or horn, steel-forged and covered with cross braids of

leather, served as anchor post for this same steer, a turn of the rope about it accomplishing that purpose at once. The saddle tree forked low down over the pony's back so that the saddle sat firmly and could not readily be pulled off. The great broad cinches bound the saddle fast till horse and saddle were practically one fabric. The strong wooden house of the old heavy stirrup protected the foot from being crushed by the impact of the herd. The form of the cow-saddle has changed but little, although today one sees a shorter seat and smaller horn, a "swell front" or roll, and a stirrup of open ox-bow pattern.

15. The round-up was the harvest of the range. The time of the calf round-up was in the spring, after the grass had become good and after the calves had grown large enough for the branding. The State Cattle Association divided the entire state range into a number of round-up districts. Under an elected round-up captain were all the bosses in charge of the different ranch outfits sent by men having cattle in the round-up. Let us briefly draw a picture of this scene as it was.

16. Each cowboy would have eight or ten horses for his own use, for he had now before him the hardest riding of the year. When the cow-puncher went into the herd to cut out calves, he mounted a fresh horse, and every few hours he again changed horses, for there was no horse which could long endure the fatigue of the rapid and intense work of cutting. Before the rider stretched a sea of interwoven horns, waving and whirling as the densely packed ranks of cattle closed in or swayed apart. It was no prospect for a weakling, but into it went the cow-puncher on his determined little horse, heeding not the plunging, crushing, and thrusting of the excited cattle. Down under the bulks of the herd, half hidden in the whirl of dust, he would spy a little curly calf running, dodging, and twisting, always at the heels of its mother; and he would dart in after, following the two through the thick of surging and plunging beasts. The sharp-eyed pony would see, almost as soon as his rider, which cow was

wanted and he needed small guidance from that time on. He would follow hard at her heels, edging her constantly toward the flank of the herd, at times nipping her hide as a reminder of his own superiority. In spite of herself, the cow would gradually turn out toward the edge, and at last would be swept clear of the crush, the calf following close behind her. There was a whirl of the rope and the calf was laid by the heels and dragged to the fire, where the branding irons were heated and ready.

17. Meanwhile other cow-punchers are rushing calves to the branding. The hubbub and turmoil increase. Taut ropes cross the ground in many directions. The cutting ponies pant and sweat, rear and plunge. The garb of the cowboy is now one of white alkali, which hangs gray in his eyebrows and mustache. Steers bellow as they surge to and fro. Cows charge on their persecutors. Fleet yearlings break and run for the open, pursued by men who care not how or where they ride.

18. We have spoken in terms of the past. There is no calf round-up of the open range today. The last of the round-ups was held in Routt County, Colorado, several years ago, so far as the writer knows, and it had only to do with shifting cattle from the summer to the winter range.

19. After the calf round-up came the beef round-up, the cowman's final harvest. This began in July or August. Only the mature or fatted animals were cut out from the herd. This "beef cut" was held apart and driven on ahead from place to place as the round-up progressed. It was then driven in by easy stages to the shipping point on the railroad, whence the long trainloads of cattle went to the great markets.

20. In the heyday of the cowboy it was natural that his chief amusements should be those of the outdoor air and those more or less in line with his employment. He was accustomed to the sight of big game, and so had the edge of his appetite for its pursuit worn off. Yet he was a hunter, just as every western man was a hunter in the times of the western game. His weapons

were the rifle, revolver, and rope; the latter two were always with him. With the rope at times he captured the coyote, and under special conditions he has taken deer and even antelope in this way, though this was of course most unusual and only possible under chance conditions of ground and cover. Elk have been roped by cowboys many times, and it is known that even the mountain sheep has been so taken, almost incredible as that may seem. The young buffalo were easy prey for the cowboy, and these he often roped and made captive. In fact, the beginnings of all the herds of buffalo now in captivity in this country were the calves roped and secured by cowboys; and these few scattered individuals of a grand race of animals remain as melancholy reminders alike of a national shiftlessness and an individual skill and daring.

21. The grizzly was at times seen by the cowboys on the range, and if it chanced that several cowboys were together it was not unusual to give him chase. They did not always rope him, for it was rarely that the nature of the country made this possible. Sometimes they roped him and wished they could let him go, for a grizzly bear is uncommonly active and straightforward in his habits at close quarters. The extreme difficulty of such a combat, however, gave it its chief fascination for the cowboy. Of course, no one horse could hold the bear after it was roped, but, as one after another came up, the bear was caught by neck and foot and body, until at last he was tangled and tripped and hauled about till he was helpless, strangled, and nearly dead. It is said that cowboys have so brought into camp a grizzly bear, forcing him to half walk and half slide at the end of the ropes. No feat better than this could show the courage of the plainsman and of the horse which he so perfectly controlled.

22. Of such wild and dangerous exploits were the cowboy's amusements on the range. It may be imagined what were his amusements when he visited the settlements. The cow-punchers,

reared in the free life of the open air, under circumstances of the utmost freedom of individual action, perhaps came off the drive or round-up after weeks or months of unusual restraint or hardship, and felt that the time had arrived for them to celebrate. Merely great rude children, as wild and untamed and untaught as the herds they led, they regarded their first look at the settlements of the railroads as a glimpse of a wider world. They pursued to the uttermost such avenues of new experience as lay before them, almost without exception avenues of vice. It is strange that the records of those days should be chosen by the public to be held as the measure of the American cowboy. Those days were brief, and they are long since gone. The American cowboy atoned for them by a quarter of a century of faithful labor.

23. The amusements of the cowboy were like the features of his daily surroundings and occupation — they were intense, large, Homeric. Yet, judged at his work, no higher type of employee ever existed, nor one more dependable. He was the soul of honor in all the ways of his calling. The very blue of the sky, bending evenly over all men alike, seemed to symbolize his instinct for justice. Faithfulness and manliness were his chief traits; his standard — to be a "square man."

24. Not all the open range will ever be farmed, but very much that was long thought to be irreclaimable has gone under irrigation or is being more or less successfully dry-farmed. The man who brought water upon the arid lands of the West changed the entire complexion of a vast country and with it the industries of that country. Acres redeemed from the desert and added to the realm of the American farmer were taken from the realm of the American cowboy.

25. The West has changed. The curtain has dropped between us and its wild and stirring scenes. The old days are gone. The house dog sits on the hill where yesterday the coyote sang. There are fenced fields and in them stand sleek round beasts,

deep in crops such as their ancestors never saw. In a little town near by is the hurry and bustle of modern life. This town is far out upon what was called the frontier, long after the frontier has really gone. Guarding its ghost, here stood a little army post, once one of the pillars, now one of the monuments of the West.

26. Out from the tiny settlement in the dusk of evening, always facing toward where the sun is sinking, might be seen riding, not so long ago, a figure we should know. He would thread the little lane among the fences, following the guidance of hands other than his own, a thing he would once have scorned to do. He would ride as lightly and as easily as ever, sitting erect and jaunty in the saddle, his reins held high and loose in the hand whose fingers turn up gracefully, his whole body free yet firm in the saddle with the seat of the perfect horseman. At the boom of the cannon, when the flag dropped fluttering down to sleep, he would rise in his stirrups and wave his hat to the flag. Then, toward the edge, out into the evening, he would ride on. The dust of his riding would mingle with the dusk of night. We could not see which was the one or the other. We could only hear the hoof beats passing, boldly and steadily still, but growing fainter, fainter, and more faint.

"The Great West" here means the territory now included in the states of North and South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, and Nevada.

This sketch of the cowboy is from Emerson Hough's *The Passing of the Frontier*. The period in which the cowboy flourished was roughly the early portion of the second half of the nineteenth century.

1. What is today going on where the cowboy once lived?
2. Is life on the plains as picturesque as formerly? Is it as pleasant and comfortable?
3. What would the cowboy of fifty years ago think of the cowboys shown in moving pictures?
4. Name some of the animals the cowboys once hunted.
5. What was meant by "cutting out"? Why did it require strong nerve?

6. The story may be read in units divided into paragraphs as follows:

Unit 1.	Paragraphs	1–4
Unit 2.	"	5–10
Unit 3.	"	11–14
Unit 4.	"	15–19
Unit 5.	"	20–23
Unit 6.	"	24–25
Unit 7.	"	26

Write a short title for each of these units. Which unit do you find most interesting to read? Which most difficult?

THE PIONEER'S RIFLE[1]

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Read this selection as rapidly as you can to discover these facts:
a. The kind of rifle Daniel Boone used.
b. Three reasons why he used that kind of rifle.

SINCE the two most important single items in the life and development of those times were the ax and the rifle, and since firearms and shooting are interesting in themselves, it will be amusing and worth while to talk about them a little. I suppose it would not be an exaggeration to say that from cradle to grave one or the other of these instruments was in the hands of any pioneer during fully half his waking hours.

The typical "Kentucky rifle" looks to us like a uselessly and stupidly clumsy affair, to be sure. It was so long that a tall man could rest his chin on its muzzle when the butt was on the ground. In contrast to its heavy, long octagonal barrel, the stock was short and light, which made it muzzle-heavy. The low sights consisted of a plain bar with a nick in it for the rear, and a knife blade of silver or bone in front. It was fired, of course, by a flint lock. Boone's rifle, which is still in existence, was five feet three

[1] From Stewart Edward White's *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout*, copyrighted by Doubleday, Page and Company. Used by permission.

and a half inches long, of which the barrel was over four feet. It carried a round ball that weighed 55 to a pound. It weighed eleven pounds.

Now why did Boone pick that particular kind of weapon? Most people do not realize that there were then plenty of what we call light and handy rifles in existence, and they shot well too. All sorts of ideas were tried out very thoroughly. There was plenty of opportunity to experiment. If Boone and his companions and contemporaries deliberately chose all their lives to carry eleven pounds of metal, to burden themselves with five feet or so of gun, then they must have had good reasons. As a matter of fact, they did have good reasons.

In the backwoods, remote from all sources of supply, economy of powder and lead was greatly desirable. It became an absolute necessity when, as did Boone, the hunter cut loose for a year at a time. He should be able to vary his charge of powder according to the distance he had to shoot and the game to be shot. Now a patched round bullet in a barrel with a slow twist is the only sort whose consistent shooting is not affected by great variations of powder charge. A rifle shooting a long or conical bullet must be resighted with any radical increase or reduction of the charge. It will be just as accurate with the new charge, perhaps, but the bullets will hit to the right or left of the old sighting. Increase of powder behind a patched round ball, however, does not affect the sighting at all. It will merely add velocity, and so cause it to shoot farther and hit harder. The sighting does not have to be changed.

Thus the hunter, when shooting small game at close ranges, would often use but a thimbleful of powder, while for extreme distances he would pour in double! Each man tried out his own rifle with different charges until he knew exactly what it would do. Usually about half the weight of the bullet in powder made a full load. He took the same sight up to about fifty yards with the thimbleful charge that he would at one hundred with the full

charge, or a hundred and fifty with a double charge. There is a very persistent legend, which probably you have heard, that they used to measure the powder by pouring it on a bullet held in the palm of the hand until the bullet was completely covered. No such inaccurate method would have been tolerated for a moment by any good shot. When once the proper charge was determined, the hunter made a little charge cup to hold just the proper amount, usually from the tip of a deer's horn, and this was suspended by the bottom (to keep it dry) from the powder horn.

Thus we have found a very good reason for the round ball, and for the fact that the front and rear sights were fixed. They did not need to be moved because the point of aim was always the same; the powder was varied for different ranges, and as there was no increased "drift" it was unnecessary to move them sideways.

But why the very long, thick, and therefore heavy barrel? We are usually told that it was to "burn all the powder." It is a fact, however, that in a machine rest a barrel a foot shorter, or even eighteen inches, is just as accurate. As a matter of fact, the reason is the same as for the round ball: scarcity of ammunition. The aim had to be deadly. It might be added that without muzzle loaders, and without the advantage of our magazines, it was extremely desirable to make the first shot count! And so, again, the aim had to be deadly.

It must be remembered that these weapons were developed in a country where most of the shooting was done in the deep shade of forests. Aperture sights were out of the question; and aperture sights are the only sort that do not blur near the eye. Try it. You will find it impossible to focus sharply on the rear sight, the front sight, and the object of aim all at the same time. One of them *must* be blurred somewhat. Usually it is the rear sight, because a slight blur there is of lesser importance. How can this be obviated? By getting the eyes farther away from the rear

sight. Try that. Lay your rifle across a table and then look over the sights from a little distance back. Both the sights and the object of aim will be clear and well defined; and naturally that makes for better accuracy.

The only way to gain this result is to build a very long barrel and place the rear sight some distance down it. For remember, if you want accuracy, there *must* be considerable distance between the front and rear sights. In addition to this consideration, there is no question that a strong man can hold a muzzle-heavy gun steadier than he can a muzzle-light gun; and these were all strong men.

Besides, the thick barrel vibrates less than the thin barrel, has less "whip," as it is called. A modern light rifle often has a tremendous whip, sufficient to throw the bullet far off the mark, but since the whip is always the same it can be compensated for by the sights. If the powder charge is changed, however, then the amount and perhaps the direction of the whip changes, so that your former sighting would be no good at all. That is one reason why reduced charges are so unsatisfactory in modern rifles. But these thick, heavy barrels reduced whip to almost nothing. It was still further reduced by the material from which the barrels were made, a very soft iron, so soft that a shaving could be cut from the edge of the octagon barrel without dulling a knife. The fact that they made the knives showed that they could make harder metal; but this soft iron had less vibration, less whip.

There was also less recoil to a heavy gun. That does not sound important; certainly these husky frontiersmen ought not to have minded that, especially in view of the "kick" we get along with in our rifles. It was not important when the butt was rested against the shoulder. But very often the butt was rested on the upper arm, or even in the crook of the elbow. It enabled the shooter to hold looser and across his body, which made for steadiness: but it was especially practiced because he could shoot from

behind a tree without exposing more than an eye and his forearm. And that was a healthy thing to do!

The sights were set low on the barrel not only for the obvious reason that they were less liable to injury, but also to prevent the rifleman from "drawing coarse," that is, taking in too much of the front sight and hence shooting too high. We do that on purpose sometimes when shooting at longer ranges, but they got the same effect, it must be remembered, by increasing the powder charges. As has been said, the sights were in forest country adjusted for one hundred yards for full charges and one hundred and fifty yards for the double charges. In the open country and in war they made these point-blank ranges longer.

Shooting across the body and from behind trees accounts for the deep scooped butt-plates and for the shortness and "drop" of the stocks. On the right side of the stock was a trap with a hinged brass cover for patches and grease. You may be sure that the brass was never polished! Indeed, when the metal anywhere began to show bright, it was rubbed with the crushed pod of a green hazelnut or some other vegetable acid. No one wanted a glint of light to betray him to his foes.

The bore at the muzzle was very slightly enlarged to permit the seating the bullet easily, which rested on a greased patch and was rammed home so as just to touch the powder, but not to crush the grains. That is another silly legend, that the bullet must be rammed down hard "until the ramrod jumps out of the barrel." Such a procedure would give an astounding variety of pressures; and our forbears knew better. Homemade linen was used for the patches. It is generally buckskin in the story books; but buckskin was too thick and was never used when linen could be had. It permitted quicker loading, because the bullet did not need to be forced in to make a tight fit; it made a gas check that prevented the gas from getting into the barrel ahead of the bullet; it prevented stripping the ball, and so "leading" the barrel; and it made possible firing many times without cleaning.

The flint lock, of course, they used because they had no other. If they could have had percussion, they would have been the more pleased. But a properly made flint lock was not too slow for accurate shooting. They are judged mainly by the crude specimens to be found on the old Brown Bess muskets and similar atrocities to be seen hanging on our walls. These had a ponderous hammer with a long sweep, a cumbersome heavy trigger, an appreciable hang fire. *Click — floo — bang!* they went.

But the rifles of the hunters were furnished with finely adjustable set triggers that went off at a touch. For the benefit of those who do not know: a set trigger outfit consists of two triggers; when one is pressed it "sets" the other, which will then go off literally "at a touch." Until set, however, it is safe. The spring, lock, and pan all worked smoothly and accurately together, "like two sides of a wolf trap," as somebody expressed it. "The mainspring," wrote the same man, "has an even velvety feel, soft yet quick and sharp. It shot with remarkable evenness. This was due to the fact that the same amount of gas escaped from the touch hole each time it was fired. The touch hole was bushed with platinum and therefore never burned out. And, finally, I never saw this arm misfire. Its owner never used any but the finest French flints, thin and very sharp. They were semi-transparent, and one would fire a hundred and fifty shots."

That was something all these men insisted on, the thin, clear flint, scraped very fine and clean, and held by very tight-set screws. That, with the other details noted above, practically obviated hang fires.

Another thing they were extremely particular about was the quality of the powder. They made gunpowder in America then, but it was of an inferior quality, consumed mainly by farmers. Occasionally a backwoodsman might employ it on game near home but never, if he could help it, on any serious business. He wanted French powder, with its fine, hard grains of a glossy black. This was quicker and more uniform in action, and when it was

used the rifle did not need wiping out so often. Caked powder dirt, as we all know, is fatal to accuracy.

This powder was carried in a powder horn of from a half pound to a pound capacity. It was literally a cow or buffalo horn, but was far from the ugly clumsy makeshifts we see hanging on old muskets. Our frontiersman used to scrape and scrape again until the horn was almost as thin as isinglass. When the grains of the powder could be seen through the horn, it was considered a good job. From the tip of the horn depended by a thong the charger, hung mouth down to keep it dry.

Never in any circumstances did they use metal powder horns. They were made even then, but they were used exclusively by the farmer and the military. Powder carried for any length of time in copper or iron is sure to deteriorate because these metals "sweat" — accumulate moisture at different temperatures. Powder came from the factories in canisters, but was invariably transferred to wooden kegs when it was to be stored for any length of time, or to gourds for lighter transportation. Lewis and Clark had the ingenious idea of carrying their main powder supply in caskets of lead, which does not sweat; and they made the caskets of just enough lead to melt into bullets for the amount of powder they contained. The bullets were carried in a pouch, which, by the way, was called the shot pouch, never the bullet pouch.

With this outfit the first-class shot could not drive nails at a hundred yards, nor superimpose balls one over the other, but he could do excellent shooting. In comparison with what anybody else could do in those days with any other weapon then extant, he did marvelous shooting. Muskets were elsewhere in almost universal use, long smooth bores. Their bore was a little larger than that of a 12-gauge shotgun and carried a round ball of about 600 grains. If carefully aimed, it would hit a mark a foot square at forty yards. At one hundred yards, about half the balls would go into a four-foot square. At two hundred yards it is on record than an "expert" triumphantly planted a bullet on a mark eight-

een *feet* square! This was all very well when all you had to do was to hit a whole regiment in the close formation of that day, but when it came to a squirrel's head or an Indian's eye ——!

It is a little difficult to get accurate records, for they did not keep them. The men did a good deal of match shooting, but the proposition was to come closest to a pin point dead center. A cross was marked on a piece of board and the contestant pinned over the cross anything he pleased, large or small, to aim at. After he had fired, they took down the paper and examined to see how near the center of the cross his bullet had hit.

It is related quite casually of Daniel Boone that at a siege by Indians he shot through the head a man perched in a tree two hundred paces away. That would be excellent shooting today. Hangar, a British officer, says of the backwoodsman that "Provided he can draw good and true sight, he can hit the head of a man at two hundred yards." As you have learned, it was customary to shoot squirrels in the head! Of course, that is close range, from twenty to forty yards. It seems probable that within the limits of their range, even with the "clumsy flint-lock rifles," they held even with the best shots of our day, making up in practice and care of detail what little they lacked in refinement of weapon.

And how they could handle that weapon! Kephart tells of an old-timer who, on request, gave an exhibition of loading. He performed the feat in under ten seconds. This was a percussion lock. Probably a flint lock would be about as fast, for the time necessary to cap a nipple or prime a pan would be approximately the same. It was a commonplace that any hunter should be able to reload at a gallop on horseback, or when running fast afoot. That was no little feat of sleight-of-hand — to pour the powder in the muzzle, ram home the ball, prime the pan. It strikes me there must have been a lot of powder spilled in the learning!

Of course in the rapid close-range work of a pitched battle extreme care was unnecessary. Speed was much more impor-

tant. The powder was poured in by guess direct from the horn. The bullets were held in the mouth. Without the greased patch they were small enough to drop down the barrel of their own weight; and being wet with saliva they stuck to the powder and so did not roll out again. But that was for pressure of business. Whenever he had the seconds to spare, the frontiersman loaded carefully, and was ready to pick off a foe who exposed no more than an eye or an elbow from behind the tree.

1. What period of American history is referred to in this selection?
2. Without re-reading, write:
   a. Five facts about Boone's rifle.
   b. Three reasons why he used this kind of rifle.
3. Read again the parts of the selection that will enable you to make certain your answers are correct.
4. Were other kinds of rifles available at that period?
5. For what purposes did the pioneer use the rifle?
6. Why did the pioneers never polish their guns?
7. Why did the pioneer have to be careful of his powder supply?
8. What do you think of these pioneers as marksmen?
9. Why was it important to be a good shot?
10. It would be interesting to illustrate this selection in your notebook. What can you use?

THE LONG TRAIL [1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

We tunneled miles of silent pines,
  Dark forests where the stillness was so deep
The scared wind walked a-tiptoe on the spines,
  And the restless aspen seemed to sleep.

We threaded aisles of dripping fir;
  We climbed toward mountains dim and far,
Where snow forever shines and shines,
  And only winds and waters are.

Red streams came down from hillsides crissed and crossed
  With fallen firs; but on a sudden, lo!
A silver lakelet bound and barred
  With sunset's clouds reflected far below.

These lakes so lonely were, so still and cool,
  They burned as bright as burnished steel;
The shadowed pine branch in the pool
  Was no less vivid than the real.

We crossed the Great Divide and saw
  The sun-lit valleys far below us wind;
Before us opened cloudless sky; the raw
  Gray rain swept close behind.

We saw great glaciers grind themselves to foam;
  We trod the moose's lofty home,
And heard, high on the yellow hills,
  The wildcat clamor of his ills.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*. Used by permission of the author.

The way grew grimmer day by day,
  The weeks to months stretched on and on;
And hunger kept, not far away,
  A never-failing watch at dawn.

We lost all reckoning of season and of time;
  Sometimes it seemed the bitter breeze
Of icy March brought fog and rain,
  And next November tempests shook the trees.

It was a wild and lonely ride.
  Save the hid loon's mocking cry,
Or marmot on the mountain side,
  The earth was silent as the sky.

All day through sunless forest aisles,
  On cold dark moss our horses trod;
It was so lonely there for miles and miles,
  The land seemed lost to God.

Our horses cut by rocks, by brambles torn,
  Staggered onward, stiff and sore;
Or broken, bruised, and saddle-worn,
  Fell in the sloughs to rise no more.

Yet still we rode right on and on,
  And shook our clenched hands at the clouds,
Daring the winds of early dawn
  And the dread torrent roaring loud.

So long we rode, so hard, so far,
  We seemed condemned by stern decree
To ride until the morning star
  Should sink forever in the sea.

Yet now, when all is past, I dream
  Of every mountain's shining cap.
I long to hear again the stream
  Roar through the foam-white granite gap.

The pains recede. The joys draw near.
  The splendors of great Nature's face
Make me forget all need, all fear,
  And the long journey grows in grace.

Hamlin Garland joined the frenzied rush to the Klondike gold fields in the nineties. In "The Long Trail" he pictures the experiences of the dangerous and lonely expedition. On this trip he rode his fine horse Ladrone (page 236).

In reading the poem, imagine the first stanza to be descriptive of the early part of the journey, somewhere near the northwestern boundary of the United States. The trail leads north through the western part of British Columbia to Alaska, and the succeeding stanzas tell the gold-seekers' experiences as they proceed northward.

1. The poem abounds in beautiful pictures that could be painted by an artist. Find two that especially interest you.

2. What difficulties did the travelers meet? How do these compare with the difficulties of the Forty-Niners? (See page 314.)

3. Was this poem written while the men were on the trail or afterwards? How do you know?

4. What phases of the journey does Mr. Garland best remember? Note the two closing stanzas.

THE GOLD–SEEKERS [1]

HAMLIN GARLAND

I SAW these dreamers of dreams go by,
I trod in their footsteps a space;
Each marched with his eyes on the sky,
Each passed with a light on his face.

They came from the hopeless and sad,
They faced the future and gold;
Some the tooth of want's wolf had made mad,
And some at the forge had grown old.

Behind them these serfs of the tool
The rags of their service had flung;
No longer of fortune the fool,
This word from each bearded lip rung:

"Once more I'm a man, I am free!
No man is my master, I say;
Tomorrow I fail, it may be —
No matter, I'm freeman today."

They go to a toil that is sure,
To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure,
They are mad with a longing for gold.

The light will fade from each eye,
The smile from each face;
They will curse the impassible sky,
And the earth when the snow torrents race.

[1] From Hamlin Garland's *The Trail of the Gold-Seekers*. Used by permission of the author.

Some will sink by the way and be laid
In the frost of the desolate earth;
And some will return to a maid,
Empty of hand as at birth.

But this out of all will remain,
They have lived and have tossed;
So much in the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.

In "The Gold-Seekers" Mr. Garland describes the men who took "the long trail" seeking for gold.

1. Why does he call them "dreamers of dreams"?
2. What kinds of lives had they lived before seeking gold? Explain "serfs of the tool."
3. How had the new adventure changed these men? Find the lines that best describe this change.
4. What future does the poet see for these men?
5. What sure "gain" does he see in it all?

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

The author has written the following story of the poem.

"'America the Beautiful' was written in its original form, more literary and ornate than the present version, in the summer of 1893. I was making my first trip west. After visiting at Chicago the World's Fair, where I was naturally impressed by the symbolic beauty of the White City, I went on to Colorado Springs. Here I spent three weeks or so under the purple range of the Rockies, which looked down with surprise on a summer school. This had called to its faculty several instructors from the East, Dr. Rolfe coming from Cambridge to teach Shakespeare, Professor Todd from Amherst for lectures on astronomy, Professor Katharine Coman from Wellesley for a course in economics. My own subject, which seemed incongruous enough under that new and glowing sky, was English religious drama.

"We strangers celebrated the close of the session by a merry expedition to the top of Pikes Peak, making the ascent by the only method then available for people not vigorous enough to achieve the climb on foot nor adventurous enough for burro riding. Prairie wagons, their tailboards emblazoned with the traditional slogan, 'Pikes Peak or Bust,' were pulled by horses up to the half-way house, where the horses were relieved by mules. We were hoping for half an hour on the summit, but two of our party became so faint in the rarefied air that we were bundled into the wagons again and started on our downward plunge so speedily that our sojourn on the peak remains in memory hardly more than one ecstatic gaze.

"It was then and there, as I was looking out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country spreading away so far under those ample skies, that the opening lines of the hymn floated into my mind. When we left Colorado Springs the four stanzas were penciled in my notebook, together with other memoranda, in verse and prose, of the trip.

"The Wellesley work soon absorbed time and attention again, the notebook was laid aside, and I do not remember paying heed to these verses until the second summer following, when I copied them out and sent them to *The Congregationalist*, where they first appeared in print July 4, 1895. The hymn attracted an unexpected amount of attention. It was almost at once set to music by that eminent composer, Silas G. Pratt, and republished with his setting, in *Famous Songs*, issued in 1895 by the Baker and Taylor Company. Other tunes were written for the words, and so many requests came to me, with still increasing frequency, to permit its use in various publications and for special services that, in 1904, I rewrote it, trying to make the phraseology more simple and direct.

"The new form first appeared in the *Evening Transcript* of Boston, November 19, 1904. After the lapse of a few years, during which the hymn had run the gantlet of criticism, I changed the wording of the opening quatrain of the third stanza. The hymn as printed above is the final version."

NOTEBOOK

In one of Francis Bacon's essays he writes,

"Some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

How do you think Bacon would classify the selections of this section? Write your comments in your notebook.

WHICH STORY IS MOST DIFFICULT FOR YOU?

You can show which selection is easiest and which most difficult for you to read by making a set of scales in your notebook.

Scale

This selection is difficult for me to read and study.						This selection is easy for me to read and study.
−3 (least)	−2 (less)	−1 (a little)	0 (average)	+1 (a little)	+2 (more)	+3 (most)

1. In your notebook draw a line like the above scale for each selection in this section on THE GREAT TREK (pages 313–346).

Prairie Folks

This selection is difficult for me to read and study.						This selection is easy for me to read and study.
−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

Across the Plains

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Ranchman's Ride

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Cowboy

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Pioneer's Rifle

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Long Trail

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

The Gold-Seekers

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

America the Beautiful

−3	−2	−1	0	+1	+2	+3

2. Mark the scales as follows: If the selection, when you read it, seemed *very difficult*, place a dot above the − 3 at the left end of the scale. If it seemed *very easy*, place the dot above + 3 at the right end of the scale. If it was neither very difficult nor very easy, then place the dot at the point on the scale which seems to you most fitting.

3. Which selection do you place highest on the scale? Which lowest?

4. If you will connect the dots you have placed on the eight scales, you will have a *curve of difficulty*. Compare your curve with the ones made by other members of your class.

A GREAT AMERICAN

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN[1]

LORD CHARNWOOD

THE subject of this memoir is revered by multitudes of his countrymen as the preserver of their commonwealth. This reverence has grown with the lapse of time and the accumulation of evidence. It is blended with a peculiar affection, seldom bestowed upon the memory of statesmen. It is shared today by many who remember with no less affection how their own fathers fought against him. He died with every circumstance of tragedy, yet it is not the accident of his death but the purpose of his life that is remembered.

---

1. Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States of America, was born on February 12, 1809, in a log cabin on a barren farm in the backwoods of Kentucky, about three miles west of a place called Hodgensville in what is now Larue County.

2. Fifty years later when he had been nominated for the Presidency he was asked for material for an account of his early life. "Why," he said, "it is a great folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence; and that sentence you will find in Gray's Elegy:

> The short and simple annals of the poor.

That's my life, and that's all you or anyone else can make out of it." His other references to early days were rare. He would repeat queer reminiscences of the backwoods to illustrate questions of state; but of his own part in that old life he spoke reluctantly and sadly. Nevertheless there was once extracted

[1] From Lord Charnwood's *Life of Lincoln*, copyrighted by Henry Holt and Company. Used by permission of the author and the publisher.

from him an awkward autobiographical fragment, and his friends have collected and recorded concerning his earlier years quite as much as is common in great men's biographies or can as a rule be reproduced with its true associations. Thus there are tales enough of the untaught student's perseverance, and of the boy giant's gentleness and prowess; tales, too, more than enough in proportion, of the fun which varied but did not pervade his existence, and of the young rustic's occasional and somewhat oafish pranks. But in any conception we may form as to the growth of his mind and character, this fact must have its place, that to the man himself the thought of his early life was unattractive, void of self-content over the difficulties which he had conquered, and void of romantic fondness for vanished joys of youth.

3. Much the same may be said of his ancestry and family connections. Contempt for lowly beginnings, abhorrent as it is to any honest mind, would to Lincoln's mind have probably been inconceivable, but he lacked that interest in ancestry which is generally marked in his countrymen, and from talk of his nearer progenitors he seems to have shrunk with a positive sadness, of which some causes will soon be apparent. Since his death it has been ascertained that in 1638 one Samuel Lincoln of Norwich emigrated to Massachusetts. Descent from him could be claimed by a prosperous family in Virginia, several of whom fought on the Southern side in the Civil War.

4. One Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the President and apparently a grandson of Samuel, crossed the mountains from Virginia in 1780 and settled his family in Kentucky, of which the nearer portions had recently been explored. One morning four years later he was at work near his cabin with Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, his sons, when a shot from the bushes near by brought him down. Mordecai ran to the house, Josiah to a fort, which was close to them. Thomas, aged six, stayed by his father's body. Mordecai seized a gun and, looking

through the window, saw an Indian in war paint stooping to pick up Thomas. He fired and killed the savage and, when Thomas had run into the cabin, continued firing at others who appeared among the bushes. Shortly Josiah returned with soldiers from the fort, and the Indians ran off, leaving Abraham the elder dead.

5. Mordecai, his heir-at-law, prospered. We hear of him long after as an old man of substance and repute in western Illinois. He had decided views about Indians. The sight of a redskin would move him to strange excitement; he would disappear into the bushes with his gun, and his conscience as a son and a sportsman would not be satisfied till he had stalked and shot him. We are further informed that he was a "good old man." Josiah also moved to Illinois, and it is pleasant to learn that he also was a good old man and, as became a good old man, prospered pretty well. But President Lincoln and his sister knew neither these excellent elders nor any other of their father's kin.

6. And those with whom the story of his own first twenty-one years is bound up invite almost as summary treatment. Thomas Lincoln never prospered like Mordecai and Josiah, and never seems to have left the impress of his goodness or of anything else on any man. But while learning to carpenter under one Joseph Hanks, he married his employer's niece Nancy, and by her became the father first of a daughter Sarah, and four years later, at the farm near Hodgensville aforesaid, of Abraham, the future President. In 1816, after several migrations, he transported his household down the Ohio to a spot on the Indiana shore, near which the village of Gentryville soon sprang up. There he abode till Abraham was nearly twenty-one. When the boy was nine his mother died, leaving him in his sister's care; but after a year or so Thomas went back alone to Kentucky and, after brief wooing, brought back a wife, Sarah, the widow of one Mr. Johnston, whom he had courted vainly before her first marriage. He brought with her some useful additions to his household gear,

and her rather useless son, John Johnston. Relatives of Abraham's mother and other old neighbors — in particular John and Dennis Hanks — accompanied all the family's migrations. Ultimately, in 1830, they all moved farther west into Illinois.

7. Meanwhile Abraham from an early age did such various tasks for his father or for neighboring farmers as from time to time suited the father. When an older lad, he was put for a while in charge of a ferry boat, and this led to the two great adventures of his early days, voyages with a cargo boat and two mates down by river to New Orleans. The second and more memorable of these voyages was just after the migration to Illinois. He returned from it to a place called New Salem, in Illinois, some distance from his father's new farm, in expectation of work in a store which was about to be opened. Abraham, by this time, was of age, and in accordance with custom had been set free to shift for himself.

8. Each of these migrations was effected with great labor in transportation of baggage (sometimes in home-made boats), clearing of timber, and building; and Thomas Lincoln cannot have been wanting in the capacity for great exertions. But historians have been inclined to be hard on him. He seems to have been without sustained industry; in any case he had not much money sense and could not turn his industry to much account. Some hint that he drank, but it is admitted that most Kentucky men drank more. There are indications that he was a dutiful but ineffective father, chastising not too often or too much, but generally on the wrong occasion. He was no scholar and did not encourage his son that way, but he had a great liking for stories. He was of a peaceable and inoffensive temper, but on great provocation would turn on a bully with surprising and dire consequences.

9. Old Thomas, after Abraham was turned loose, continued a migrant, always towards a supposed better farm farther west, always with a mortgage on him. Abraham, when he was a

struggling professional man, helped him with money as well as he could. We have his letter to the old man on his deathbed, a letter of genuine but mild affection with due words of piety. He explains that illness in his own household makes it impossible for him to pay a last visit to his father, and then, with that curious directness which is common in the families of the poor and has as a rule no sting, he remarks that an interview, if it had been possible, might have given more pain than pleasure to both. Everybody has insisted from the first how little Abraham took after his father, but more than one of the traits attributed to Thomas will certainly reappear.

10. Abraham, as a man, when for once he spoke of his mother, whom he very seldom mentioned, spoke with intense feeling for her motherly care. "I owe," he said, "everything that I am to her."

11. Sarah Bush Lincoln, his stepmother, was good to him and he to her. Above all, she encouraged him in his early studies, to which a fretful housewife could have opposed such terrible obstacles. She lived to hope that he might not be elected President for fear that enemies should kill him, and she lived to have her fear fulfilled. His affectionate care over her continued to the end. She lived latterly with her son, John Johnston. Abraham's later letters to this companion of his youth deserve to be looked up in the eight large volumes called his Works, for it is hard to see how a man could speak or act better to an impecunious friend who would not face his own troubles squarely. It is sad that the "ever your affectionate brother" of the earlier letters declines to "yours sincerely" in the last; but it is an honest decline of affection, for the man had proved to be cheating his mother, and Abraham had had to stop it.

12. The life of the farming pioneer in what was then the Far West afforded a fair prospect of laborious independence. But at least till Lincoln was grown up, when a time of rapid growth and change set in, it offered no hope of quickly gotten

wealth, and it imposed severe hardship on all. The country was thickly wooded; the settler had before him at the outset heavy toil in clearing the ground and in building some rude shelter — a house or just a "half-faced camp," that is, a shed with one side open to the weather, such as that in which the Lincoln family passed their first winter near Gentryville. The site once chosen and the clearing once made, there was no such ease of cultivation or such certain fertility as later settlers found yet farther west, when the development of railways, of agricultural machinery, and of eastern or European markets had opened out to cultivation the enormous stretches of level grass plain beyond the Mississippi.

13. Till population had grown a good deal, pioneer families were largely occupied in producing for themselves with their own hands what, in their hardy if not always frugal view, were the necessities and comforts of life. They had no eastern market for their produce, for railways did not begin to be made till 1840, and it was many years before they crossed the eastern mountains. An occasional cargo was taken on a flat-bottomed boat down the nearest creek, as a stream is called in America, into the Ohio and so by the innumerable windings of the Mississippi to New Orleans; but no return cargo could be brought upstream. Knives and axes were the most precious objects to be gained by trade. Woolen fabrics were rare in the West, when Lincoln was born, and the white man and woman, like the red whom they had displaced, were chiefly dressed in deer skins. The woods abounded in game, and in the early stages of the development of the West a man could largely support himself by his gun. The cold of every winter is there great, and an occasional winter made itself long remembered, like the "winter of the deep snow" in Illinois, by the havoc of its sudden onset and the suffering of its long duration. The settling of a forest country was accompanied here as elsewhere by the occasional ravages of strange and destructive pestilences and the constant presence

of malaria. Population was soon thick enough for occasional gatherings, convivial or religious, and in either case apt to be wild, but for long it was not thick enough for the life of most settlers to be other than lonely as well as hard.

14. Abraham Lincoln in his teens grew very fast, and by nineteen he was nearly six foot four. His weight was never quite proportionate to this. His ungainly figure, with long arms and large hands and relatively small development of chest, and the strange deep-cut lineaments of his face, were perhaps the evidence of unfit (sometimes insufficient) food in these years of growth. But his muscular strength was great, and startling statistical tales are told of the weight he could lift and the force of his blows with a mallet or an ax. To a gentle and thoughtful boy with secret ambition in him, such strength is a great gift, and in such surroundings most obviously so.

15. Lincoln as a lad was a valuable workman at the varied tasks that came his way, without needing that intense application to manual pursuits which the bent of his mind made irksome to him. And he was a person of high consideration among the lads of his age and company. The manners of the people then settling in Indiana and Illinois had not the extreme ferocity for which Kentucky had earlier been famous, and which crops up here and there in frontier life elsewhere. All the same, as might naturally be supposed, they shared Plato's opinion that youths and men in the prime of life should settle their differences with their fists. Young Lincoln's few serious combats were satisfactorily decisive, and neither they nor his friendly wrestling bouts ended in the quarrels which were too common among his neighbors. Thus, for all his originality and oddity, he early grew accustomed to mix in the sort of company he was likely to meet, without either inward shrinking or the need of conscious self-assertion.

16. In one thing he stood aloof from the sports of his fellows. Most backwoodsmen were bred to the gun; he has told us that

he shot a turkey when he was eight and never afterwards shot at all. There is an early tale of his protests against an aimless slaughter of mud turtles; and it may be guessed that the dislike of all killing, which gave him sore trouble later, began when he was young. Tales survive of his kindness to helpless men and animals. It marks the real hardness of his surroundings, and their hardening effect on many, that his exertions in saving a drunken man from death in the snow are related with apparent surprise. Some tales of his helping a pig stuck in a bog or a dog on an ice floe and the like seem to indicate a curious and lasting trait. These things seem not to have been done spontaneously, but on mature reflection after he had passed unheeding by. He grew to be a man of prompt action in circumstances of certain kinds; but generally his impulse was slow and not very sure. Taste and the minor sensibilities were a little deficient in him. As a lady once candidly explained to him, he was not ready with little gracious acts. But rare occasions, such as can arouse a passionate sense of justice, would kindle his slow, kind nature with a sudden fire.

17. The total amount of his schooling, at the several brief periods for which there happened to have been a school accessible and facility to get to it, was afterwards computed by himself at something under twelve months. With this slight help distributed over the years from his eighth to his fifteenth birthday, he taught himself to read, write, and do sums. The stories of the effort and painful shifts, by which great men accomplish this initial labor almost unhelped, have in all cases the same pathos, and have a certain sameness in detail. Having learned to read, he had the following books within his reach: the Bible, Æsop's Fables, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a history of the United States, and Weems's *Life of Washington*. Later on the fancy took him to learn the laws of his state, and he obtained the *Laws of Indiana*. These books he did read, and read again, and pondered, not with any dreamy or purely intellectual interest,

but like one who desires the weapon of learning for practical ends, and desires also to have patterns of what life should be.

18. As already said, his service as a laborer could be considerable, and when something stirred his ambition to do a task quickly his energy could be prodigious. But "bone idle is what I called him," was the verdict long after of one, perhaps too critical, employer. "I found him," he said, "cocked up on a haystack with a book. 'What are you reading?' I said. 'I'm not reading, I'm studying,' says he. 'What are you studying?' says I. 'Law,' says he, as proud as Cicero. 'Great God Almighty!' said I." The boy's correction, "studying" for "reading," was impertinent, but probably sound.

19. To be equally sound, we must reckon among his educational facilities the abundant stories which came his way in a community which, however unlettered, was certainly not dull-spirited; the occasional newspaper; the rare lectures or political meetings; the much more frequent religious meetings, with preachers who taught a grim doctrine, but who preached with vigor and sometimes with the deepest sincerity; the hymns often of great emotional power over a simple congregation — Cowper's "There is a fountain filled with blood" is one recorded favorite among them; the songs, other than hymns, which Dennis Hanks and his other mates would pick up or compose; and the practice in rhetoric and the art of exposition, which he unblushingly afforded himself before audiences of fellow laborers, who welcomed the jest and the excuse for stopping work. The achievement of the self-taught man remains wonderful; but if he surmounts his difficulties at all, some of his limitations may turn to sheer advantage. There is some advantage merely in being driven to make the most of few books; great advantage in having one's choice restricted by circumstances to good books; great advantage too in the consciousness of untrained faculty which leaves a man capable in mature life of deliberately undertaking mental discipline.

This account of Lincoln's boyhood follows, in general, the outline below. Copy the outline in your notebook and place in front of each topic and sub-topic the numbers of the paragraphs which treat of that topic.

Outline

A. Lincoln's birth and the sources of information concerning his early life
B. Lincoln's ancestry
  a. Earliest known ancestor
  b. Grandfather and uncles
  c. Father, mother, etc.
C. Family migrations
  a. To Indiana
  b. To Illinois
D. Stepmother and stepbrother
E. Life of the pioneer in Lincoln's day
F. Lincoln himself
  a. His growth, appearance, and strength
  b. His relations to others
  c. Tales of his gentleness
  d. Schooling and self-education

Vocabulary Study

1. On page 359 are a hundred of the most difficult words in this selection. Copy this list in your notebook and then measure your word knowledge in this manner.

a. Place three crosses before each word of which you can give a definition; thus, ××× *aimless.*

b. Place two crosses before each word which you recognize as having seen before but for which you cannot give a definition; thus, ×× *void.*

c. Place a zero before each word which seems to you entirely new; thus, o *oafish.*

2. Now measure the importance of this list of words in the following manner:

a. Note the digit before each word. This shows in which thousand of Thorndike's 10,000 commonest words the word occurs. Thus, the figure for *abode* is 4. The figure for *affection* is 5. Where no digit is given, the word is too infrequent to be included in the Thorndike list. See page 542 for an explanation of the Thorndike list.

abhorrent
4 abode
accessible
2 accordance
5 affection
aforesaid
aimless
1 annals
2 ascertained
3 attributed
autobiographical
backwoods
2 bout
1 bully
1 candidly
4 capacity
4 cargo
2 chastising
clearing
4 combat
5 conscience
4 consideration
4 contempt
7 courted
1 critical
2 cultivation
5 curious
1 decisive
deficient
3 descent
3 dire
6 effected
emotional
1 exertions
1 exposition
2 fabric
1 facility
3 faculty
ferocity
floe
2 frugal
2 gear
3 gentleness
2 havoc
4 hint
2 historians
impecunious
impertinent
inconceivable
2 initial
2 innumerable
2 intellectual
1 irksome
2 laborious
1 lineaments
malaria
1 manual
4 mature
1 migrations
2 mortgage
2 nominated
oafish
3 obstacles
2 obviously
oddity
2 passionate
pathos
2 pervade
2 pestilence
3 pioneer
2 pondered
3 pranks
2 prodigious
progenitors
proportionate
2 provocation
2 prowess
1 ravage
3 reflection
2 reluctantly
reminiscences
2 repute
1 restricted
1 rhetoric
2 romantic
4 rustic
1 sensibilities
2 sincerity
7 sound
1 spontaneously
4 stalk
statistical
5 substance
2 surmount
4 sustained
4 transportation
1 ultimately
ungainly
1 verdict
4 void

b. Now count the number of words in each of Thorndike's thousands and make a table like this:

First thousand.....words
Second thousand.....words
Third thousand (etc. to tenth thousand).....words
Not in the Thorndike list.....words

c. What statement can you make about the extent and variety of Lord Charnwood's use of words?

THE CIRCUIT RIDER[1]

IDA M. TARBELL

1. WHEN, in 1849, Lincoln decided to abandon politics finally and to devote himself to the law, he had been practicing for thirteen years. In spite of the many interruptions electioneering and office-holding had caused, he was well established. Rejoining his partner Herndon — the firm of Lincoln and Herndon had been only a name during Lincoln's term in Washington — he took up the law with a singleness of purpose which had never before characterized his practice.

2. Lincoln's headquarters were in Springfield, but his practice was itinerant. The arrangements for the administration of justice in Illinois in the early days were suited to the conditions of the country, the state being divided into judicial circuits including more or less territory according to the population. To each circuit a judge was appointed, who each spring and fall traveled from county seat to county seat to hold court. With the judge traveled a certain number of the best-known lawyers of the district. Each lawyer had, of course, a permanent office in one of the county seats, and often at several of the others he had partners, usually young men of little experience, for whom he acted as counsel in special cases. This peripatetic court prevailed in Illinois until the beginning of the fifties; but for many years after, when the towns had grown so large that a clever lawyer might have enough to do in his own county, a few lawyers, Lincoln among them, who from long association felt that the circuit was their natural habitat, refused to leave it.

3. The circuit which Lincoln traveled was known as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. It included fifteen counties in 1845, though the territory has since been divided into more. It was about one hundred and fifty miles long by as many broad. There

[1] From Ida M. Tarbell's *Abraham Lincoln*. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

were no railroads in the Eighth Circuit until about 1845, and the court traveled on horseback or in carriages. Lincoln had no horse in the early days of his practice. It was his habit then to borrow one, or to join a company of a half dozen or more in hiring a three-seated spring wagon. Later he owned a turn-out of his own, which figures in nearly all the traditions of the Eighth Circuit, the horse being described as "poky" and the buggy as "rattling."

4. There was much that was irritating and uncomfortable in the circuit riding of the Illinois court, but there was more which was amusing to a temperament like Lincoln's. The freedom, the long days in the open air, the unexpected, if trivial, adventures, the meeting with wayfarers and settlers — all was an entertainment to him. He found humor and human interest on the route, where his companions saw nothing but commonplaces. "He saw the ludicrous in an assemblage of fowls," says H. C. Whitney, one of his fellow itinerants, "in a man spading his garden, in a clothesline full of clothes, in a group of boys, in a lot of pigs rooting at a mill door, in a mother duck teaching her brood to swim — in everything and anything." The sympathetic observations of these long rides furnished humorous settings for some of his best stories. If frequently on these trips he fell into somber reveries and rode with head bent, ignoring his companions, generally he took part in all the frolicking which went on, joining in practical jokes, singing noisily with the rest, sometimes even playing a jew's-harp.

5. When the county seat was reached, the bench and bar quickly settled themselves in the town tavern. It was usually a large two-story house with big rooms and long verandas. There was little exclusiveness possible in these hostelries. Ordinarily judge and lawyer slept two in a bed, and three or four beds in a room. They ate at the common table with jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, traveling peddlers, teamsters, and laborers. The only attempt at classification on the landlord's

part was seating the lawyers in a group at the head of the table. Most of them accepted this distinction complacently. Lincoln, however, seemed to be indifferent to it. One day, when he had come in and seated himself at the foot, the landlord called to him, "You're in the wrong place, Mr. Lincoln; come up here." "Have you anything better to eat up there, Joe?" he inquired quizzically; "if not, I'll stay here."

6. The accommodations of the taverns were often unsatisfactory — the food poorly cooked, the beds hard. Lincoln accepted everything with uncomplaining good nature, though his companions habitually growled at the hardships of the life. It was not only repugnance to criticism which might hurt others; it was the indifference of one whose thoughts were always busy with problems apart from physical comfort, who had little notion of the so-called refinement of life and almost no sense of luxury and ease.

7. The judge naturally was the leading character in these nomadic groups. He received all the special consideration the democratic spirit of the inhabitants bestowed on anyone, and controlled his privacy and his time to a degree. Judge David Davis, who from 1848 presided over the Eighth Circuit as long as Mr. Lincoln traveled it, was a man of unusual force of character, of large learning, quick impulses, and strong prejudices. Lincoln was from the beginning of their association a favorite with Judge Davis. Unless he joined the circle which the judge formed in his room after supper, His Honor was impatient and distraught, interrupting the conversation constantly by demanding: "Where's Lincoln?" "Why don't Lincoln come?" And when Lincoln did come, the judge would draw out story after story, quieting everybody who interrupted with an impatient "Mr. Lincoln's talking." If anyone came to the door to see the host in the midst of one of Lincoln's stories, he would send a lawyer into the hall to see what was wanted, and as soon as the door closed, order Lincoln to "go ahead."

8. The appearance of the court in a town was invariably a stimulus to its social life. In all of the county seats there were a few fine homes, of which the dignity, spaciousness, and elegance still impress the traveler through Illinois. The hospitality of these houses was generous. Dinners, receptions, and suppers followed one another as soon as the court began. Lincoln was a favorite figure at all these gatherings.

9. His favorite field, however, was the court. The courthouses of Illinois in which he practiced were not log houses, as has been frequently taken for granted. "It is not probable," says a leading member of the Illinois bar, "Mr. Lincoln ever saw a log courthouse in central Illinois, where he practiced law, unless he saw one at Decatur, in Macon County. In a conversation among three members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, all of whom had been born in this state and had lived in it all their lives, and who were certainly familiar with the central portions of the state, all declared they had never seen a log courthouse in the state."

10. The courthouses in which Lincoln practiced were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and fronted by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. They were finished inside in the most uncompromising style — hard white walls, unpainted woodwork, pine floors, wooden benches. Usually they were heated by huge Franklin stoves, with yards of stovepipe running wildly through the air, searching for an exit, and threatening momentarily to unjoint and tumble in sections. Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the courtroom, the shade of a tree in the courtyard, a sunny side of a building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

11. In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work. Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered

stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long, the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim: "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask, "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

12. "I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped! Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

13. The partiality of Judge Davis for Lincoln was shared by the members of the court generally. The unaffected friendliness and helpfulness of his nature had more to do with this than his wit and cleverness. If there was a new clerk in court, a stranger unused to the ways of the place, Lincoln was the first — sometimes the only one — to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his election.

14. "No lawyer on the circuit was more unassuming than was Mr. Lincoln," says one who practiced with him. "He arrogated to himself no superiority over anyone — not even the most obscure member of the bar. He treated everyone with that simplicity and kindness that friendly neighbors manifest in their relations with one another. He was remarkably gentle with young lawyers becoming permanent residents at the several

county seats in the circuit where he had practiced for so many years. . . . The result was, he became the much beloved senior member of the bar. No young lawyer ever practiced in the courts with Mr. Lincoln who did not in all his after life have a good regard for him akin to personal affection."

15. "I remember with what confidence I always went to him," says Judge Lawrence Welden, who first knew Lincoln at the bar in 1854, "because I was certain he knew all about the matter and would most cheerfully help me. I can see him now, through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old courtroom; and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said, 'Wait until I fix this plug of my gallis and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root.' While speaking, he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspenders with his pants by making a plug perform the function of a button."

16. If for any reason Lincoln was absent from court, he was missed perhaps as no other man of the Eighth Circuit would have been, and his return greeted joyously. He was not less happy himself to rejoin his friends. "Ain't you glad I've come?" he would call out, as he came up to shake hands.

17. The cases which fell to Lincoln on the Eighth Circuit were of the sort common to a new country — litigation over bordering lines and deeds, over damages by wandering cattle, over broils at country festivities. Few of the cases were of large importance. When a client came to Lincoln, his first effort was to arrange matters, if possible, and to avoid a suit. In a few notes for a law lecture prepared about 1850, he says:

18. Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser — in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

19. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually

overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it.

20. He carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

21. "I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject." And it was dropped.

22. "We shall not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

23. Where he saw injustice, he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson in his autobiography. In 1839 Jefferson, then a lad of ten years, traveled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria, and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theater. Not to be daunted, they built one. But hardly had they completed it before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theater. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the

license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off." The young lawyer was Lincoln.

Miss Tarbell, from whose book, *Abraham Lincoln*, this story of his lawyer days is taken, has made extended studies into Lincoln's life and has published numerous books and magazine articles concerning him. "The Circuit Rider" gives a picture not only of Lincoln but also of the Illinois life of his day.

1. What was the "peripatetic court" of Lincoln's day?
2. How does a lawyer's life today differ from that of 1850–1860?
3. What traits of character made Lincoln well-liked in his lawyer days?
4. Lincoln was fond of story telling. Find a Lincoln story to tell the class.
5. "Lincoln's term in Washington" refers to the years (1846–1848) he served in the House of Representatives. "Bench and bar" on page 361 means the judge and the lawyers.
6. The chief difficulties you will meet in reading this selection are the unusual words. Which of the following do you know?

adjourn	function	municipality	prohibitory
arrogated	habitat	nomadic	quizzically
complacently	indifference	nominal	sprightly
counsel	itinerant	partiality	stimulus
cupola	invariable	peripatetic	technicality
electioneering	litigation	prejudices	temperament
exorbitant	ludicrous	primitive	unaffected

TWO LETTERS TO JOHN D. JOHNSTON[1]

January (2?), 1851

DEAR JOHNSTON:

Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, "We can get along very well now"; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop, and make a crop, and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you, that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars

[1] This letter and the one on page 369 are from Nicolay and Hay's *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, copyrighted by The Century Company. Used by permission.

a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. Now, if you will do this, you will be soon out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But, if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately your brother,
A. Lincoln

Shelbyville, November 4, 1851

Dear Brother:

When I came into Charleston day before yesterday, I learned that you are anxious to sell the land where you live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no corn this

year; and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat, drink, and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now I feel it my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account, and particularly on mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her — at least, it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me. Now do not misunderstand this letter; I do not write it in any unkindness. I write it in order, if possible, to get you to face the truth, which truth is, you are destitute because you have idled away all your time. Your thousand pretenses for not getting along better are all nonsense; they deceive nobody but yourself. Go to work is the only cure for your case.

A. Lincoln

It will be recalled that Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, died when he was nine years old. About a year later his father married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, one of whom, John D. Johnston, was about the age of young Abraham. The two boys grew up together and were fond of each other. Young Johnston, however, unlike his stepbrother, developed no great ambition and grew up into a life of idleness. The results of his shiftless habits are indicated by Lincoln's letters to him, when he had reached middle age.

These letters throw an interesting light on the character of Lincoln. From the reading of these letters answer these questions:

a. What was Lincoln's attitude toward his stepmother?

b. What was Lincoln's feeling toward his stepbrother?

c. Was Lincoln thrifty? Was he generous? Was he industrious? Was he fair? Was he wise?

d. Did Lincoln write clear English?

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

On November 19, 1863, a National Cemetery was dedicated at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the site where the desperate battle had been fought in early July of that year. Elaborate preparations had been made for the dedication, and Edward Everett, one of the nation's best-known orators, delivered the address, more than two hours in length. It had been uncertain whether President Lincoln could be present, but at the last minute he boarded the train in Washington, reaching Gettysburg barely in time for the dedication.

It is related that on the way he scribbled some rough notes on a piece of paper in preparation for his remarks. At the end of the stately ceremonies, Lincoln rose and spoke for a very few minutes. What he said was destined to be regarded as one of the very finest pieces of prose in the English tongue, although Lincoln himself did not think highly of it at the time. Before he spoke he said to a friend: "It is a flat failure. The people won't like it." Its simple directness coupled with its exalted spirit of humility give it a grandeur rarely equaled in human speech.

The most appropriate way for anyone to study this address is to memorize it and thus by intimate association to share its nobility and its beauty.

AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE[1]

BASIL WILLIAMS

LINCOLN, one of the few supreme statesmen of the last three centuries, was misunderstood and underrated in his lifetime, and even yet has hardly come to his own. For his place is among the great men of the earth. To them he belongs by right of his immense power of hard work, his unfaltering pursuit of what seemed to him right, and above all by that childlike directness and simplicity of vision which none but the greatest carry beyond their years.

We may learn much from Lincoln's failures and success, from his patience, his modesty, his serene optimism and his eloquence, so simple and so magnificent.

[1] From Lord Charnwood's *Life of Lincoln*, copyrighted by Henry Holt and Company. Used by permission.

LINCOLN [1]

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

He walked among us and we passed him by
And thought him but a country lawyer, crude
As our red prairies are, and more than rude
Who reveled in his jokes and deviltry.
We could not know the heart within that breast
Until the blood flowed freely from the wound
A madman made; then was it that we found
That God had loaned us for a time His Best.
And now the nations, since their kings are gone,
Have taken him across the wide-flung sea
To rule their hearts as well as ours; to be
The goal of their desires, with breaking dawn.

[1] From Thomas Curtis Clark's *Lincoln and Others*, copyright, 1923, by George H. Doran, publishers.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A BETTER WORLD

AMERICA ENTERS THE WORLD WAR

Woodrow Wilson

The European struggle which came to be known as the World War began in August, 1914. Nearly all the nations of Europe were drawn into it. On one side were arrayed Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. On the other side were England with all her Dominions, France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, and even China and Japan, with a number of smaller states. The United States had maintained from the first an attitude of neutrality, seeking to avoid being drawn into the conflict. This position of neutrality was held until January 31, 1917, when Germany declared a "ruthless submarine policy" against all nations. Because of this, President Wilson, on February 3, gave the German Ambassador his passports and recalled the American Ambassador from Berlin. This constituted "breaking diplomatic relations with Germany."

On April 2, 1917, President Wilson asked the two houses of the United States Congress to assemble together for the purpose of hearing a communication from him. This communication was a recommendation to Congress that it accept the state of affairs between this country and Germany as a condition of war and that Congress proceed to make the necessary provisions for the effective conduct of the war.

The last nine paragraphs of the speech are printed here. In the earlier portion of the address, President Wilson gave his reasons for calling Congress into session. He pointed out that the policy of neutrality which America had followed had proved ineffective, and because of that he recommended that Congress take sterner measures to insure the rights of the country. He was careful to point out that America did not intend to make war against the German people but rather against the German Government. He pointed out how the Government, being a monarchy of the old sort, consulted the people but little as to its conduct of their affairs.

1. We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world.

2. We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included, for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.

3. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

4. Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

5. It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

6. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of

that friendship — exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

7. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are, in fact, loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

8. It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

9. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

Congress acted at once upon the advice of the President. The vote in the Senate was 82 to 6 for war; in the House it was 373 to 50.

1. The following expressions from this speech of Mr. Wilson were often repeated in the press and by speakers during the war.

The world must be made safe for democracy. (Paragraph 2)

This natural foe to liberty. (Paragraph 2)

We have no selfish ends to serve. (Paragraph 3)

A concert of free peoples. (Paragraph 8)

2. The following outline may help you in studying this speech:

a. Purposes of the United States. (Paragraphs 1–5)

b. The war is against the German Government and not the German people. How could this be? (Paragraphs 6 and 7)

c. The reason for America's entry into the war. (Paragraphs 8 and 9)

THE MEANING OF THE WAR TO AMERICA

Walter Hines Page

These are great days for the republic. We have set out to help in an enterprise of saving the earth as a place worth living in.

There is no need to restate the meaning of this enterprise to you. What is new about it is that it now becomes our immediate American enterprise. The clear, solemn call of the President and the voice of Congress, which is the voice of the people, are to us the high call of duty. If there be an American in this room who has not volunteered to give any service that he can without thought of consequence or of pay, I don't see him.

From all of the states, from the states of the great Mississippi valley, from the South and from the Pacific, they will come, as many millions as need be. You are parts also of our great industrial organizations and financial institutions, and these too already are at the service of our government. We shall not have to do any commandeering.

For the first time we are coming to war in the Old World — except, indeed, when once before we came thither to suppress the

Barbary pirates. It is singular that our present errand is so similar.

Of our coming overseas many consequences will follow. First and foremost we trust for an earlier victory, and, secondly, for a better understanding of the United States by the free nations of Europe and of the free nations of Europe by the United States, and this, as I see it, is the largest constructive political need of the world.

We come in answer only to the high call of duty and not for any material reward; not for territory, not for indemnity or conquest, nor for anything save the high duty to succor democracy when it is desperately assailed. We come only for the ideal; that is, the republic.

What is the United States? It is a vast territory of great resources and a hundred million prosperous people — yes, but more. The republic is a system of society, a scheme of life, a plan of freedom, a state of mind — an ideal that every human shall have the utmost possible opportunity for individual development and that nothing shall be put in the way of that development. It was for this and upon this that our fathers established it. This we haven't forgotten, nor shall we ever forget. It is to make sure that this ideal shall not now perish from the earth that brings the United States into this war. High as the cost and great as the toll may be, we shall be better for standing where we have always stood, whatever the cost.

When America joined the Allies in the World War, the American Luncheon Club in London held a meeting at which Mr. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, spoke, praising America for the stand she had taken. In responding to the Prime Minister's remarks, Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador to England, spoke in part as given in this selection.

In what way does Mr. Page think of the war as an old enterprise for America? What were America's aims?

I AM AN AMERICAN[1]

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

I

I AM an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making:
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

II

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind,
To His Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;

[1] Used by permission of The Cornhill Publishing Company.

Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout;
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came —
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land,
It means, my son, the home of humanity.
Live for it — die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

In this poem two boys speak. The first is a descendant of the early English colonists and of the heroes of Revolutionary days; the other, with his parents, is a recent immigrant from Russia. Both are Americans. One is proud of his past; the other, of his future. Note the contrast which runs almost line by line: My father, etc.

My mother, etc.

One of my ancestors, etc.

1. In your notebook make a list of the things which each boy recalls concerning his ancestors.

2. The poem may be read orally. Let one pupil represent the first boy, and another pupil read the part of the other boy. They should read turn about, thus:

First pupil: "I am an American"
Second pupil: "I am an American"

and so on to the end.

Explanatory Notes

Sons of the Revolution, a patriotic society; membership limited to adult male descendants of Revolutionary patriots.

Colonial Dames, a patriotic society of women, directly descended from colonial ancestry.

Siberia, a vast region in northern and central Asia, which forms part of the Russian Republic.

Great White Czar, Nicholas II, the last Czar, or imperial ruler, of Russia.

Liberty torch, the torch held aloft by the goddess of Liberty, the great statue lighting New York harbor.

AMERICAN RESOURCES AND INVENTIONS

Franklin K. Lane

1. In the development of this continent, the discovery of its resources and their highest utilization, there is a fascination to the American which is superlative. It is, indeed, our life and has called out the most sterling qualities in our character. Those foreigners who write of our country often engage in facetious if not scornful comment upon our bombastic manner of telling the story of our growth and of the things achieved or possessed. They fail, unfortunately, to see far enough into the secret of our pride.

2. To have taken the prize for the largest pumpkin at the county fair, or to have milled more ore in a day than any other mine, or to have built the highest dam in the world — such things are to us adventures which make the game of opening a new country worth while.

3. No one would smile when told that a foreign army had made an unprecedented number of miles in a day's march, or had brought into action a gun of unrivaled caliber or built a ship of unequaled displacement or power. These are the very things on which nations pride themselves as revealing their capacity, ingenuity, and resourcefulness. They make for national self-respect and self-confidence.

4. And so it is with the American. His place in the scheme of things is to reveal to the world what can be done in the development of a new country; and every crop raised, every schoolhouse built, every rail laid, every nail driven, is evidence that the work he is sent to do is being done. Instead of being the petty boasting of a parochial-minded provincial, this spirit is of the very essence of the highest creative quality.

5. It is not a figure of speech to say that every American has it in his heart that he is in a small sense a discoverer, that he is joining in the revelation to the world of something that it was not before aware of and of which it may some day make use. Men work for what they think worth while, and if they find their joy in proving that land has coal, or will raise wheat, or that a refractory ore may be reduced at a practicable cost, and tell about it proudly, they may be serving themselves, but they are also serving the world.

6. The clerk in the store or the mechanic in a mill may not consciously engage in any enterprise which makes this appeal. But when he learns that the government of which he is a part, has within the year opened a town on the shores of the North Pacific which now has nearly three thousand inhabitants, and has driven a railroad nearly forty miles inland toward the Arctic Circle on its way to the coal fields of the Matanuska and the gold fields of the Tanana, he has a feeling that he too is participating in the making of this new world. One might say that this was nothing more than sentimental pride. There is a truer and a more dignified word for this quality; it is the expression of the American instinct for improvement.

7. We have a passion for going into the unknown, for answering the puzzles that are put to us. Our imagination is challenged by difficulty. And the result has been a century of growth, which in its magic and in its largeness casts a spell upon the mind.

8. Some months since, I sought to learn what I could of

the assets of this country, as they might be revealed by the Department of the Interior, and where we were in point of development. I sought to learn how we could meet the world, which was teaching us that war was no longer a set contest between more or less mobile armed forces but an enduring contest between all the life forces of the contesting parties, their financial strength, their industrial organization and adaptability, their crop yields, and their mineral resources; and that it ultimately comes to a test of the very genius of the people involved. For to mobilize an army, even a great army, is now no more than an idle evidence of a single form of strength if behind this army the nation is not organized.

9. An army is no longer merely so many rifles and men, cartridges and horses, but chemists and inventors, mines and farms, automobiles and roads, airships and gasoline, barbed wire and turning lathes, railroads and weather prophets — indeed, the complete machinery of an industrial nation's life. And out of the reports then made, several facts stand out.

10. With the exception of one or two minor minerals, the United States produces every mineral that is needed in industry, and this can be said of no other country. We produce 66 per cent of the world's output of petroleum, 60 per cent of its copper, 40 per cent of its coal and iron, and 32 per cent of its lead and zinc. Tin in small quantities is produced in Alaska, and platinum in Oregon, Nevada, and California; manganese in Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, and California; but of these latter minerals, as of nickel and some others of less importance, our supply is altogether inadequate for our consumption.

11. We can build a battleship or an automobile (excepting for the tires), a railroad or a factory, entirely from the products of American mines and forests. To replenish the soil we have phosphorus in abundance. Potash is known to exist in the deposits of Searles Lake, California — which, however, is not yet commercially available — and in alunite, where it is combined

with aluminum, deposits of which are found in several states. Nitrogen can be extracted from the air by cheap hydroelectric power, as is now done in Germany, Norway, and elsewhere. So we can feed the earth and keep it sustained.

12. Our soil and climate are so varied that we can produce all the grains, fruits, vegetables, and fibers known to the temperate zone and some found in the semi-tropics. And to crown all these, we have water power that can be made to generate perhaps as much as 60,000,000 horse power.

13. The public domain is rapidly growing less, which means that it is being occupied and used. Of the two hundred and odd million acres left, 12,000,000 acres have already been classified as coal bearing, over 4,000,000 as probably carrying oil, and 2,600,000 as phosphate lands. The most valuable discovery made in recent years as affecting the public domain is that the semi-arid regions may become abundantly productive under dry-farming methods. The Territory of Alaska, containing perhaps 400,000,000 acres, is now the great body of public domain. It is heavily mineralized and is a land of unknown possibilities. One gold mine there has recently erected a mill of 6000 tons daily capacity, with ore in sight to run this mill for fifty years.

14. The waters that flow idly to the sea could be made to support not less than fifty million people if turned upon the land that otherwise will remain pasture land or altogether worthless. The demonstration has been given that the lands of little rain can be made more fruitful than those where the rainfall is abundant. Land and water we have; the problem of bringing them together is one only of money.

15. When the war in Europe shut off certain chemical supplies, one of our chemists, Mr. Rittman, found a new process (which has been given to the public) by which benzol and toluol — the foundation of aniline dyes and explosives — and gasoline may be made from crude petroleum. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Moore

have devised and proved a process for the reduction of radium from carnotite ores. An oil expert, Mr. Pollard, was put to the task of saving the billions of feet of gas wasting daily into the air from the oil wells of Oklahoma, and was successful. Mr. Cottrell has devised a method of taking solids and liquids out of smelter smoke, such as sulphuric acid, arsenic, zinc, and lead.

16. During the past fifty years the people of the United States have uttered two thirds of all the revolutionary, epoch-making inventions of the world, ranging from the telephone and the incandescent lamp to Wright's airplane and high-speed steel. Each day we issue an average of two hundred letters patent to American inventors, and the number of inventions is increasing with the years.

17. There are over twenty million boys and girls in the public schools of the United States.

These, then, are the assets of the United States as revealed in but this one department — lands and waters and mines, inventors and chemists and engineers, and a new generation coming on which will add still further to the adventurous annals of peace.

This is a portion of a report made by the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, to President Wilson in November, 1915. It gives a picture of American resources before we entered the World War.

1. How does Mr. Lane justify the American's pride in raising the largest pumpkin, etc.? (Paragraphs 2–4)

2. Every American feels himself a discoverer. (Paragraph 5) How is this true?

3. Name some American discoveries or inventions in which you feel pride.

4. War is a "contest between all the life forces of the contesting parties." (Paragraph 8) Why is this so?

5. Make a list of reasons why America is largely self-sufficient.

6. Name some achievements of the chemists.

7. Name one great American engineering feat.

8. In textbooks you sometimes find words and phrases set in the margin to indicate the contents of the paragraphs. In your notebook write marginal notes for the paragraphs of this report of the Secretary of the Interior.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT[1]

In Springfield, Illinois

VACHEL LINDSAY

IT is portentous, and a thing of state,
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones,
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat, and plain worn shawl,
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us — as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

[1] From Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo and Other Poems*. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come — the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

This poem by Vachel Lindsay was written while the world was plunged in the horrors of the Great War.

1. It is a poetic fancy that the spirits of dead men walk abroad when their causes are endangered. Notice how the dead seem to come to life in "Back Home Again" by Grantland Rice on page 393. What cause makes Lincoln's spirit walk?

2. Stanzas 1–3 give the picture of Lincoln walking. In what stanza do you find the cause of his walking?

3. Why is the scene of the poem laid in Springfield?

4. When will Lincoln "sleep again"?

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Arlington Cemetery, November 11, 1921

WARREN G. HARDING

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the Nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the Republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his

country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells, and the rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none the less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all humankind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened; and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

On such an occasion as this, amid such a scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful Republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better Republic and a greater Nation for the living.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the Nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the Government's favor; it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the Nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the Nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defence of a hypothetic objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells. There were mortars belching their bombs of desolation, machine guns concentrating their leaden storms. There was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling — like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction, while the effectiveness of the theoretical defence was impressed by the simu-

lation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding. As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

The loftiest tribute we can bestow today — the heroically earned tribute — fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

There have been a thousand defences justly and patriotically made; a thousand offences which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this

expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let us join in that prayer:

> *Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

1. On the third anniversary of the day on which the armistice ending the World War was signed, the United States government observed with fitting ceremonies the burial of the Unknown Soldier. Just because he was unknown, the tribute to his memory symbolized the country's gratitude, not to him merely but to the millions of his comrades who fought her war for world freedom, many of whom still lie in nameless graves in the soil of France. The services, in charge of the War Department, began with a long funeral procession with military and naval escort. The procession moved down Pennsylvania Avenue, across the Potomac River, and up to the national cemetery on Arlington hill, where President Harding gave the funeral oration printed here.

2. Note how, in the first four paragraphs, President Harding makes the Unknown Soldier symbolize all of America's soldiers. Would this have been as significant if the soldier's name had been known?

3. The President tells of a mimic demonstration of modern warfare. What is his own attitude toward future wars?

4. On pages 390 and 392 are sentences suggestive of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. **Find them and explain them.**

BACK HOME AGAIN [1]

"Another ship, bringing American dead back home from France, is expecting to dock in the next few days. . . ."

GRANTLAND RICE

THE ghost of a sergeant growls — "Fall In" —
Where crosses lean to a drab March rain.
There are restless feet as the gray mists spin
By the Meuse and Marne, by the Ourcq and Aisne,
With rusty rifle and rotting boot
They break from the clay their souls abhor;
"Right Dress!" and "Front!" With the old salute,
"All present, sir, or accounted for."

Their tattered khaki is mired and torn
Where stains once came from a crimson fount.
Their packs are gone and their shoes are worn,
But they're only ghosts, so it doesn't count.
They are only ghosts, but an ancient glow
As bright as a red dawn down the glen
Has caught their eyes, as they whisper low,
"Orders are in — and it's home again."

Home again — by the long, long trail,
Through shattered valley and blasted track,
Where they stood in front of the leaden hail,
Moving on to the next attack.
A story now that is overtold,
And one, perhaps, that may weary you,
But day by day as the thunder rolled
The lengthening line of the crosses grew.

[1] Reprinted by permission of the author and The Century Company.

Then from their coverlets of grass
They watched the seasons come and go.
They saw the poppies bloom and pass,
And bloom again in a crimson row,
While they still dreamed of one great day
When, from their barracks built of loam,
Their silent tramp would find the way
That led again to the hills of home.

You may not mark their eager zest,
Their cheering shouts — their wild hurrahs —
Who see their broken clay at rest
Beneath the Flag's protecting stars,
And yet dead soldiers have their dreams
That even leap the alien sea,
Of ancient lanes, and singing streams,
And summer skies that used to be.

The war is over and out of mind,
And we have forgotten — you and I —
Most of the mates who stayed behind
To see the poppies bloom and die
And bloom again, in endless store,
Until by mounted plain and glen
A sergeant growls "Fall In" once more —
As lost lanes whisper "Home again!"

In the World War many thousands of American boys fell on the fields of France. The bodies of some were returned to America for burial, but many thousands more still lie in the well-kept American cemeteries of France, their graves marked by low white crosses. Mr. Rice here imagines the spirits of these dead soldiers to be longing for home.

The Meuse (mûz), Marne (mârn), Ourcq (o͞ork), and Aisne (ân) are rivers in the battle area of France.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up

With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Blenheim (blĕn'ĕm) is a small village on the Danube River in western Bavaria. Near here on August 13, 1704, the armies of England and Austria under the Duke of Marlborough (English) and Prince Eugene (Austrian) defeated the combined French and Bavarian armies. This was a war of ambitious rival rulers. It is estimated that about 50,000 men were slain in the battle of Blenheim.

1. The incident of this poem occurred many years after the battle. Can you learn from the story how many? Was Kaspar living at the time of the battle?
2. What was Old Kaspar's occupation? How were the children related to him?
3. How is the great loss of life suggested in the poem?
4. What did Old Kaspar think of the battle? Did he understand the reasons for it? What did the children think of it? Which do you believe had the more intelligent judgment about it? What do you think Southey thought of the battle?
5. Can you find what some of our leaders have said about a just war?
6. What are your own views about war?
7. What are the nations doing in the hope of avoiding wars in the future?

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

The English people in 1887 celebrated "The Queen's Jubilee," the fiftieth anniversary of the day when Queen Victoria came to the throne. It was an occasion of great pomp and ceremony. Since the Queen's coronation the British Empire, consisting of Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and other possessions, had been extended and strengthened until Englishmen could truthfully boast that "the sun never sets on England's possessions." Representatives of the governments of all parts of the empire came to London, and there were processions and military and naval displays in honor of the beloved Queen.

Great artists honored the Queen in music and in verse. Rudyard Kipling, who had spent much of his life in India, was asked to contribute a poem. Instead of joining in the universal praise, he sounded a note of solemn warning in his "Recessional." It is a prayer to God that He show mercy to His people, and that they may keep a humble heart in spite of their "frantic boast" — lest they forget that it is by His power, not their own, that great things have been done. The poem was immediately accepted by the nation; it was set to music and is still sung as one of the national hymns of England.

A recessional is a hymn sung by a choir as it leaves the church at the close of the service.

1. Find lines that show what Kipling thinks of the celebration.
2. What is his poetical way of telling the great size of the empire?
3. Find the lines in stanzas 2 and 3 that describe the ending of the Jubilee celebration.
4. Nineveh (nĭn′ĕ-vĕ) and Tyre (stanza 3) were the ancient capitals of Assyria and Phœnicia, both proud cities once, but long ago fallen into decay. What does Kipling say about them?
5. What does Kipling mean by the refrain, "Lest we forget"?
6. Does this poem express any American ideal?

NO MORE WAR

ARISTIDE BRIAND

No more war! No more shall we resort to brutal and sanguinary methods of settling our disputes, even though differences between us still exist. Henceforth it will be for the judge to declare the law. Just as individual citizens take their difficulties to be settled by a magistrate, so shall we bring ours to be settled by pacific procedure. Away with rifles, machine guns, cannon! Clear the way for conciliation, arbitration, peace! Countries do not go down in history as great solely through the heroism of their sons on the battlefield or the victories that they gain there. It is a far greater tribute to their greatness if, faced with difficulties, they can stand firm, be patient, and appeal to right to safeguard their just interests.

NOTEBOOK

Which poem in this section do you like best? Which one do you want to keep in your memory? In learning the poem you choose, remember the suggestions on page 276.

In your notebook write a paragraph telling of the things you like in the poem you have selected.

WHICH IS THE MOST WORTH-WHILE SELECTION?

This scale will aid you in judging which is the most worth-while selection among those you have read in this section (pages 374–400).

Scale

This selection seems unimportant and valueless.						This selection is important and valuable.
−3 (least)	−2 (less)	−1 (a little)	0 (average)	+1 (a little)	+2 (more)	+3 (most)

1. In your notebook draw a scale for each selection on pages 374–400. Then follow the directions under 2.

2. Mark the scales as follows: If the selection, when you read it, seemed *very important*, place a dot above the + 3 at the right end of the scale. If it seemed *very unimportant*, place the dot above − 3 at the left end of the scale. If it was neither very important nor very unimportant, then place the dot at the point on the scale which seems to you most fitting.

3. Which selection do you place highest on the scale? Which lowest?

4. Connect the dots you have placed on the ten scales so as to make a *curve of value.*

Compare your curve with the ones made by other members of your class.

America Enters the World War

This selection seems unimportant and valueless. This selection is important and valuable.

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

The Meaning of the War to America

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

I Am an American

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

American Resources and Inventions

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

The Unknown Soldier

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

Back Home Again

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

The Battle of Blenheim

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

Recessional

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

No More War

− 3	− 2	− 1	0	+ 1	+ 2	+ 3

MEN AND MANNERS

Real men and women often interest us quite as much as the make-believe characters of fiction. This is especially true when the person has risen to great prominence and when his story is told by a skillful writer. It is profitable to us all to know as many interesting persons as possible.

Fortunately many biographies of American men and women are now available and there are numerous autobiographies and memoirs. Some of these are written especially for boys and girls and are interesting enough to appeal to everybody.

Of the sketches that follow, one, "The Country Surgeon," is fictitious. It is sufficiently real, however, to be included. The others concern persons who actually lived, and the tales of their doings will prove not merely exciting and amusing but also helpful. In becoming acquainted with these persons, you will learn much about life, for each of them represents not merely himself but many others more or less like him.

It was the belief of Thomas Carlyle that "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him." We should not, however, think of great men and women as if they were remote in character from the rest of us, always without fault and wise without exception. The truth is different, and we may often learn most from them when we see their frailties as well as their greater qualities.

It seems appropriate to include with these life sketches some poems and selections on the manners of men and on the qualities of mind and heart which, when found in others, make us admire and love them.

BOOKS TO READ

THE stories in this list are about men and women who have become leaders in their several fields of work. Choose from these titles and read those that appear interesting to you.

ADAMS, E. C., and FOSTER, W. D. *Heroines of Modern Progress.* The Macmillan Company
Ten girls who chose to be pioneers in blazing new trails, and in doing so became strong women.

ANTIN, MARY. *At School in the Promised Land,* or *The Story of a Little Immigrant.* Houghton Mifflin Company
The school life of a Russian girl immigrant, who profits by the advantages of free schools, free libraries, lecture halls, sympathetic teachers, and new-made friends.

BANCROFT, JESSIE. *Games for Playground, Home, School, and Gymnasium.* The Macmillan Company
A compendium of games graded for special uses, with detailed directions for playing. A first-rate guide.

BARTON, WILLIAM E. *Life of Clara E. Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross.* Houghton Mifflin Company
The efforts of Clara Barton, a New England woman, to aid soldiers in war, led to the founding of the American Red Cross. This is her complete story.

BOK, EDWARD. *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years Afterwards.* Charles Scribner's Sons
The Dutch boy is Edward Bok. He comes to America with his parents, who have lost their fortune. He goes to school, learns to edit a paper, and becomes a great national figure.

BRALEY, BERTON. *Songs of the Workaday World.* George H. Doran Company
A collection of poems about persons who do things and about the work they do.

BROOKS, ELDRIDGE S. *Historic Americans.* Thomas Y. Crowell Company
A collection of stories of great Americans from Benjamin Franklin to recent times.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW. *The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie.* Houghton Mifflin Company
The story of the Scotch boy who became the world's leading steel manufacturer and who used his fabulous wealth for the benefit of mankind.

COE, FANNIE E. *Heroes of Everyday Life.* Ginn and Company
Stories of heroism in civil life.

CONNOR, RALPH (Charles William Gordon). *The Doctor.* Fleming H. Revell Company
Ralph Connor was the "Sky Pilot" (that is, the minister) who served the frontier settlement in the Canadian Rockies. He writes about the physician of the settlement.

DUNCAN, NORMAN. *Doctor Luke of the Labrador.* Fleming H. Revell Company
A romance of the adventures of Dr. Luke, a medical missionary in Labrador.

Everyday Heroes, retold from *St. Nicholas.* The Century Company
Contents:
The Fire on Tammarack. W. V. Chambers
An Alpine Adventure. Grace W. Curran
Chased by the Ice Jam. J. S. Ellis
Walter Harvey — Coward. M. M. Foss
The Grit of the Chemist's Helper. H. I. Hancock
A Conflict in the Dark. H. B. Hulbert
At War with the River. F. L. Pollock
Heroes Who Fight Fire. J. A. Riis
The Life Savers. A. W. Stace
Heroes in Black Skins. B. T. Washington

GILBERT, ARIADNE. *More Than Conquerors.* The Century Company
"Fifteen men, heroic in the achievement of peace, human enough in all their little personal ways" to be "good fellows" for boys and girls.

GRENFELL, WILFRED T. *The Labrador Doctor, An Autobiography.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Dr. Grenfell has spent his life as a medical missionary among the hardy fishermen of the bleak Labrador country. Some of his interesting experiences he tells here.

HOLLAND, RUPERT SARGENT. *Historic Boyhoods.* George W. Jacobs and Company

—— *Historic Girlhoods.* George W. Jacobs and Company
Great men and women were once boys and girls. Here are their childhood stories.

HOLT, HAMILTON. *Live Stories of Undistinguished Americans as Told by Themselves.* James Pott and Company
A dozen immigrants from foreign lands who did not become distinguished. A good picture of the experiences of the ordinary immigrant.

HOVEY, CARL. *The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan.* The Macmillan Company
Mr. Morgan was the leading American banker of the nineteenth century. An interesting picture of a great man; also much information about how "big business" is transacted.

HUBBARD, ELBERT. *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Business Men.* The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York
Life stories of great American leaders in business.

HUGHES, THOMAS. *Life of David Livingstone.* The Macmillan Company
Livingstone was an English missionary to Africa. The story of his life and his rescue by Henry M. Stanley is as interesting as fiction.

HUSBAND, JOSEPH. *Americans by Adoption.* Atlantic Monthly Press
Brief biographies of recent immigrants who have achieved distinction in America.

KELLER, HELEN. *The Story of My Life.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Helen Keller became blind and deaf from illness in her early childhood. How she learned to read and write and to go to school and college and to become a cultured woman is told in her own words.

MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT. *Heroes Every Child Should Know.* Doubleday, Page and Company
A collection of stories about heroic men whom we all should know.

MCADOO, WILLIAM G. *Guarding a Great City.* Harper and Brothers
A book that tells how the police force protects the citizens.

MCCLURE, SAMUEL S. *My Autobiography.* Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Irish immigrant who became a leading American publisher. He "discovered" many of the best writers of recent times.

MEADOWCROFT, WILLIAM H. *The Boy's Life of Edison.* Harper and Brothers
The most readable life of one of America's great inventors.

MOFFETT, CLEVELAND. *Careers of Danger and Daring.* The Century Company
The life of diver, steeple-climber, fireman, acrobat, locomotive engineer, etc.

MOROSO, JOHN A. *Cap Fallon, Fire Fighter.* D. Appleton and Company
A stirring story of the men of the city fire department.

NEWBOLT, HENRY. *The Book of the Long Trail.* Longmans, Green and Company
True account of great explorers who have "played the game" against the dangers and obstacles of new and unexplored countries. A book of character as well as of adventure.

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY J. *The Smoke Eaters.* The Century Company
A book about the men who keep our cities from burning up.

PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW. *Boy's Life of Mark Twain.* Harper and Brothers
The author of *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and *Life on the Mississippi* was an unusually interesting person, as this biography shows.

PALMER, GEORGE HERBERT. *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Alice Freeman, the daughter of a country physician, went to college, became a teacher and leader of young women, and college president.

PANUNZIO, CONSTANTINE M. *The Soul of an Immigrant.* The Macmillan Company
The Italian boy immigrant who went through many hardships to become an American.

PARKMAN, MARY R. *Heroines of Service.* The Century Company
Nine American women and two others whose names make a woman's roll of honor.

—— *Heroes of Today.* The Century Company
Men who fly, build great canals, discover new countries, serve their fellows, write poetry, and fight battles — heroes all.

QUILLER-COUCH, SIR A. T. (compiler). *Roll Call of Honour, a New Book of Golden Deeds.* Thomas Nelson and Sons
Stories of nineteenth century heroes.

RICHARDS, LAURA E. *Florence Nightingale, the Angel of the Crimea.* D. Appleton and Company
"The Lady with a Lamp" who in the Crimean War nursed the soldiers who were ill and wounded, and who reorganized the hospital service of the British army.

TAPPAN, EVA MARCH. *Heroes of Progress.* Houghton Mifflin Company
Stories of men and women who have helped to make the world a safer, more comfortable, and happier place for mankind.

THOMSON, BASIL. *My Experiences in Scotland Yard.* Doubleday, Page and Company
A book that tells how the police of great cities work to protect the citizens against criminals. Detective stories that are real.

VALLERY-RADOT, RENÉ. *The Life of Pasteur.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The story of a French boy who became one of the greatest of scientists and benefactors of mankind.

WADE, MARY H. *Pilgrims of Today.* Little, Brown and Company
Stories of modern immigrants who became great Americans, including Muir, Pulitzer, Riis, and others.

—— *Real Americans.* Little, Brown and Company
Short stories of Roosevelt, Hoover, Wood, Burroughs, Clemens, and Hale.

WASHINGTON, BOOKER T. *Up from Slavery.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The life story of America's most distinguished negro.

WILDMAN, EDWIN. *Famous Leaders of Industry.* L. C. Page and Company
Sketches of Bell, Edison, Armour, Wanamaker, the Wrights, and Woolworth.

LEADERS OF MEN

THE MAYOR[1]

Brand Whitlock

1. Read this story rapidly with pencil and paper at hand and jot down words, phrases, or sentences that will help you to recall what you have read. When you have finished, review your notes and try to recall the entire story without rereading it.
2. Then write a sentence summing up the story.
3. Reread the story to see if your sentence is a good one.

One hot afternoon in the summer of my tenth year, my grandfather, having finished the nap he was accustomed to take after the heavy dinner which, in those days, was served at noon in his house, told me that I might go uptown with him. This was not only a relief, but a prospect of adventure. It was a relief to have him finish his nap, because while he was taking his nap my grandmother drew down at all the windows the heavy green shades, which, brought home by the family after a residence in Nuremberg, were decorated at the bottom with a frieze depicting scenes along the Rhine, and a heavy and somnolent silence was imposed on all the house. When my grandfather took his nap, life seemed to pause, all activities were held in suspense.

And the prospect was a pleasant adventure, because whenever my grandfather let me go uptown with him he always made me a present, which was sure to be more valuable, more expensive, than those little gifts at home, bestowed as rewards of various merits and sacrifices related to that institution of the afternoon nap, and forthcoming if he got through the nap satisfactorily, that is, without being awakened. They consisted of mere money, the little five-cent or ten-cent notes of green scrip; "shinplasters" they were called, I believe, in those days.

When my grandfather had rearranged his toilet, combing his

[1] From Brand Whitlock's *Forty Years of It*, copyrighted by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission.

thick white hair and then immediately running his fingers through it to rumple it up and give him a savage aspect, we set forth.

He wore broad polished shoes, low, and fastened with buckles, and against the black of his attire his stiffly starched, immaculate white waistcoat was conspicuous. Only a few of its lower buttons of pearl were fastened; above that it was open, and from one of the buttonholes, the second from the top, his long gold watch chain hung from its large gold hook. The black cravat was not hidden by his white beard, which he did not wear as long as many Ohio gentlemen of that day, and he was crowned by a large Panama hat, yellowed by years of summer service, and bisected by a ridge that began at the middle of the broad brim directly in front, ran back, climbed and surmounted the large high crown, and then, descending, ended its impressive career at the middle of the broad brim behind.

I was walking on his left hand near the fence, but as we entered the shade of the elms and shrubbery of the Swedenborgian churchyard, I went around to his other side, because a ghost dwelt in the Swedenborgian churchyard. My cousin had pointed it out to me, and once I had seen it distinctly.

The precaution was unnecessary, for I had long known my grandfather for a brave man. He had been a soldier, and many persons in Urbana still saluted him as major, though at that time he was mayor. Going uptown, in fact, meant to go to the town hall before going anywhere else. In the shade he removed his hat, and taking out a large silk handkerchief, passed it several times over his red, perspiring face.

It was, as I have said, a hot afternoon, even for an August afternoon in Ohio, and it was the hottest hour of the afternoon. Main Street, when we turned into it presently, was deserted, and wore an unreal appearance, like the street of the dead town that was painted on the scene at the "opera-house." Far to the south it stretched its interminable length in white dust, until its trees came together in that mysterious distance where the

fairgrounds were; and to the north its vista was closed by the bronze figure of the cavalryman standing on his pedestal in the Square, his head bowed in sad meditation, one gauntleted hand resting on his hip, the other on his saber hilt. Out over the thick dust of the street the heat quivered and vibrated, and if you squinted in the sun at the cavalryman, he seemed to move, to tremble, in the shimmer of that choking atmosphere.

The town hall stood in Market Square; for, in addition to *the* Square, where the bronze cavalryman stood on his pedestal, there was Market Square, the day of civic centers not having dawned on Urbana in that time, nor, doubtless, in this.

Market Square was not a square, however, but a parallelogram. On one side of it, fronting Main Street, was the town hall, a low building of brick, representing in itself an amazing unity of municipal functions — the germ of the group plan, no doubt, and, after all, in its little way a civic center indeed. For there, in an auditorium, plays were staged before a populace innocent of the fact that it had a municipal theater; and in another room the city council sat, with representatives from Lighttown and Gooseville and Guinea and the other *faubourgs* of our little municipality. Under that long low roof too were the calaboose and the headquarters of the fire department. Back of these the structure sloped away into a market house of some sort with a public scales and broad, low, overhanging eaves, in the shade of which firemen and the city marshal and other officials, in the dim retrospect, seem to have devoted their leisure to the game of checkers.

On the opposite side of Market Square there was a line of brick buildings, painted once perhaps, and now of a faint pink or cerise which certain of the higher and more artistic grades of calcimining assume; and there seems to have been a series, almost interminable, of small saloons — declining and fading away somewhere to the east, in the dark purlieus of Guinea.

Here, along this line of saloons, if it was a line of saloons —

or, if it was not, along the side of the principal saloon which in those wet days commanded that corner — there were always several carts, driven by Irishmen from Lighttown smoking short clay pipes, and two-wheeled drays driven by negroes from Guinea or Gooseville. These negro drivers were burly men with shining black skins and gleaming eyes and teeth, whose merry laughter was almost belied by the ferocious, brutal whips they carried — whips precisely like that Simon Legree had wielded in the play in the theater just across the Square, now, by a stroke of poetic justice, in the hands of Uncle Tom himself. But on this day the firemen were not to be seen under the eaves of the market house; their checkerboards were quite abandoned. The mules between the shafts of these two-wheeled drays hung their heads and their long ears drooped under the heat, and their black masters were curled up on the sidewalk against the wall of the saloon, asleep. The Irishmen were nowhere to be seen, and Market Square was empty, deserted, and sprawled there reflecting the light in a blinding way, while from the yellow, dusty level of its cobbled surface rose, wave on wave, palpably, that trembling, shimmering, vibrating heat.

Yet there was one waking, living thing in sight. There, out in the middle of the Square he stood, a dusty, drab figure, with an old felt hat on a head that must have ached and throbbed in that implacable heat, with a mass of rags upon him, his frayed trousers gathered at his ankles and bound about by irons, and a ball and chain to bind him to that spot. He had a broom in his hands and was aimlessly making a little smudge of dust, doing his part in the observance of an old, cruel, and hideous superstition.

I knew, of course, that he was a prisoner. Usually there were three or four, sometimes half a dozen, such as he. They were the chain-gang, and they were Bad — made so by Rum. I knew that they were brought out of the calaboose, that damp, dark place under the roof of the market house, somewhere between

the office of the mayor and the headquarters of the fire department; and glimpses were to be caught now and then of their faces pressed against those bars.

When, under the shade of the broad eaves, we were about to enter the mayor's office, my grandfather motioned to the prisoner out there in the center of the Square, who with a new alacrity dropped his broom, picked up his ball, and lugging it in his arms, came up close to us, so very close that I could see the sweat that drenched his forehead, stood in great beads on his upper lip, matted the hair on his forearms, stained with dark splashes his old shirt, and glistened on his throat and breast burned red by the sun. He dropped his ball, took off that rag of a hat, raised eyelids that were powdered with dust, and looked at my grandfather.

"How many days did I give you?" my grandfather asked him.

"Fifteen, your honor," he said.

"How long have you been in?"

"Three days, your honor."

"Are you the only one in there?"

"Yes, your honor."

My grandfather paused and looked at him.

"Pretty hot out there, isn't it?" asked my grandfather.

The prisoner smiled, a smile exactly like that anyone would have for such a question, but the smile flickered from his face, as he said; "Yes, your honor."

My grandfather looked out over the Square and up and down. There was no one anywhere to be seen.

"Well, come on into the office."

The prisoner picked up his ball and followed my grandfather into the mayor's office. My grandfather went to a desk, drew out a drawer, fumbled in it, found a key, and with this he stooped and unlocked the irons on the prisoner's ankles. But he did not remove the irons — he seated himself in the large chair and leaned comfortably against its squeaking cane back.

"Now," my grandfather said, "you go out there in the Square — be careful not to knock the leg irons off as you go — and you sweep around for a little while, and when the coast is clear you kick them off and light out."

The creature in the drab rags looked at my grandfather a moment, opened his lips, closed them, swallowed, and then:

"You'd better hurry," said my grandfather; "I don't know what minute the marshal —"

The prisoner gathered up his ball, hugged it carefully, almost tenderly, in his arms, and with infinite delicacy as to the irons on his feet, he shuffled carefully yet somehow swiftly out. I saw him an instant in the brilliant glittering sunlight framed by the door; he looked back, and then he disappeared, leaving only the blank surface of the cobblestones with the heat trembling over them.

My grandfather put on his glasses, turned to his desk, and took up some papers there. And I waited, in the still, hot room. The minutes were ticked off by the clock. I wondered at each loud tick if it was the minute in which it would be proper for the prisoner to kick off those irons from his ankles and start to run. And then, after a few minutes, a man appeared in the doorway, and said breathlessly, "Joe, he has escaped!"

It was Uncle John, a brother of my grandfather, one of the Brands of Kentucky, then on a visit — one of those long visits by which he and my grandfather sought to make up the large arrears of the differences, the divisions, and the separations of the great war. He was nearly of my grandfather's age, and like him a large man, with a white though longer beard. At his entrance my grandfather did not turn, nor speak, and Uncle John Brand cried again, "Joe, he's gone, I tell you; he's getting away!"

My grandfather looked up then from his papers and said, "John, you'd better come in out of that heat and sit down. You're excited."

"But he's getting away, I tell you! Don't you understand?"

"Who is getting away?"

"Why, that prisoner."

"What prisoner?"

"The prisoner out there in the Square. He has escaped! He's gone!"

"But how do you know?"

"I just saw him running down Main Street like a streak of lightning."

My grandfather took out his silk handkerchief, passed it over his brow, and said, "To think of anyone running on a day like this!"

And Uncle John Brand stood there and gazed at his brother with an expression of despair.

"Can't you understand," he said, speaking in an intense tone, as if somehow to impress my grandfather with the importance of this event in society, "can't you understand that the prisoner out there in the Square has broken away, has escaped, and at this minute is running down Main Street, and that he's getting farther and farther away with each moment that you sit there?"

I had a vivid picture of the man running with long strides in the soft dust of Main Street. He must even then, I fancied, be far down the street. He must indeed be down by Bailey's, and perhaps Bailey's dog was rushing out at him, barking. And I hoped he would run faster, and faster, and get away, though I felt it was wrong to hope this. Uncle John Brand seemed to be right; though I did not like him as I liked my grandfather.

"But how could he get away?" my grandfather was asking. "He was in irons."

"He got the irons off somehow," Uncle John Brand said, exasperated. "I don't know how. He didn't stop to explain!" He found a relief in this fine sarcasm, and then said, "Aren't you going to do anything?"

"Well," said my grandfather, with an irresolution quite uncommon in him, "I suppose I really ought to do something. But I don't know just what to do." He sat up and looked about all over the room. "You don't see the marshal, do you?"

Uncle John Brand was looking at him now in disgust.

"Just look outside there, will you, John," my grandfather went on, "and see if you can find him? If you do, send him in, and I'll speak to him and have him go after the prisoner."

Uncle John Brand of Kentucky stood a moment in the doorway, finding no words with which to express himself, and then went out. And when he had gone my grandfather leaned back in his chair and laughed and laughed; laughed until his ruddy face became much redder than it was, even from the heat of that day.

Brand Whitlock tells the story of his public life in a book entitled *Forty Years of It*. He was successively a newspaper man, mayor of Toledo, and United States Minister to Belgium, where he served during the World War. This selection, which is one of the early chapters of the book, tells of his childhood. His Grandfather Brand at the time was the mayor of Urbana, Ohio, where this incident occurred.

1. What do you learn in the early paragraphs about the grandfather? About his dress? His history? Can you picture him and the little boy at home? On their walk?
2. What are the chief things to be seen on Main Street and in Market Square?
3. Describe the prisoner. Why was he in chains?
4. What thoughts do you think were in the mayor's mind when he called the prisoner to him? When he unlocked the irons?
5. How did the grandfather differ from Uncle John?
6. Why do you think Whitlock tells this story?

THE COUNTRY SURGEON [1]

SINCLAIR LEWIS

KENNICOTT telephoned his young wife on a mid-December afternoon: "Want to throw your coat on and drive out to Erdstrom's with me? Fairly warm. Nels got the jaundice."

"Oh yes!" Carol hastened to put on woolen stockings, high boots, sweater, muffler, cap, mittens.

The snow was too thick and the ruts frozen too hard for the motor. They drove out in a clumsy high carriage. Tucked over them was a blue woolen cover, prickly to her wrists, and outside of it a buffalo robe, humble and moth-eaten now, used ever since the bison herds had streaked the prairie a few miles to the west.

They reached Nels Erdstrom's at four, and with a throb she recognized the place which she had seen a year before — the cleared fields, furrows among stumps, a log cabin chinked with mud and roofed with dry hay. But Nels had prospered. He used the log cabin as a barn; and a new house reared up, a proud, unwise, Gopher Prairie house, the more naked and ungraceful in its glossy white paint and pink trimmings. Every tree had been cut down. The house was so unsheltered, so battered by the wind, so bleakly thrust out into the harsh clearing, that Carol shivered. But they were welcomed warmly enough in the kitchen, with its crisp new plaster, its black and nickel range, its cream separator in a corner.

Mrs. Erdstrom begged her to sit in the parlor, where there was a phonograph and an oak-and-leather davenport, the prairie farmer's proofs of social progress; but she dropped down by the kitchen stove and insisted, "Please don't mind me." When Mrs. Erdstrom had followed the doctor out of the room, Carol glanced in a friendly way at the grained pine cupboard, the

[1] From Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Used by permission.

framed Lutheran *Konfirmations Attest,* the traces of fried eggs and sausages on the dining table against the wall, and a jewel among calendars, presenting not only a lithographic young woman with cherry lips, and a Swedish advertisement of Axel Egge's grocery, but also a thermometer and a match holder.

She saw that a boy of four or five was staring at her from the hall, a boy in gingham shirt and faded corduroy trousers, but large-eyed, firm-mouthed, wide-browed. He vanished, then peeped in again, biting his knuckles, turning his shoulder toward her in shyness.

Then the telephone bell — two long rings, one short.

Mrs. Erdstrom galloped into the room, shrieked into the transmitter, "Vell? Yes, yes, dis is Erdstrom's place! Heh? Oh, you vant de doctor?"

Kennicott appeared, growled into the telephone:

"Well, what do you want? Oh, hello, Dave, what do you want? Which Morgenroth's? Adolph's? All right. Amputation? Yuh, I see. Say, Dave, get Gus to harness up and take my surgical kit down there — and have him take some chloroform. I'll go straight down from here. May not get home tonight. You can get me at Adolph's. Huh? No, Carrie can give the anesthetic, I guess. G'-by. Huh? No; tell me about that tomorrow — too many people always listening in on this farmers' line."

He turned to Carol. "Adolph Morgenroth, farmer ten miles southwest of town, got his arm crushed — fixing his cow-shed and a post caved in on him — smashed him up pretty bad — may have to amputate, Dave Dyer says. Afraid we'll have to go right from here. Sorry to drag you clear down there with me —"

"Please do. Don't mind me a bit."

"Think you could give the anesthetic? Usually have my driver do it."

"If you'll tell me how."

It was a bumpy cold way to the Morgenroth farm, and she was asleep when they arrived.

Here was no glaring new house with a proud phonograph, but a low whitewashed kitchen smelling of cream and cabbage. Adolph Morgenroth was lying on a couch in the rarely used dining room. His heavy work-scarred wife was shaking her hands in anxiety.

Carol felt that Kennicott would do something magnificent and startling. But he was casual. He greeted the man, "Well, well, Adolph, have to fix you up, eh?" Quietly, to the wife, "Has the drug store sent my black bag? So — fine! What time is it? Seven? Now let's have supper first."

He had supped in four minutes. His coat off, his sleeves rolled up, he was scrubbing his hands in a tin basin in the sink, using the bar of yellow kitchen soap.

Carol had not dared to look into the farther room while she labored over the supper of beer, rye bread, moist cornbeef and cabbage, set on the kitchen table. The man in there was groaning. In her one glance she had seen that his blue flannel shirt was open at a corded tobacco-brown neck, the hollows of which were sprinkled with thin black and gray hairs. He was covered with a sheet, and outside the sheet was his right arm, wrapped in towels stained with blood.

But Kennicott strode into the other room gayly, and she followed him. With surprising delicacy in his large fingers he unwrapped the towels and revealed the arm. The man bellowed. The room grew thick about her; she was very seasick; she fled to a chair in the kitchen. Through the haze of nausea she heard Kennicott grumbling, "Afraid it will have to come off, Adolph. What did you do? Fall on a reaper blade? We'll fix it right up. Carrie! *Carol!*"

She couldn't — she couldn't get up. Then she was up, her knees like water, her stomach revolving a thousand times a second, her eyes filmed, her ears full of roaring. She couldn't

reach the dining room. She was going to faint. Then she was in the dining room, leaning against the wall, trying to smile, flushing hot and cold along her chest and sides, while Kennicott mumbled, "Say, help Mrs. Morgenroth and me carry him in on the kitchen table. No, first go out and shove those two tables together, and put a blanket on them and a clean sheet."

It was salvation to push the heavy tables, to scrub them, to be exact in placing the sheet. Her head cleared; she was able to look calmly in at her husband and the farmwife while they undressed the wailing man, got him into a clean nightgown, and washed his arm. Kennicott came to lay out his instruments. She realized that, with no hospital facilities, yet with no worry about it, her husband — *her husband* — was going to perform a surgical operation, that miraculous boldness of which one read in stories about famous surgeons.

She helped them to move Adolph into the kitchen. The man was in such a funk that he would not use his legs. He was heavy, and smelled of sweat and the stable. But she put her arm about his waist, her sleek head by his chest; she tugged at him; she clicked her tongue in imitation of Kennicott's cheerful noises.

When Adolph was on the table, Kennicott laid a hemispheric steel and cotton frame on his face; suggested to Carol, "Now you sit here at his head and keep the ether dripping — about this fast, see? I'll watch his breathing. Look who's here! Real anesthetist! Ochsner hasn't got a better one! Class, eh? . . . Now, now, Adolph, take it easy. This won't hurt you a bit. Put you all nice and asleep and it won't hurt a bit."

As she let the ether drip, nervously trying to keep the rhythm that Kennicott had indicated, Carol stared at her husband with the abandon of hero worship.

He shook his head. "Bad light — bad light. Here, Mrs. Morgenroth, you stand right here and hold this lamp. *Hier, und dieses — dieses* lamp *halten* — so!"

By that streaky glimmer he worked, swiftly, at ease. The room was still. The ether fumes were sweet, choking. Carol's head seemed to be floating away from her body. Her arm was feeble.

She heard Kennicott's voice: "Sick? Trot outdoors couple minutes. Adolph will stay under now."

She was fumbling at a doorknob which whirled in insulting circles; she was on the stoop, gasping, forcing air into her chest, her head clearing. As she returned she caught the scene as a whole: the cavernous kitchen, two milkcans a leaden patch by the wall, hams dangling from a beam, bars of light at the stove door, and in the center, illuminated by a small glass lamp held by a frightened stout woman, Dr. Kennicott bending over a body which was humped under a sheet — the surgeon, his hands, in pale-yellow rubber gloves, loosening the tourniquet, his face without emotion save when he threw up his head and clucked at the farmwife, "Hold that light steady just a second more — *noch blos ein wenig*."

"He speaks a vulgar, common, incorrect German of life and death and birth and the soil. I read the French and German of sentimental lovers and Christmas garlands. And I thought that it was I who had the culture!" she worshiped as she returned to her place.

After a time he snapped, "That's enough. Don't give him any more ether." He was concentrated on tying an artery. His gruffness seemed heroic to her.

As he shaped the flap of flesh she murmured, "Oh, you *are* wonderful!"

He was surprised. "Why, this is a cinch. Now if it had been like last week — Get me some more water. Now last week I had a case — There. Say, I certainly am sleepy. Let's turn in here. Too late to drive home. And tastes to me like a storm coming."

Sinclair Lewis's novel *Main Street* depicts the life of a young doctor, Will Kennicott, and his wife, Carol, in a Minnesota village which the auther calls Gopher Prairie. This selection pictures the work of the doctor in his rural practice far away from hospital facilities and without the aid of nurses.

1. What special difficulties did the doctor have on this trip?
2. What do you learn about the homes of people living in the country around Gopher Prairie?
3. Who in the story interests you more, the doctor or his wife? Which do you admire more?
4. Write a list of words that describe the doctor.

FROM NOVICE TO VETERAN[1]

Irvin S. Cobb

THE REPORTER BEGINS

Like most of the men who break into New York newspaper work, I came from the country. Unlike most of them, I waited until I was getting well on toward thirty before I made the break.

I was born and brought up in one of those border-state towns that Northern people call Southern, and far Southern people call Western. When this town had about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and when I had just turned sixteen, being then a lank, gangling youngster, who was getting ready to go off to military school as a preliminary to a college education, a sudden and disastrous shift in the family finances made it imperative for me to make my own living.

I had already had some small experience at earning money for myself. To earn spending money, I had delivered newspapers for a few months once and the summer before, during vacation, I had driven an ice wagon, with a darky on the back end to handle the ice, and me perched up front to steer the mules and make

[1] From *Stickfuls* by Irvin S. Cobb. Copyright, 1923, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

change. But the ice business had never appealed to me — you had to get up at three o'clock in the morning, for one thing; so when this shipwreck of the family fortunes occurred I decided right away that, no matter what I became in after life, it would not be an iceman.

I had a chance to read law in the office of a kinsman and I rather liked the prospect. It seemed to me that the lawyers constituted a favored class in our community. Their offices were in a double line of little squatty brick buildings, stretching along a block known as Legal Row; and so far as I had been able to observe, they never did any harder work than sitting in their offices, with their feet cocked up on their desks, reading leather-backed books — except that in campaign years they made speeches and ran for office. And on pleasant afternoons, along about four o'clock, they would emerge from indoors and gather in groups along the sidewalks under the shade trees, swapping jokes and stories. And often there would be a game of marbles back of somebody's office with a watermelon cutting to follow. I have seen a former Congressman, a future United States Senator, a portly Circuit Judge, and a man who had been a brevet-brigadier in the Confederate Army, all in the same marble game, playing Plumpin' Boston.

The law was a fascinating pursuit — yes; but it might be years before I could earn anything at it, and what I needed was a job that had an immediate pecuniary connection to it. So I scouted round town, and I was just about to land a place in the city passenger office of one of the two railroads at three dollars a week to start on, when one night my father came home and asked me how I would like to be a newspaper man.

It did not take more than a second to make up my mind, and I know now that the decision of that moment shaped my whole life for me. To be a regular newspaper reporter, with a pad of paper and a pencil in my pocket, going round gathering news items and writing them out to be read, struck me as a much

more dignified and important calling than running errands for a railroad company.

It was into a unique establishment that I was welcomed of a brisk January morning, and such was the atmosphere of the place that inside of half a day I, an embarrassed, nervous boy, felt as much at home as if I had been born and raised there. The editor finished whatever he was doing, and then he opened a drawer and gave me one of those old-fashioned red-cedar pencils with a vein of slate running through its center. He offered me a pad of paper too, but I was already provided in that direction — I had bought a large leather-backed notebook on my way downtown — and then he told me to go out and try to find some items. I remember my bewildered feeling as I buttoned my overcoat round me and stepped out into the wind-blown street. Always before this street had seemed to me fairly to throb with life and movement. Now, all of a sudden, it had become as cold and empty as an open grave. It looked as if nothing ever happened there; as if nothing ever was going to happen there.

I wandered round in a lost sort of way until I came to the Market Square, where a few hucksters shivered at their stalls under the long open shed. There I got my first item. I would call it a "story" now, regardless of its length; but then all the small grists that came to my mill were "items," and the longer ones were "pieces." Thanks to a sort of photographic gift of mind, which has been my best asset as a reporter, I can still see this my first item just as it appeared in the paper that evening in a column headed Local Notes, sandwiched in between patent medicine reading notices:

Cal Evitts, the efficient and popular market master, says there were more rabbits brought to the local market this week than any week this winter. Molly Cottontails sold this morning for ten cents dressed or five cents undressed.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR TRIES THE CITY

With something less than two hundred dollars in my pocket and an imposing sheaf of letters of introduction in the top tray of my trunk I reached New York at nine o'clock on a spitting-hot August night. As the ferryboat waddled out like a fat duck from its nest in the Jersey City slip I stood at her bow and had my first view of the Big Town. There weren't as many sky-scrapers then as there are now, but there were enough.

It was the greatest sight I had ever seen, the most inspiring, the most exhilarating — and the most daunting. It stirred me clear up to the roots of my back hair, and it scared me clean down to the nails of my toes. This was the oyster I had come to open and find the meat inside — and maybe, if I had luck, a pearl or two. All of a sudden I realized what a whale of an oyster it was! If my legs had been cut off at the ankle at that minute, I reckon I shouldn't have bled a drop; but if I had cold feet in the most aggravated form, I likewise had the courage of desperation that keeps a forlorn hope from being too forlorn. I had burned the woods behind me. I just had to make good — that was all.

That was a good many years ago; but to this good day I never cross the Hudson River and see the man-made mountain ranges of Manhattan blocked out against the eastern sky that I do not have again, in some degree, the feelings I had that night; and I say to myself that I know better than most native-born the sensations that come to the alien when he stands on the steerage deck among his fellow immigrants and sees dead ahead the New World rising out of the water — because, to all intents and purposes, I was an alien then, too, and was coming to a brand-new world myself.

I started off by spreading my letters of introduction round; all greenhorns in New York do that, I suppose. They didn't get me anywhere; they rarely get anyone anywhere, I think.

Everybody is willing to write letters of reference and almost nobody is willing to read them — at least, nobody is in New York. I also called on a man whom I had known years before down South. He now had a copy-reading job on a second-rate afternoon sheet; I didn't appreciate, at the time, though, that it was a second-rater. I sent my card in to him and he came out and greeted me with studied reserve. As soon as he found out I hadn't come to borrow any money he warmed slightly, but he remained well within the temperate zone throughout the interview. I outlined my situation to him.

"And you gave up a good job as editor of a country paper, where you were your own boss, to come up here and try and break into one of these madhouses!" he exclaimed when I was through. "Old man, you didn't realize when you were well off. Gee! I only wish I had the job you threw up to come here!"

"Yes," he said in answer to my next question, "there's a chance you might make good here — if you hang round long enough; but it's a heartbreaking experience, no matter which way the cards fall. You never can tell about this New York newspaper game — not for a minute. These editors are always pretending to look for oranges that haven't been squeezed dry, but mainly they seem to pick lemons. A man who was a wonder in a small town comes on, gets started off wrong or something, and falls down. A man who was a dub out in the country goes right to the top in New York. You never can tell.

"The trouble with all you fellows back home is that you only hear and only want to hear about the few men who succeed in New York. You don't hear about the hundreds of failures."

When two weeks had passed, my money was running low, even though I lived frugally. I had blisters on my feet and I wasn't any nearer to a job than I had been when I set out. One noontime I was sitting on a bench in Madison Square, feeling very tired and considerably discouraged. It didn't add any to my peace of mind to consider the bleak, hopeless faces of my neigh-

bors on the near-by benches. Down-and-out was written on the face and in the pose of every one of them.

And right there, just at that minute, I had an idea. It was better than an idea — it was an inspiration, born of the needs of the hour. It lifted me off that bench as if I had been bee-stung. In half an hour I was in my hall bedroom in West Fifty-seventh Street composing a form letter. It wasn't a very long letter, but into it I tried to pile a heaping measure of the flippant tone that seemed so popular in the newspapers. I guyed the recipient, whoever he might be, and I guyed myself. I said in effect that here I was, probably the livest reporter and the best writer and the ablest editor that had ever come to New York to uplift its journalism to the highest possible level, and yet nobody had jumped at the unparalleled opportunity of hiring me; that I had come to town to accept an important and highly lucrative position on some leading paper and was waiting for it; that I could do anything on any paper and do it better probably than the person who was now doing it. I said a lot more like that.

I wound it up, as I recall, after this fashion:

"This is positively your last chance. I have grown weary of studying the wall-paper design in your anteroom. A modest appreciation of my own worth forbids my doing business with your head office boy any longer. Unless you grab me right away I will go elsewhere and leave your paper flat on its back right here in the middle of a hard summer, and your whole life hereafter will be one vast surging regret. The line forms on the left; applications considered in the order in which they are received; triflers and professional flirts save stamps. Write, wire, or call at the above address."

The "idea" was a good one. I got a job. I edited telegraph in small and inconsequential batches for two days. On the third day I was set to work writing an advance story, from file clippings, of a naval review that would take place the following week. I turned myself loose on that story, giving a whole day to it practi-

cally. When it was done I rather fancied that it was well done; but next day, when it came out in the paper, I was pained to note that it had been cut to a commonplace, straight-away narrative. Practically all my fancy flights and neatly turned phrases had been killed out bodily. This was to happen to me several times before I learned my lesson, which was that almost universally copy-readers in New York resent any effort on the part of a new hand to do any of this so-called fine writing. If a man with a fixed reputation comes on the paper to do writing of a certain sort, that is a different thing — mainly the copy-desk will pass his copy as it stands; but it behooves the new and the unknown man to stick to the plainest and most unornamental English until he is established.

On the fourth day there was a substitute man on the city desk, the regular city editor having gone away on his vacation. About ten o'clock in the morning the understudy, who had sent most of his staff out on details of one sort or another, glanced about the room in a worried sort of fashion, hesitated a bit and hailed me.

"Here!" he said as I came over to him. "There's a general strike threatened on the L lines. The storm may break any time. Cover it, will you?"

He handed me a couple of clippings from morning papers and then without another word turned away. By that time I had begun to acquire a few rudiments of office etiquette. For one thing, I knew that it wasn't good form to ask for explicit instructions from the man who handed out an assignment. You were presumed to know how to handle the contract, whether you did or did not. And most certainly I did not. But I didn't expose my ignorance — not there anyhow.

As a starter I decided to go to the office of the general manager of the L lines. After a little trouble I found it, half a mile away on an upper floor of the old Western Union Building at Broadway and Dey Street. On a venture I sent my personal card in to the general manager, and his secretary came out to the anteroom

where I stood and asked my business with his superior. I told him I was a reporter. He looked at me curiously, as though I must be a new variety of the species — as indeed I was; and then he told me the general manager had nothing to say for publication just then. As I turned away he halted me.

"Possibly you'd better wait round a bit," he hinted. "Later on there might be something you would want."

Having nothing better to do, I waited round. Various persons passed in and out; and in about ten minutes there came in, together, five men. By certain unmistakable marks of their craft I recognized them as reporters, but there was one thing about them that puzzled and rather startled me — the average age of the five. In the towns where I had worked reporters almost invariably were young chaps; generally they were men still in their early twenties. When a man reached, say, thirty he had either risen to the dignity of some inside job or else he had gone into some other business. But two out of this group were middle-aged, and one was downright elderly — he had a gray mustache, and his hair, what there was of it, was almost white. Later on I was to comprehend that here I beheld one of the big tragedies, perhaps the biggest tragedy, of the New York newspaper game.

Aside from the fascination of the calling itself, the thing that lures many a young fellow just out of college into newspaper work is the certainty that if he shows aptitude and adaptability he can within a year or two be earning his forty or his fifty or his sixty dollars a week, and be having a bully, fine, exciting time while earning it. But the sad part of it is that, unless he develops a talent for some special line of newspaper endeavor or shows the executive instinct that lands him in an editorial berth, he is still at thirty earning what he earned at twenty. At forty he is probably earning even less than he did at thirty, and a newer generation of reporters is growing up around him and calling him "Pop."

On the other hand, there is the endlessly shifting succession of

interesting jobs to handle; the constant change of base and action; the fact that never are two days exactly alike; and, most of all, there is the personal equation of vanity and self-interest to be reckoned, since in their own little world each man's work is balanced daily against that of his fellows. These things keep a reporter young in his enthusiasms after his hair turns white and his kneejoints rust. He may grow callous to human emotions, even though maintaining a certain artificial sympathy for purely professional uses; he may grow cynical — next to policemen, city newspaper men are the most skeptical people on earth, I reckon — but the fine fire of his youthful ardor will burn always.

REPORTERS SHARE THE NEWS

The belief that a reporter is happiest when he is scooping his fellow reporter is one of the commonest assumptions held by those who have never been reporters, and one of the most erroneous possible. In practically all the larger cities in this country reporters work together. A certain code governs their confederacy. If a group of reporters representing different papers are working on the same news story, each is in honor bound to divide with his fellows any and every legitimate item of information which comes into his possession for so long as he is detailed to the assignment.

The customary procedure is to devise a rough working plan wherein the men, singly or in pairs, cover separate ends of the story, each being under an implied pledge — which rarely is violated — to keep his confrères posted to the minute regarding the developments which have come to his attention and of which naturally the others might know nothing unless he did advise them. If he cannot get in touch with an associate in time for the other man to catch an edition with the details he has just secured, he will telephone to the office where his associate is employed and report direct.

If this were not the case, every metropolitan paper would be compelled to employ a city staff unwieldy and expensive beyond belief. Moreover, a sense of self-protection upon the part of the reporters themselves enters into the equation. If a reporter, working under agreement with one or more members of his trade, breaks the faith, he becomes a marked man. The word goes out that So-and-So has thrown down the crowd, and immediately the rest of the fraternity conspires at the next chance to punish him for his transgression by withholding from him essential facts otherwise held as common property.

Moreover, experience has taught the reporter that in the long run it will avail him little to pull off a beat at the expense of his supposed rivals, because by day after tomorrow the achievement will be forgotten even in his own city room, whereas the next time he misses an important development he is in for a scolding or something worse.

Like most good rules, this rule is flexible and has its exceptions. For example, this would be a typical exception: Six reporters, let us say, serving six newspapers are at work on a story presenting various ramifications. To one of them comes — not through the regular and recognized news channels but through outside sources — a hint which promises possibilities.

Perhaps while he is off duty he meets an acquaintance who tells him of an interesting side light which has a bearing upon the case but which has not cropped up along beaten paths. Perhaps a member of his own staff gets hold of the tip and passes it along to him.

With the utmost frankness he tells the other five men that he is off to dig up what promises to be an exclusive end of the story. None of them spies on him; none of them expects him to divulge the facts he may secure while following this private lead. They all understand, and so do their city editors, that it has been his fortune to strike an unknown and previously unsuspected trail, and that the business is his business and not theirs.

Not often is a cub reporter permitted to handle an important factor in an important news event. In the first place he probably wouldn't know what to do with a big news story if he ran on one. His is a trade which has to be learned, just as every other trade does. In the second place there nearly always is a journeyman reporter within reach of the city editor when big news breaks, and no sane city editor would assign an apprentice to a task of importance when he has a master craftsman at his beck and call. The callow beginner who, unaided and working against the handicaps of an unappreciative taskmaster at the city desk and self-sufficient, patronizing veterans in the city room, pulls off a monumental scoop, is to be found only in fiction. That, I may add, is exactly where he belongs, seeing that he is the figment either of a fiction writer's imagination or of a fiction writer's impulse to use stock models.

THE VETERAN REPORTER SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

If anybody claims I am an authentic humorist I can show him a scrapbook full of clippings, signed by expert book reviewers, to prove the contrary. If anybody thinks me a rising young short-story writer — that is to say, young for my age, which is the only way a body ever is young or ever is old either, for that matter — I repeat, if anybody chooses to regard me as one giving promise as a short-story writer, I can cure the obsession by producing another volume of criticisms done by men and women who freely concede that they know all there is to know about the short-story-writing game and who are equally frank and aboveboard in telling me what I do not know about it. But if anybody says I am not a good reporter, I'll bet him a million dollars he is a liar.

I am a good reporter, and I admit it and I can prove it and I am proud of it. I know how to go out and get a news story and how to assemble the stuff afterward. I know how to play on a news story as though it were a concertina or a crush hat; which

is to say I know how to stretch a small story out to the length of a column, and by the same token how to pack down a big story into the compass of a paragraph.

I can gather my facts in the midst of noise and excitement, and if needs be I can write them down in the midst of more noise and more excitement. With one lobe of my brain I can think of the story I am writing and with the other lobe of my brain I can be watching the clock and keeping tally of the narrowing margin of minutes between now and press time.

I can interview a man and listen to him while he airs his views for half an hour or an hour and never take out my pencil except to scribble down dates and proper names. And then I can go back to the shop and put on paper the sense of what he said in the sequence in which he said it and, generally speaking, I can reproduce from memory the language he used in saying it.

If the city editor tells me to write two hundred words about something, I can write for him two hundred words. I do not need to count them off or measure them up. When I have done the stint and pulled the sheet of copy paper out of my typewriter and sent it over to his desk, I am willing to risk any sum within reason that it will run within ten words of two hundred words. There is no trick about it; a subconscious something, an instinct born of long training, mechanically warns me when I have done two hundred words, or five hundred or a thousand — not five hundred or a thousand approximately, but almost literally that number.

My weakest point is a tendency to overwrite, to overelaborate, a story which interests me personally. (Perhaps I am overwriting now.) My strongest point is a sense of news values; I suppose you might call it an inherent sense, for it seems to me that I have had it ever since the beginning of my apprenticeship. My heaviest liability in the line of outstanding reportorial shortcomings is an almost complete absence of the deductive quality, wherefore effects appeal to me rather than causes. As an analyst I

would never shine unless it were with that same shininess which we associate with a brass dime. Many reporters are clever detectives; but as a detective on piece work I would starve to death.

On the other hand, my best assets are an excellent memory and an ability, first, mentally to photograph a scene or a person, and then to stow the picture away in a sort of filing system inside my head, where it stays properly catalogued and indexed against the time when I want to take it out and use it. In fine and in short, I am a good reporter, and if you don't believe I am — why, I am, that's all.

I am not a born reporter; I never saw one. I have known men who as cubs started with a natural aptitude for the trade, and who therefore learned it rapidly and well. I have seen men who had less aptitude for it, and who therefore learned it slowly and laboriously. I have seen men who had no aptitude at all for it, and they have never become star reporters, no matter how hard they tried. These men might have made good railroad presidents or good railroad switchmen, might have written essays or verses or novels or life insurance or underwear advertisements. But they could not handle news stories because they lacked what we call a nose for news, which means an appreciation of news values.

Reporting, like any other specialized work, is a trade to be learned, not one to be born with. And I learned mine. I acquired it by experience, by making the same mistake so often that, after a while, I learned not to make it quite so often. At the time this goes into print I am nearing my forty-sixth birthday. I have been doing reporting since I was half past sixteen; which means that for thirty years, nearly, I have been reporting for daily papers, weekly papers, trade papers, and Sunday papers; for syndicates, press associations, periodicals, and magazines.

In these sketches Irvin Cobb tells about his experiences in becoming a newspaper man. He also gives interesting glimpses of activities connected with newspaper work.

1. Cobb's beginning is like that of hundreds of young men in newspaper reporting. Why did he not go to college? Was reporting his first work? What do you think of his first news item?

2. Cobb frequently pokes fun at himself. Find two examples of this.

3. How did he get his first New York position?

4. The newspaper world has its special vocabulary. For instance: *edited telegraph.* Newspapers receive news by telegraph constantly, and these short telegrams must be prepared or *edited* for printing. *Copy-readers* edit the *copy* turned in by reporters before it is sent to the printing room. Find other newspaper expressions in this article.

5. What is the "tragedy of the New York newspaper game" of which the writer tells?

6. How do reporters aid each other? What are some of the rules of the game?

7. In what kind of writing does Mr. Cobb regard himself as most skillful? What does he say are his chief assets in this?

8. Write a list of the traits or abilities which you would consider important for yourself if you wished to become a successful reporter.

9. Read the newspapers for a week and cut out, for your notebook, the best example of reporting that you find.

LOOKING FOR ADVENTURES[1]

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, at the age of twenty-five, went to Dakota straight from the Chicago presidential convention of 1884, arriving at Chimney Butte Ranch about the eighth of June. The country was at its best, with the bright young grass in one unbroken carpet over the prairie, and here and there in daubs of vivid green on the dark red and purple of the buttes.

TEDDY MAKES A REPUTATION

Roosevelt entered with heart and soul on the work of a ranchman. There was plenty to do, for the spring was the ranchman's busy season and matters which were merely chores to the expert cowpuncher had to be studied with solemn care by the tenderfoot. For he was on trial, and he knew it. The few inhabitants which the Bad Lands possessed were ready to scorn him and reject him at the first sign of weakness or cowardice, and he knew that only by sharing the cowboy's joys and hardships to the full could he achieve the respect of his hardy companions. He was in the saddle from morning until night, riding among the cattle, hunting stray horses (and they were always straying), breaking ponies, assisting on the round-up. Now and then he was a source of merriment to the experienced hands, for his skill was not always equal to his earnestness; but the various tricks they played upon him to test his temper or his nerve generally ended in the discomfiture of their authors. The fact that one such test — which included a breakneck gallop down a sharp and muddy slope — resulted in the downfall of the expert while he himself kept his seat, proved discouraging to the devisers of mischief.

[1] From Hermann Hagedorn's *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, copyrighted by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission.

One event, which occurred at a wild little town called Mingusville, some thirty miles west of the Little Missouri, furnished the kind of talking material the Bad Lands liked to hear, and gave Roosevelt a reputation.

Mingusville boasted only one hotel, and that was a wicked little place which Roosevelt would not have dreamed of entering if night had not overtaken him far from the ranch and left him no other choice. As he was stabling his horse he heard two shots, fired, evidently, in the barroom. He entered the place with misgivings.

A shabby-looking individual in a broad-brimmed hat was walking up and down the floor, talking and swearing. He was in full possession of the situation, for he had a cocked gun in each hand, and the half dozen other men in the room, who were evidently sheep herders, seemed to be in no way inclined to dispute his authority. The clock had two holes in its face, which accounted for the shots Roosevelt had heard.

"Four-eyes!" shouted the bully as he spied Roosevelt with his offensive spectacles. There was a nervous laugh from the sheep herders, in which Roosevelt joined. "Four-eyes is going to treat!"

There was another laugh. Under cover of it, Roosevelt walked quietly to a chair behind the stove and sat down, hoping to escape further notice.

But the bully had had everything his own way and evidently had no intenton of being thwarted now. He crossed the room to where Roosevelt was sitting and repeated his command.

Roosevelt passed the man's shout off as a joke. But the bully leaned over Roosevelt, swinging his guns, and ordered him in foul and offensive language to "set up the drinks for the crowd."

It occurred to Roosevelt like a flash that he was facing a crisis and that he must make good or quit. It occurred to him that the man was foolish to stand so near, with his heels together. "Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," he said, and rose to his feet.

The bully felt vainglorious and expected no retaliation. Roosevelt struck him quick and hard with his right just to one side of the point of the jaw, hitting with his left as he straightened out, and then again with his right.

The ruffian fired both guns, but the bullets went wide as he fell like a tree, striking the corner of the bar with his head. He was senseless as Roosevelt bent over him, and the sheep herders, with courage revived, carried him into a shed.

Roosevelt took his dinner in a corner of the dining room, away from the windows, and went to bed without a light. But the would-be desperado made no move to recover his shattered prestige. He departed next morning on a passing freight train, and was seen no more.

The news of the encounter spread like the proverbial wildfire. "Four-eyes" became overnight "Old Four-eyes," which was another matter, and the Bad Lands ceased to regard "Teddy Roosenfelder" as a joke.

Roosevelt had an experience of a somewhat similar sort that spring in the new and flourishing town called Medora, which a French adventurer, the Marquis de Mores, had established across the river from Little Missouri. Medora was as raw as beef in a butcher shop and the language that was spoken there was obscene beyond description. The worst offender, by common consent, was a burly reprobate who went by the name of Hell-roaring Bill Jones. He had had a checkered career but was not without excellent qualities, which Roosevelt had promptly recognized.

It happened one day that Roosevelt was sitting in the office of the only other "literary gent" in the neighborhood, a young Michigan graduate named Packard, who was editor of the local weekly, the *Bad Lands Cowboy*. There were a number of cowpunchers in the room and the language was more than picturesque. The most foul-mouthed of the lot, as usual, was Hell-roaring Bill.

Roosevelt had no taste for foul stories. Men who really knew him somehow failed to think of foul stories when he was about, or, if they thought of them, instinctively left them untold. Evidently Bill Jones did not know him very well.

Roosevelt stood the foul stuff as long as he could. Then he looked Bill Jones straight in the eye and "skinned his teeth" and said, "I can't tell why in the world I like you, for you're the nastiest talking man I ever heard."

The cow-punchers gasped. Bill Jones was notoriously light-triggered and they expected his hand to fly to his gun.

But Bill's hand did nothing of the sort. There was deep silence in the room. Then a sheepish look crept over the "bad man's" face as he said apologetically: "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I'm not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind saying that mebbe I've been a little too free with my mouth."

They were friends from that day; they remained friends until Bill Jones died, a pathetic wreck, thirty years later.

It did not take many incidents of this sort to fix Roosevelt's reputation in the Bad Lands. In a community in which the oldest inhabitant had resided only a year or two, it did not take a man long to establish himself. In Medora there was a small law-abiding element, completely surrounded by a vast sea of iniquity. Rascals of every degree of wickedness came and went, gamblers and game butchers, horse thieves and cattle thieves, boyish adventurers and fugitives from justice. Roosevelt associated himself with the small group, including the editor of the *Cowboy*, which was endeavoring to bring law and order into the untamed region. His power was instantly recognized, and before the summer was well advanced one of the leading newspapers of western Dakota was speaking of him as a possible candidate for Congress.

"DEAD MEN AT ELKHORN SHACK"

Roosevelt opened up his own ranch at Elkhorn and brought two men from Maine, Sewall and Dow, to help him run it.

One day, on a round-up in the neighborhood, Dow overheard one of the Marquis de Mores's men remarking to another that "there'd be some dead men round that Elkhorn shack some day."

Dow told Sewall.

"Well," drawled Bill, "if there's going to be any dead men hereabouts I cal'late we can fix it so it won't be us."

A day or two afterward one of the Marquis's men rode to where they were cutting timber. "There's a vigilance committee around, I hear," he remarked casually. "They got a young fellow recently what was on foot, and reckoning that he was probably getting ready to steal a horse, they strung him up so his feet just touched the ground. They wanted him to confess. But he said he didn't have nothing he could confess. It was too bad about him. You haven't seen the vigilance committee about, have you? I hear they're considering making a call on you folks."

The men from Maine said to each other that the thing began to look "smoky." They carried rifles and revolvers after that when they went to cut timber.

The vigilantes did not come, but six of the Marquis's men did, heralding their arrival with revolver shots in the air. It was Sunday morning. Sewall was alone. Unostentatiously his hand fell on his gun and remained there. He invited them into the shack to have some beans.

"The boss of the gang had been drinking," said Sewall, telling Roosevelt about it later. "He had a good appetite, so I got all the beans into him I could, to make him feel good. I guess he finally decided I wasn't worth shooting."

Sewall and Dow gave Roosevelt a full account of their adventures. "People are breathing out slaughter against us folk," said Sewall.

"What for?" asked Roosevelt sharply.

"It's that Frenchman's outfit," said Sewall.

"I thought there'd be trouble there."

"Maunders — he's the boss trouble-maker of the Frenchman's outfit — he says he wants to shoot you," said Sewall.

This was decidedly interesting. Maunders was known as a good shot and had, in fact, recently killed a man.

Roosevelt went out to the corral, roped and saddled his horse, and rode to Maunders's shack. Maunders was there. Roosevelt rode up to him.

"I hear that you want to shoot me," he said quietly. "I came over to find out why."

After a brief conversation it appeared that Maunders did not, after all, want to shoot him. He had been "misquoted." They parted, excellent friends.

Sewall and Dow one day were at Elkhorn, busy cutting the timber for the new house, which was to stand under the shade of a row of cottonwood trees overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri. They were both mighty men with the ax. Roosevelt himself was no amateur, but he could not compete with the stalwart backwoodsmen.

One evening he overheard one of the cowboys ask Dow what the day's cut had been. "Well, Bill cut down fifty-three," answered Dow, "I cut forty-nine, and the boss," he added dryly, not realizing that Roosevelt was within hearing — "the boss he beavered down seventeen."

Roosevelt remembered a tree stump he had seen recently, gnawed down by a beaver, and grinned.

WINTER IN THE BAD LANDS

Winter settled down over the Bad Lands. There was little snow, but the cold was fierce in its intensity. By day, the plains and buttes were dazzling to the eye under the clear weather; by night, the trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the

biting frost. Even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay fixed in its shining bed of glistening white, "like a huge bent bar of blue steel." Wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it at night as though it were a highway.

Roosevelt was now living mainly at Chimney Butte, writing somewhat and reading much, sharing fully meanwhile in the hardship of the winter work. It was not always pleasant to be out of doors, but the herds had to be carefully watched and every day (which began with breakfast at five — three hours before sunrise) he or one of his men was in the saddle from dawn to dark, riding about among them and turning back any herd that seemed to be straggling toward the open plains. In the open country there was always a strong wind that never failed to freeze ears or fingers or toes, in spite of flannels and furs. The cattle suffered much, standing huddled in the bushes in the ravines, and some of the young stock died of exposure.

During the severest weather Ferris and Merrifield, whom Roosevelt had sent out to buy ponies, returned with fifty which had to be broken then and there. Day after day in the icy cold Roosevelt labored with his men in the corral over the refractory animals, making up in patience what he lacked in physical address. He did not find this business altogether pleasant, and the presence of a gallery of grinning cowboys, gathered "to see whether the high-headed bay could buck the boss off," did not make it any easier to preserve a look of smiling indifference while the panic-stricken pony went through his gyrations.

The high-headed bay did buck the boss off; and he wasn't the only one who did. But it is worth remarking that in the end it was not the boss, but the pony, who was "broken."

THE STOCKMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-six years old, no longer asthmatic now, but as hardy in body as he was fearless in spirit, became, in scarcely more than a year from that morning when he had first

descended from the train at Medora, an important factor in the life of the Bad Lands.

He had established himself firmly in the respect and affection of those law-abiding ranchmen whose respect and affection were worth having; and it was not long before they began to look upon him as a leader. He had, from the first, felt the need of government in this strip of wild country, which offered so secure a refuge to evil-doers, and had done what he could to secure the organization of the county in which Medora was situated. But the time was not yet ripe for this step and Roosevelt decided, therefore, to endeavor to bring the honest ranchmen together in an association for mutual protection. Early in December, 1884, he issued the following appeal in the columns of the *Bad Lands Cowboy:*

NOTICE

OF A PROPOSED MEETING OF THE STOCKMEN OF THE LITTLE MISSOURI

At the request of Messrs. Huidekooper, Wadsworth, Eaton, Truscott, the N.P.R.C. Company, and of several other stockmen having ranges on the Little Missouri and Beaver Creek, a meeting of the stockmen of this river and its tributaries is hereby called to be held in Roberts Hall, Medora, at 11 A.M., Friday, December 19th. The object is to bring together the cattle men of this vicinity in order that they may discuss certain questions of immediate and pressing interest to them, and in order that they may take measures to provide for a more efficient organization of the stockmen of this vicinity in the future, both so that they may be able to act more as a unit than has been the case in the past, and so that they can combine to protect their interests against unjust interference from the outside.

All gentlemen interested in stock-raising, both those on the Little Missouri and those on the neighboring waters, are urgently requested to attend.

(*By request*)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

On December 19th a dozen or more ranchmen met, in response to this letter, in a dance hall over Medora's leading and most wicked saloon, and formed the Little Missouri River Stockmen's Association, for mutual protection, as the by-laws ran, "against frauds and swindles, and to prevent the stealing, taking, and driving away of horned cattle, sheep, horses, and other stock from the rightful owners thereof."

Roosevelt was presiding officer at the meeting and was elected chairman of the association, though he was one of the youngest men present. The whole matter attracted little attention, but it meant the beginning of the end of lawlessness in the Bad Lands.

Few men in history have had so many and such varied interests as Theodore Roosevelt. He was parent, naturalist, hunter, soldier, politician, writer, and world statesman. Everything he did was done with great energy and enthusiasm. The adventures here related occurred after his graduation from Harvard College and a short period of business and political life in New York City.

In early life Roosevelt was not physically robust. One of his reasons for undertaking ranch life was to recover his health, which at the time was being undermined by asthma. Having spent all his early life in the city, he had little experience to equip him for the exactions of the rugged out-of-doors on the Dakota prairies.

The "cow country" developed its own special vocabulary, with such expressions as these: cow-puncher, tenderfoot, round-up, light-triggered, smoky, corral, breaking ponies, buck the boss off.

Explanatory Notes

Four-eyes. Roosevelt was nearsighted and always wore prominent spectacles.

Skinned his teeth. Roosevelt's teeth always showed prominently when he smiled or when he was angry.

Set up the drinks refers to a custom of one man paying for drinks of liquor, usually for all present. The bar was always a part of the frontier hotel.

Hard with his right. Roosevelt was an excellent boxer, keeping up with the practice even during his occupancy of the White House. He was an ardent advocate of " the manly sport."

Bad Lands, the name given to a rough section of country in South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska.

A PIONEER OF TODAY [1]

JACKSON DAVIS

"WHAT can one or two stations on the Atlantic coast do toward educating half a continent in the broad domain of agriculture? As well might a single cannon, planted on Bunker Hill, defend the seaboard cities of the nation from the combined attack of the navies of the world." This was the spirit in which Seaman A. Knapp fought the good fight for better agriculture. It was largely through his efforts that Congress, in 1887, passed a law providing for the establishment of an agricultural experiment station in each state.

He had been for ten years in charge of a girls' school at Poultney, Vermont. He humorously referred to it as a select school, "for," he said, "we selected all who would come." Here he met with an accident which threatened to leave him a cripple for life. Broken in health, he was advised by his physicians to go west and follow an outdoor life, for they thought he could not live more than a year. He accordingly went to Iowa, where he became a successful farmer, then a teacher, and later president of the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa.

In 1884 he went to Louisiana to direct the development of a large area of land in which a number of his friends in Iowa were interested. He saw the possibilities of this land, selling at that time for about one dollar an acre, and he introduced the cultivation of upland rice, which has brought prosperity to large areas of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. It was in developing this region that Dr. Knapp hit upon the demonstration method of teaching adult farmers.

Many of those attracted to the region became discouraged and left. He therefore chose some of the best farmers from Iowa and other states and induced them to come in and demonstrate good

[1] Reprinted in abbreviated form from *Southern Pioneers*. Copyright, 1925, by the University of North Carolina Press.

farming in strategic centers. The results were immediate. The newcomers decided to settle, and this part of southwest Louisiana is now one of the most prosperous portions of the state. Dr. Knapp said, "We then learned the philosophy and the power of agricultural demonstration."

Having established the rice industry on a firm basis, Dr. Knapp became special adviser for the South in the United States Department of Agriculture. In this capacity he went to the West Indies, the Philippines, Japan, and India to study rice culture and to ascertain the varieties best suited for this Southern region.

With this record behind him, surely he had earned a rest from his labors, but instead, at the age of seventy, he was called to his life work. Out in western Texas the Mexican boll weevil had suddenly appeared and was advancing in a steady march eastward across the heart of the great cotton-producing area. It destroyed millions of dollars' worth of cotton, but the ruin was not confined to the farmers alone. Merchants, bankers, business houses of all sorts saw their profits vanishing. The people were panic-stricken. Prosperous little towns became like deserted mining camps. The United States Department of Agriculture was appealed to for aid, and Seaman A. Knapp was selected as the person best qualified to meet this emergency.

Dr. Knapp went to Terrell, Texas, in 1903, just in advance of the boll weevil. The story is told that a farmer in a pessimistic tone asked him, "Well, what have you brought us?" "Not a thing," replied Dr. Knapp. "Any scheme of relief that is not based on self-help is like sending a man to hold up a sick calf. After a while they both get tired and fall down together."

He then persuaded a group of citizens to provide an indemnity fund for a farmer who would undertake to follow the directions he gave in the cultivation of his land. Mr. Walter Porter agreed to conduct the demonstration farm, and by following Dr. Knapp's directions, he cleared $700 on his demonstration field.

Dr. Knapp found that he could not destroy the boll weevil,

but he soon destroyed the panic and laid the foundations for a more prosperous and diversified agriculture. He began with cotton and demonstrated that it could be grown under boll weevil conditions by the selection of early-maturing varieties and by better preparation and cultivation of the soil. Then he turned to corn and cowpeas and other crops, which he showed could be grown successfully. The farmers conducting these demonstrations found themselves raising food and feed supplies to meet their own needs, and also raising profitably a smaller amount of cotton as a cash crop. With this system, they were better off than when they had grown cotton alone and had bought all of their supplies.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture placed $40,000 of government funds at Dr. Knapp's disposal and the Farm Demonstration Work was inaugurated throughout the boll weevil area. But the work was not to be confined to this area, nor were its effects limited to agriculture. Perhaps the most remarkable effect was its influence upon public education throughout the South.

Beginning in 1898, there had been held each year a series of conferences of representative people with a group of public-spirited men of the North, who desired to assist the Southern people in the great task of public education. They organized the Southern Education Board, which played an important part in enlisting the entire weight of Southern opinion in the task of universal education. Then in 1902 the General Education Board was established. One of its principal objects was the assistance of education in the South, and Dr. Wallace Buttrick, the secretary and executive officer, set out to discover the best way of doing it.

At this period the average annual earnings of persons engaged in agriculture in some of the Southern states was as low as $150, as compared with $1000 for Iowa. The people were interested in education, but they did not have the rural wealth to support the schools they desired.

Dr. Buttrick happened to hear of Seaman A. Knapp's work. President David F. Houston of the Texas State Agricultural and Mechanical College said to him, "There are two universities here in Texas — one is at Austin; and the other is Dr. Knapp." Dr. Buttrick lost no time getting acquainted with this new "university." He found in it the way to bring about a revolution in Southern agriculture, on which to base the substantial improvement in rural education.

Dr. Knapp was invited to Washington to take charge of the Farm Demonstration Work in the Department of Agriculture, and the General Education Board supplied the funds necessary to carry it on in the Southern states, outside the weevil area. It was begun in Mississippi in 1906, in Alabama and Virginia in 1907, and in 1908 it was extended into every Southern state. State, district, and county agents were appointed as rapidly as suitable persons could be found, and under the inspiration of Dr. Knapp they went about their work with all the zeal and unselfishness of a religious movement.

In the direction of the agents Dr. Knapp showed himself a great teacher. He would never permit them to undertake too much at one time. He was simply concerned that the farmer should begin where he was, no matter how far down that was, and take the first step forward. The next year there would be another and a longer stride, and then the way was easy. In his homely wisdom he would say to the agents, "Don't confuse people with elaborate programs. The average man, like the crow, cannot count more than three."

Dr. Knapp was always eager to help the poor and disadvantaged farmer. He said, "The only way such farmers can prosper is by remaining in the old rut and improving the rut." Having taken the first step, he could take the next and end by diversified farming. Dr. Knapp was always quick with human sympathy, never merely critical, but definite, simple, straightforward.

A cynic might say that Dr. Knapp drew upon the best agri-

cultural knowledge already available and simply took it to the farmers — a simple enough task. Yes, it was so simple, we wonder why it wasn't done before. This is a commonplace remark about any invention or any step of social progress. But it was just here that Dr. Knapp made his great contribution, and his whole life was a preparation for it. He knew that poor farmers do not become good farmers by attending lectures or reading bulletins, any more than a boy masters algebra by having a textbook available for his use on a library shelf. He stated his own method as follows: "The farmer must solve his problem on his own farm and with his own hands and find the answer in the crib or granary."

The individual was never lost sight of. The agent visited the farmer and got him to agree to cultivate an acre of corn or cotton according to directions which would be furnished him. The farmer then signed a contract with the United States Department of Agriculture. Carefully selected seed would be furnished, and the agent would visit the farmer once or twice a month. At the time of his visit some of the neighbors would be on hand to see how the demonstration was turning out and to get the agent's directions.

The man would succeed, and his success thrust him forward as a leading man. The seed from his project was in demand at a good price. He was ready to go on. He plied the agent with questions; he became a student of farm bulletins, an observer of farm practice, eager to learn. The neighbors would be ready to undertake the work, and so better practice would spread.

Dr. Knapp analyzed the situation in the Southern states with great clearness and he addressed himself to the remedy with so much intelligence, kindness, and simplicity that he became the beloved apostle to the Southern farmers. He had abounding faith in Southern agriculture. In an address at Pinehurst, North Carolina, in 1907, he made the following statement: "To me the Southern states surpass all of the countries of the

earth of equal area in material resources, mainly undeveloped. Underneath almost every acre is concealed a mineral wealth of surpassing value. Within almost every acre are agricultural resources that, touched by intellect and labor, will reveal marvelous products. To me the Southern people are the purest stock of the greatest race the world has produced. The rural population has lived under unfortunate conditions for the best development, but the essential material of their natures is not impaired and it requires but leadership to attain great results."

He set to work to get the farmers to improve the rut they were in, so that they could get out of it after two or three years. He persuaded the bankers and merchants that their best interests lay in getting the farmer out of debt, making of him a depositor and a buyer of the comforts of life instead of the bare necessities. He soon had their coöperation. The response of the farmers was immediate, particularly among the middle class living on their own farms. The following example is typical.

A discouraged farmer in Alabama, already in debt $1250, without a cow or hog of any kind, and with only a pair of old mules, was in danger of losing his home and 125 acres of land. The demonstration agent persuaded him to follow Dr. Knapp's instructions in the cultivation of a few acres each of corn and of cotton. He made a bale of cotton per acre, and fifty bushels of corn per acre on the demonstration plots, which was treble the yield under the old method. The following year he extended these methods to his entire farm with the same fortunate results. At the end of the second year he was out of debt and had besides a new pair of mules, three cows, $300 worth of hogs, 700 bushels of corn, and $400 on deposit in bank. He wrote a letter to Dr. Knapp, saying, "I can't find words to express my appreciation of what the Demonstration Work has done for me."

With such a response among the adult farmers, Dr. Knapp recognized that the need for the work among the grown-up farmers would disappear, if the work could be carried on among

the boys. Accordingly, in 1908 boys' corn clubs were organized and by 1913 over 90,000 boys were enrolled. They were eager to learn and on their mettle to excel their parents. The results were astonishing. In 1910, for example, the boys' clubs of Holmes County, Mississippi, averaged 76 bushels of corn per acre, while their fathers were averaging 16. In the same season 100 boys in various parts of the South averaged 133.7 bushels, and one boy produced over 200. The following season 100 boys averaged 137.48 bushels, and 7 boys raised over 200. In 1911 there were 471 who raised over 100 bushels to the acre; in 1912 there were 493.

Two years after the boys' corn clubs were started, a further extension of the Demonstration Work was made in the organization of girls' canning and poultry clubs. The girls first cultivated one tenth of an acre in the home gardens, usually beginning with tomatoes. They met in each other's homes and under the direction of the agents canned the fruit and vegetables in the most approved and attractive manner. This work was later known as the Home Demonstration Work.

The story of boys and girls who have become aroused by the Demonstration Work and who have graduated from local high schools and obtained a college education through their own earnings in these home projects, is one of the most inspiring chapters in the development of public education in the South.

Jerry Moore, a fifteen-year-old boy in Florence County, South Carolina, made an unheard-of yield on his acre, 228 bushels of corn, and was awarded a scholarship at Clemson College. This yield was afterwards surpassed by Walker Lee Dunson of Alabama, who made $232\frac{7}{10}$ bushels at a cost of 19 cents per bushel on his demonstration acre. A Sunday School teacher was asking a class of boys about the prophets in the Old Testament. "No," said a little boy, "I don't know anything about Jeremiah, but I can tell you all about Jerry Moore and his big corn crop."

Dr. Knapp did not live to see the work completely taken

over by the federal and state governments. He died in Washington, April 1, 1911, but he lived to see his best hopes realized.

The Demonstration Work was in effect a spiritual movement. Every man who had been helped by the agent invariably wanted to help his neighbors. He felt a community consciousness, and a new pride in the church, the schoolhouse, the public roads. New laws were enacted; obstructive sections of state constitutions were removed by amendments; local taxation for school purposes was developed. The old one-teacher schools were being replaced by consolidated schools, and the establishment of rural high schools went on at an amazing pace. Not only was an enormous amount of rural wealth created, but spiritual forces were also released, as wealth became invested more and more in schools, churches, highways, public health, and all other agencies of public welfare.

This was a long step towards the realization of Dr. Knapp's own vision, as he expressed it in an address in 1907: "Let it be the high privilege of this great and free people to establish a republic where rural pride is equal to civic pride, where men of the most refined taste and culture select the rural villa, and where the wealth that comes from the soil finds its greatest return in developing and perfecting that great domain of nature which God has given to us as an everlasting estate."

1. Make an outline of the life of Dr. Knapp in so far as it is revealed in this account. With what activity does your record of his life begin? What comes second?

2. Explain these phrases: Farm Demonstration Work, General Education Board, Department of Agriculture.

3. Explain how each of the following persons was related to the work of Dr. Knapp:

Walter Porter	David F. Houston
Secretary Wilson	Jerry Moore
Dr. Wallace Buttrick	

4. How did Dr. Knapp defeat the boll weevil?

5. What qualities of character do you think most evident in Dr. Knapp?

MEASURING THE QUALITIES OF MEN

Select a person whom you admire and whose biography you have read. You might, for instance, select one of the Presidents, as Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, or Wilson. In your notebook make a set of scales.

Educational advantages

very slight	slight	moderate	great	very great

1. Above the word that describes his educational advantages, write the name of the man you are studying.
2. Make and mark a scale for the industry which he showed.

Industry

very slight	slight	moderate	great	very great

3. Make and mark a scale for his leadership.

Leadership

very slight	slight	moderate	great	very great

4. Do the same for the knowledge which he had.

Knowledge

very slight	slight	moderate	great	very great

Make scales also for:

5. Service to mankind.
6. Self-sacrifice.
7. Material success.
8. Fortunate parentage.
9. Originality.
10. Courage.
11. Patience.

In what other ways can you measure the man you are studying?

Select two other persons with whose lives you are familiar and rate each of them on these scales.

SOME AMERICAN WOMEN

MARY WHITE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE Associated Press Reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her — "I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving to passers-by. She knew everyone in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library and waved to them; passed another friend a few hundred feet farther on and waved to her. The horse was walking and, as she turned into North Merchant Street, she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gayly north on Merchant Street.

A *Gazette* carrier passed — a high school boy friend — and she waved to him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse; neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open, to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life.

But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men. Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends; and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollic; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten — all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the high school Y.W.C.A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her schoolbooks, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course — rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes — and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride — always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting — was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse — but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years — wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White — white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged high school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date" nor went to a dance, except

once with her brother Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her — yet. But young people — great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen.

But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw, jam, cakes, preserves, oranges, and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there, she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the high school. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpie to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it.

She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents, not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself.

Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore

a jewel and had no ring but her high school class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her brother Bill's Harvard classmen — Heavens, how proud that would have made her! — and the red roses from the *Gazette* force, in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on Love from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau; and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the high school. That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher — W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her goodby.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon

her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

This story of Mary White was written by her father, William Allen White, and published in his paper, the *Emporia Gazette*, the day after her funeral. When Mr. White was asked for the privilege of including the story in this book, he wrote, "I am so proud and so happy that you want to use Mary White in your reader — and thus permit her to live with her kind." Is she not a glorious girl!

LESSONS WITHOUT BOOKS

Helen Keller

The next important step in my education was learning to read.

As soon as I could spell a few words my teacher gave me slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. I quickly learned that each printed word stood for an object, an act, or a quality. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words in little sentences; but before I ever put sentences in the frame I used to make them in objects. I found the slips of paper which represented, for example, *doll*, *is*, *on*, *bed* and placed each name on its object. Then I put my doll on the bed with the words *is on bed* arranged beside the doll, thus making a sentence of the words, and at the same time carrying out the idea of the sentence with the things themselves.

One day, Miss Sullivan tells me, I pinned the word *girl* on my pinafore and stood in the wardrobe. On the shelf I arranged the words *is in wardrobe.* Nothing delighted me so much as this game. My teacher and I played it for hours at a time. Often everything in the room was arranged in object sentences.

[1] From *The Story of My Life* by Helen Keller. Published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

From the printed slip it was but a step to the printed book. I took my "Reader for Beginners" and hunted for the words I knew; when I found them my joy was like that of a game of hide-and-seek. Thus I began to read. Of the time when I began to read connected stories I shall speak later.

For a long time I had no regular lessons. Even when I studied most earnestly it seemed more like play than work. Everything Miss Sullivan taught me she illustrated by a beautiful story or a poem. Whenever anything delighted or interested me, she talked it over with me just as if she were a little girl herself. What many children think of with dread, as a painful plodding through grammar, hard sums, and harder definitions, is today one of my most precious memories.

I cannot explain the peculiar sympathy Miss Sullivan had with my pleasures and desires. Perhaps it was the result of long association with the blind. Added to this, she had a wonderful faculty for description. She went quickly over uninteresting details, and never nagged me with questions to see if I remembered the day-before-yesterday's lesson. She introduced dry technicalities of science little by little, making every subject so real that I could not help remembering what she taught.

We read and studied out of doors, preferring the sunlit woods to the house. All my early lessons have in them the breath of the woods — the fine resinous odor of pine needles blended with the perfume of wild grapes. Seated in the gracious shade of a wild tulip tree, I learned to think that everything has a lesson and a suggestion. "The loveliness of things taught me all their use." Indeed, everything that could hum, or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education — noisy-throated frogs, katydids and crickets held in my hand until, forgetting their embarrassment, they trilled their reedy note, little downy chickens and wildflowers, the dogwood blossoms, meadow violets and budding fruit trees. I felt the bursting cotton bolls and fingered their soft fiber and fuzzy seeds. I felt the low soughing of the wind through

the cornstalks, the silky rustling of the long leaves, and the indignant snort of my pony, as we caught him in the pasture and put the bit in his mouth — ah me! how well I remember the spicy, clovery smell of his breath!

Sometimes I rose at dawn and stole into the garden while the heavy dew lay on the grass and flowers. Few know what joy it is to feel the roses pressing softly into the hand, or the beautiful motion of the lilies as they sway in the morning breeze. Sometimes I caught an insect in the flower I was plucking, and I felt the faint noise of a pair of wings rubbed together in a sudden terror, as the little creature became aware of a pressure from without.

Another favorite haunt of mine was the orchard, where the fruit ripened early in July. The large downy peaches would reach themselves into my hand, and as the joyous breezes flew about the trees the apples tumbled at my feet. Oh, the delight with which I gathered up the fruit in my pinafore, pressed my face against the smooth cheeks of the apples, still warm from the sun, and skipped back to the house!

Our favorite walk was to Keller's Landing, an old tumble-down lumber wharf on the Tennessee River, used during the Civil War to land soldiers. There we spent many happy hours and played at learning geography. I built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes, and dug river beds, all for fun, and never dreamed that I was learning a lesson. I listened with increasing wonder to Miss Sullivan's descriptions of the great round world with its burning mountains, buried cities, moving rivers of ice, and many other things as strange. She made raised maps in clay, so that I could feel the mountain ridges and valleys, and follow with my fingers the devious course of rivers. I liked this too; but the division of the earth into zones and poles confused and teased my mind. The illustrative strings and the orange stick representing the poles seemed so real that even to this day the mere mention of temperate zone suggests a series of twine

circles; and I believe that if anyone should set about it, he could convince me that white bears actually climb the North Pole.

Arithmetic seems to have been the only study I did not like. From the first I was not interested in the science of numbers. Miss Sullivan tried to teach me to count by stringing beads in groups, and by arranging kindergarten straws I learned to add and subtract. I never had patience to arrange more than five or six groups at a time. When I had accomplished this, my conscience was at rest for the day, and I went out quickly to find my playmates.

In this same leisurely manner I studied zoölogy and botany.

Once a gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, sent me a collection of fossils — tiny mollusk shells beautifully marked, and bits of sandstone with the print of birds' claws, and a lovely fern in bas-relief. These were the keys which unlocked the treasures of the antediluvian world for me. With trembling fingers I listened to Miss Sullivan's descriptions of the terrible beasts, with uncouth, unpronounceable names, which once went tramping through the primeval forests, tearing down the branches of gigantic trees for food, and died in the dismal swamps of an unknown age. For a long time these strange creatures haunted my dreams, and this gloomy period formed a somber background to the joyous Now, filled with sunshine and roses and echoing with the gentle beat of my pony's hoof.

Another time a beautiful shell was given me, and with a child's surprise and delight I learned how a tiny mollusk had built the lustrous coil for his dwelling place, and how on still nights, when there is no breeze stirring the waves, the nautilus sails on the blue waters of the Indian Ocean in his "ship of pearl." After I had learned a great many interesting things about the life and habits of the children of the sea — how in the midst of dashing waves the little polyps build the beautiful coral isles of the Pacific, and the foraminifera have made the chalk hills of many a land — my teacher read me "The Chambered Nautilus," and showed me

that the shell-building process of the mollusks is symbolical of the development of the mind. Just as the wonder-working mantle of the nautilus changes the material it absorbs from the water and makes it a part of itself, so the bits of knowledge one gathers undergo a similar change and become pearls of thought.

Again, it was the growth of a plant that furnished the text for a lesson. We bought a lily and set it in a sunny window. Very soon the green, pointed buds showed signs of opening. The slender, fingerlike leaves on the outside opened slowly, reluctant, I thought, to reveal the loveliness they hid; once having made a start, however, the opening process went on rapidly, but in order and systematically. There was always one bud larger and more beautiful than the rest, which pushed her outer covering back with more pomp, as if the beauty in soft, silky robes knew that she was the lily queen by right divine, while her more timid sisters doffed their green hoods shyly, until the whole plant was one nodding bough of loveliness and fragrance.

Once there were eleven tadpoles in a glass globe set in a window full of plants. I remember the eagerness with which I made discoveries about them. It was great fun to plunge my hand into the bowl and feel the tadpoles frisk about, and to let them slip and slide between my fingers. One day a more ambitious fellow leaped beyond the edge of the bowl and fell on the floor, where I found him to all appearances more dead than alive. The only sign of life was a slight wriggling of his tail. But no sooner had he returned to his element than he darted to the bottom, swimming round and round in joyous activity. He had made his leap, he had seen the great world, and was content to stay in his pretty glass house under the big fuchsia tree until he attained the dignity of froghood. Then he went to live in the leafy pool at the end of the garden, where he made the summer nights musical with his quaint love song.

Thus I learned from life itself. At the beginning I was only a little mass of possibilities. It was my teacher who unfolded

and developed them. When she came, everything about me breathed of love and joy and was full of meaning. She has never since let pass an opportunity to point out the beauty that is in everything, nor has she ceased trying in thought and action and example to make my life sweet and useful.

It was my teacher's genius, her quick sympathy, her loving tact which made the first years of my education so beautiful. It was because she seized the right moment to impart knowledge that made it so pleasant and acceptable to me. She realized that a child's mind is like a shallow brook which ripples and dances merrily over the stony course of its education and reflects here a flower, there a bush, yonder a fleecy cloud; and she attempted to guide my mind on its way, knowing that like a brook it should be fed by mountain streams and hidden springs, until it broadened out into a deep river, capable of reflecting in its placid surface billowy hills, the luminous shadows of trees, and the blue heavens, as well as the sweet face of a little flower.

Any teacher can take a child to the classroom, but not every teacher can make him learn. He will not work joyously unless he feels that liberty is his, whether he is busy or at rest. He must feel the flush of victory and the heart-sinking of disappointment before he takes with a will the tasks distasteful to him and resolves to dance his way bravely through a dull routine of textbooks.

My teacher is so near to me that I scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her — there is not a talent or an aspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.

When Helen Keller was a young child, she suffered a severe illness which left her both blind and deaf. Her brilliant, active mind was thus for years imprisoned within closed doors, unable to communicate with her parents or others except through the movements of her hands and body. After what seemed to her a very long time, her parents secured a teacher, Miss Sullivan, who taught her to read and write and who remained her constant companion through many years. She received an admirable education, graduating from Radcliffe College. She also learned to talk so well that she could give interesting lectures in public. She has written of her experiences in *The Story of My Life*, from which this selection is taken.

The blind are taught to read by the Braille method, in which words are made by punching depressions in a heavy tough paper, thus producing raised letters on the opposite side of the paper. These letters are read by passing the tips of the fingers over them.

1. Since Miss Keller could not see or hear, how could she know about apples, roses, etc.?

2. Note Miss Keller's fondness for her teacher. Compare this with similar descriptions of teachers by Whittier, Goldsmith, and others. (See pages 492–500.)

3. Repeat from memory "The Chambered Nautilus." If you haven't learned this poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, read it again (page 274), having in mind what Helen Keller says about it.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS [1]

Anna Howard Shaw

When I was fifteen years old I was offered a situation as schoolteacher. By this time the community was growing around us with the rapidity characteristic of these western settlements, and we had nearer neighbors whose children needed instruction. I passed an examination before a school board consisting of three nervous and self-conscious men, whose certificate I still hold, and I at once began my professional career on the modest salary of two dollars a week and my board. The school was four miles from my home, so I boarded round with the families of my pupils,

[1] From Anna Howard Shaw's *The Story of a Pioneer*, copyrighted by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission.

staying two weeks in each place, and often walking from three to six miles a day to and from my little log schoolhouse in every kind of weather. During the first year I had about fourteen pupils, of varying ages, sizes, and temperaments, and there was hardly a book in the schoolroom except those I owned. One little girl, I remember, read from an almanac, while a second used a hymn book.

In winter the schoolhouse was heated by a wood stove, to which the teacher had to give close personal attention. I could not depend on my pupils to make the fires or carry in the fuel; and it was often necessary to fetch the wood myself, sometimes for long distances through the forest. Again and again, after miles of walking through winter storms, I reached the schoolhouse with my clothing wet through, and in these soaked garments I taught during the day. In boarding round I often found myself in one-room cabins, with bunks at the end and the sole partition a sheet or a blanket, behind which I slept with one or two of the children. It was the custom on these occasions for the man of the house to retire delicately to the barn while we women got to bed, and to disappear again in the morning while we dressed. In some places the meals were so badly cooked that I could not eat them, and often the only food my poor little pupils brought to school for their noonday meal was a piece of bread or a bit of raw pork.

I earned my two dollars a week that year, but I had to wait for my wages until the dog tax was collected in the spring. When the money was thus raised, and the twenty-six dollars for my thirteen weeks of teaching were graciously put into my hands, I went "outside" to the nearest shop and joyously spent almost the entire amount for my first party dress. The gown I bought was, I considered, a beautiful creation. In color it was a rich magenta, and the skirt was elaborately braided with black cable-cord. My admiration for it was justified, for it did all a young girl's eager heart could ask of any gown — it led to my first proposal.

The youth who sought my hand was about twenty years old, and by an unhappy chance he was also the least attractive young person in the countryside — the laughing-stock of the neighbors, the butt of his associates. The night he came to offer me his heart there were already two young men at our home calling on my sisters, and we were all sitting around the fire in the living room when my suitor appeared. His costume, like himself, left much to be desired. He wore a blue flannel shirt and a pair of trousers made of flour bags. Such trousers were not uncommon in our region, and the boy's mother, who had made them for him, had thoughtfully selected a nice clean pair of sacks. But on one leg was the name of the firm that made the flour — A. and G. W. Green — and by a charming coincidence A. and G. W. Green happened to be the two young men who were calling on my sisters! On the back of the bags, directly in the rear of the wearer, was the simple legend "96 pounds"; and the striking effect of the young man's costume was completed by a bright yellow sash which held his trousers in place.

The vision fascinated my sisters and their two guests. They gave it their entire attention, and when the newcomer signified with an eloquent gesture that he was calling on me, and beckoned me into an inner room, the quartet arose as one person and followed us to the door. Then, as we inhospitably closed the door, they fastened their eyes to the cracks in the living room wall, that they might miss none of the entertainment. When we were alone my guest and I sat down in facing chairs and in depressed silence. The young man was nervous, and I was both frightened and annoyed. I had heard suppressed giggles on the other side of the wall, and I realized, as my self-centered visitor failed to do, that we were not enjoying the privacy the situation seemed to demand. At last the youth informed me that his dad had just given him a cabin, a yoke of steers, a cow, and some hens. When this announcement had produced its full effect, he

straightened up in his chair and asked solemnly, "Will ye have me?"

An outburst of chortles from the other side of the wall greeted the proposal, but the ardent youth ignored it, if indeed he heard it. With eyes staring straight ahead, he sat rigid, waiting for my answer; and I, anxious only to get rid of him and to end the strain of the moment, said the first thing that came into my head. "I can't," I told him. "I'm sorry, but — but — I'm engaged."

He rose quickly, with the effect of a half-closed jackknife that is suddenly opened, and for an instant stood looking down upon me. He was six feet two inches tall, and extremely thin. I am very short, and as I looked up, his flour-bag trousers seemed to join his yellow sash somewhere near the ceiling of the room. He put both hands into his pockets and slowly delivered his valedictory. "That's darned disappointing to a fellow," he said, and left the house.

After a moment devoted to regaining my maidenly composure, I returned to the living room, where I had the privilege of observing the enjoyment of my sisters and their visitors. Helpless with mirth and with tears of pleasure on their cheeks, the four rocked and shrieked as they recalled the picture my gallant had presented. For some time after that incident I felt a strong distaste for sentiment.

This selection is of special interest for two reasons. It gives a picture of the meager educational opportunities of the Mississippi Valley pioneers. It also shows the humble beginnings of one of America's most distinguished women. Anna Howard Shaw became a preacher and lecturer, and for many years was the leader of the woman's movement which resulted in the Nineteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution, giving women the right to vote. She tells of her life in *The Story of a Pioneer*, from which this sketch is selected.

THE CALL TO SERVE[1]

ELMER C. ADAMS AND WARREN D. FOSTER

EVERY year at Christmas the United States mail is full of letters, packages, and boxes to which Red Cross stamps have been affixed; from the sale of the stamps, money is derived for the prevention of tuberculosis. Their presence is largely due to the influence of a woman named Clara Barton. She was born on Christmas Day; she founded the Red Cross in America; and whatever disease or misfortune beset her people, it was her enemy, and she led in the fight against it.

Clara Barton was living in the city of Washington in April, 1861. One day a train rolled into Washington from Baltimore, and from it alighted not the usual throng of cheerful travelers, but a horde of torn and muddy soldiers. Some of them were limping, some had arms trussed up, and some were borne on stretchers. These fellows had been in a battle. Clara Barton was at the station and saw them detrained. She recognized them as the Sixth Massachusetts militia — and recognized, too, some of her own friends from home and her former pupils!

The wounded men were hurried to the infirmary; the uninjured were quartered in the Capitol. But forty fresh patients, arriving all at once, disturbed the arrangements of a quiet, peace-time hospital. The place was overtaxed and thrown almost into a panic. Miss Barton had come with a crowd in the wake of the ambulance. She saw the confusion — the dearth of cots, the scarcity of nurses, the pain of the soldiers who lay unattended. What better chance to serve her country and humanity? She was something of a nurse herself and knew where to take hold. She quietly put on her apron and with ready adroitness busied herself in the wards, helping dress the boys'

[1] From Adams and Foster's *Heroines of Modern Progress*, copyrighted by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission.

wounds, reading them the news, and writing letters to their parents.

Later she went to the Capitol. She found the soldiers there half famished, for they were unexpected guests, and the military authorities had not unpacked their stores. The men were not starved only; they were discouraged and pessimistic. Clara Barton thereupon made a trip to the market, bought baskets of food, and had them carried to the Capitol. While the grateful soldiers feasted, she mounted the Speaker's platform and made them forget their gloom by reading newspaper accounts of their impressive progress toward the front.

This was the beginning. Soldiers poured into Washington from all quarters. A good many of them had been taken ill on the way and were consigned to hospitals where as yet there was insufficient provision for them. Miss Barton was on the watch and went to the aid of the unfortunates. They wrote home about her, and one morning she awoke to find herself — not famous yet — but useful to the full extent of her powers.

That morning the postman handed her a great bundle of letters. She tore one open. The mother of one of her Bordentown pupils enclosed a letter to him and begged Miss Barton to deliver it. She opened another. A girl from Oxford asked her to be sure a certain ailing brother did not want for medicine. She opened another — but before she could digest the fifty, an express wagon rattled up with a load of boxes and barrels — addressed to Clara Barton! Here was a crate of jellies from some family she knew, here a case of cordials from a sewing circle, here a barrel of food to entice bedridden soldiers, or of bandages to bind up their wounds. All these things Miss Barton was asked to parcel out — some to certain designated persons, the rest according to her wisdom, wherever the nation's men could use it.

This was the second step. The next followed soon. Before long Miss Barton's room, and several warerooms that she had leased, were overflowing with supplies. But meanwhile need of

them abated, for the hospitals and commissaries got into working order. Washington was no longer the place for Clara Barton. As she once said, she wanted "something to do that no one else would do; something that no one else had thought of doing."

For some time she had assisted at the wharves where the men, brought up the Potomac on transports, were unloaded. The poor fellows got no relief till they were lodged in the hospitals. Disgraceful! Clara Barton could not permit that. She boarded one of those transports with restoratives and food, and went down the river to where the sufferers were received from the battlefield, and tended them during the return voyage. But even that would not suffice. Some of the victims did not reach the boat until long, weary days after their misfortune. Miss Barton saw that much pain could be alleviated by a nurse present on the actual field of battle. Here was at last "something no one else had thought of doing."

Clara Barton had never nursed behind the firing line. It is doubtful if she had ever heard of a woman's doing it — though Florence Nightingale, a few years earlier, had made bold to go to the Crimean hospitals, and thousands of American women under the Sanitary and Christian Commission were even now hastening to the front. She had only taught school and kept books; but she believed that she could also do this new and greater work. She took stock of her talents and fearlessly made her third lightning change from one occupation to another.

Miss Barton applied for a pass beyond the army lines, and after many rebuffs was granted one. No department of the government employed her, however, nor did she ever attach herself to the Sanitary and Christian Commission. She was subject to no one; she had authority over no one. She was simply an American woman, free to stay if she would, free to go if she could. Yet she was encouraged from the first by individual officers. Finally, after Culpepper Court House and Cedar Mountain, where, under fire for hours, she helped the surgeons

in the field hospitals and asserted her practical sense in portioning out the food and medicine from her own wagons, the quartermaster granted her requisitions from the government stores and ample means for transportation. Thus was perfected the famous army nurse. From now on, she followed the Union forces and was just behind the battle line at many of the most deadly conflicts.

Miss Barton's courage is well illustrated in an episode at Fredericksburg. In a division of the army across the river from the city, she was watching over an injured Confederate soldier when a message arrived with the request that she come into the city to organize a diet kitchen. Hearing the message, the dying soldier whispered to her, "Lady, you have been kind to me. . . . Every street and lane of the city is covered by our cannon. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, they will find Fredericksburg only a slaughter pen. Not a regiment will escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death." Miss Barton merely soothed her friend until in spite of all her efforts he died; then, in the face of his advice, she crossed the river into the threatened town. But this instance of the woman's daring is only one in many. She was constantly in danger. Her clothing was often pierced by bullets and her face blackened by the powder smoke. At Antietam, when she was stooping to raise a fallen lad, a ball passed between her arm and her body, entered the soldier's breast, and killed him.

Thus for four years Miss Barton hovered on the bloody trail of war. By her ingenious practicality, she was able to foresee what things would be necessary in any emergency; by her business acumen, she was able to obtain them beforehand and rush them to the field. In this manner she rendered invaluable aid to the overworked and ill-equipped surgeons. She gave the relief corps of the armies an object lesson in efficiency which they would not be slow to improve. Of greater consequence, however, she found a new profession for woman: that of going in person

behind the battle lines, to nurse the men who were shot in her country's fight. It was a discovery worthy of one who could be fearless only for others, and who wanted to do what no one else had thought of doing.

From 1867 to 1869 Miss Barton lectured through the North on the lyceum circuit. In 1869 she went to Europe for a rest. Her nation was now at peace. Her patriotism was spent. She might have thought her greatest, if not her whole life work was completed. But in Europe, unexpectedly, there opened a new phase of her career in which all the others culminated.

While resting and sightseeing in Geneva, Miss Barton was called on one day by a gentleman who said he "represented the International Committee of the Red Cross." "What," demanded Miss Barton, "was the Red Cross?" The visitor explained that the Red Cross was a society founded six years before, in 1863, by M. Henri Durant of Geneva. Its purpose — supported by a treaty which nearly all the nations of Europe had ratified — was to exempt from capture those caring for the wounded on battlefields. Among the wounded it recognized no difference of nation or cause, but only the fact that they were human and in trouble. Thus, the very armies that were shooting each other down, would at the same time coöperate through their medical staffs to succor the victims of either side. The society had circulated its leaflets in America. Was it possible Miss Barton had read none of them?

Miss Barton had to reply that she did not read French easily. Moreover, she had been too busy, both during and since the war, to occupy herself with pamphlets in a foreign tongue. However, she did heartily approve of the principles of the society. In fact, she had acted on that principle herself — and for doing so had been accused of disloyalty to the national cause.

They had heard as much, said the man. She recognized, as they did, that the cause of humanity was greater than the cause of any nation. That was the very reason why he was addressing

her now. The society had been trying to get the United States to sign its treaty; but the United States had, like herself, been too busy and too uninformed to think about it. In short, would she represent them in laying the matter before her government?

Miss Barton was impressed by the argument and promised the International Committee of the Red Cross to do as they desired. Her enthusiasm was rather cool, however, for issues more urgent were upon her. In 1870 the Franco-German war broke out. Men were being killed. Should the woman who of all people in the world probably knew best how to nurse on the battlefield flee the country in order to advocate a treaty in a peaceful land beyond the sea? No — Miss Barton's rule was to do the thing that lay nearest at hand.

She set out in the path of the German army, to duplicate her deeds of the American war. She performed a splendid service, especially at Strassburg and Paris, where, advancing private funds, she not only doctored the sick, but fed, clothed, and employed the needy. But while she labored independently as she had at home, her relief was everywhere aided and sometimes forestalled. If she arrived a half hour after a battle commenced, she found that in some shady place behind a hill there had sprung up already a village of little white tents. From far and near came squads of men bearing stretchers — and on every man's arm was strapped a bright red cross.

The numbers of the men and the speed with which they moved were a revelation to Clara Barton. Of what use were her feeble efforts? The ministrations of a solitary neutral woman on the battlefield were, indeed, but a clumsy and antique device. The profession she had virtually originated was snatched from her! A smooth-working organization had assumed it.

Clara Barton, however, was not disconcerted. The organization would be the thing of the future; that was proved. So this woman of quick adjustments shifted her ground, turned about, and calmly and wisely put her hand to the helm of that organization!

"As I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field," she writes, "accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it — no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way — as I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

For five years in Washington she hammered at the gates of legislation. She bore letters to the President. She published leaflets for distribution among the senators. She lectured and wrote, to spread her novel idea among the people. She lobbied in Congress, winning over influential friends one by one. At last, in 1882 under President Arthur, the convention was signed, and an American branch of the Red Cross was established — with Clara Barton as its first president.

It had been a remarkable transition from the timid little girl to the world-famous woman worrying Congress into her international treaty. Nevertheless, her last achievement was not in nature different from her earliest, when she nursed her crippled brother. She still, as from the first, was for others "absolutely fearless."

But now when Clara Barton stopped to consider what she had done, her heart probably sank within her. To all appearances she had squandered five years for nothing at all. She had her Red Cross safe and sound. But what could the Red Cross do? Our nation, on account of its isolated position, would seldom go to war with foreign powers. The new society would consequently become a mere name with a paper existence. This threatened inertness did not suit the taste of the energetic leader. Heretofore, when a great emergency pressed upon her, she had simply chosen for herself an office in which she could do the casual and temporary work. Now she was officially seated in an office, a

high office; but there was not a duty anywhere in sight. The solution was characteristic of her. She created duties for the office.

"War," she said, "although the most tragic is not the only evil that assails humanity." Frequently, in times of peace, the papers told of distress in some part of the country, almost as widespread and as acute as that in times of strife. It was no powder or sword that had caused the suffering. A river had overflowed its valley, a fire had ravaged a forest, a cyclone had turned a city upside down; and the people were houseless, hungry, wounded. Why could not the Red Cross treat the scene of these calamities like a field of battle?

To make a long story short, Clara Barton amended the Geneva treaty to provide for Red Cross aid in time of peace. Of all her practical adjustments, this was the cleverest. She who had always adapted herself to new duties as they pressed in upon her, now made shift to discover new duties that would beseem her office and her taste. It was also her last adjustment, for this time she had a work that would never be done.

The society now took as its motto, "People's help for national needs." Yet no "people" belonged to it; and the nation of people did not acknowledge its right to meddle with their needs. As a matter of fact, comparatively few of them had given it a moment's thought. It remained to be seen whether the president could induce them to do so.

Now Miss Barton was residing at the time at a sanitarium in Dansville, New York. The citizens of the town, "desirous of paying a compliment to her, and at the same time of doing an honor to themselves, conceived the idea of organizing in their town the first local society of the Red Cross in the United States." A meeting was called "attended by citizens generally, including nearly all the religious denominations with their respective pastors." Miss Barton addressed them. A constitution was presented and signed, and officers were elected.

Almost immediately a terrible forest fire was reported in Michigan. "So sweeping has been the destruction," read one account, "that there is not food left in its track for a rabbit to eat, and indeed no rabbit to eat it if there were."

Miss Barton's hour had come. She issued a prompt call to action. The young society rented rooms and unfurled its white banner with the scarlet cross. Men, women, and children instantly flocked to the rooms bearing gifts of clothing and food. A band of women inspected the articles, stamped them with the red cross, packed them, and dispatched them to the relief committee in Michigan. Money too was deposited; and that this might be wisely used, a special agent went out to observe the condition of the sufferers. Meanwhile, the neighboring city of Rochester, hearing of Dansville's activity, hastened to form a similar society, and to send money and a judicious agent to the field.

A little later a cyclone occurred in Louisiana. More local branches sprang up. Then came the Ohio River floods, and still more branches. Miss Barton visited the scene in person. She telegraphed to the societies where her headquarters would be, and there the contributions came by the trainload. She chartered a steamboat, took on volunteer assistants, and "amid surging waters and crashing ice, the floating wrecks of towns and villages, great uprooted giants of the forest plunging madly to the sea," she herself superintended the distribution of fuel and clothing.

Thus the peace society of the Red Cross was started, and thus it continued to grow. Before long there were local branches all over the country. Even then the national association remained essentially the same as on the day of its first inception. There was no firm organization. When a disaster befell, Miss Barton rushed to the scene or sent a reliable deputy. The actual state of things was announced to the country through the press. The local branches everywhere forwarded their provisions and money,

as did also many other-named charitable societies and individuals. Clara Barton or her aides, with volunteer help, dispensed the benefactions. They made report directly to each contributor, but not to the public. The surplus funds were put in the bank for a start in the next emergency.

The Red Cross society was present at the Johnstown flood, at the Charleston earthquake, at Galveston, and on a hundred other fields of sudden disaster. It gave food, clothing, medicine, lumber for houses, tools to build them with, seed to sow in the ground — and even lessons in agriculture. Thus it helped thousands not only with fare for the day, but with the means of sustaining themselves in permanence. In 1896 it crossed the sea to Armenia, which had been laid waste by the Turks, obtained a permit from the Turkish government, and rescued great districts of the country from starvation and disease.

Toward the last the effectiveness of Miss Barton's business methods was questioned. On her retirement in 1904, the society reorganized and elected Secretary of War Taft as its president. So the Red Cross of peace, like the Red Cross of war, passed directly under government patronage. Miss Barton's "child," at her death in 1912, was the adopted child of the nation. Her personal devotion, however, had already planted the idea of it in the hearts of the people better than any official bureau could do.

Thus the little girl who had nursed her brother became at last the nurse of the nation; the young woman who had protected her weakling pupils, succored the unfortunates of all the world.

She had not aimed so high when she began. If she had been so visionary she would probably have arrived nowhere at all! She attacked practical issues always.

"I have no mission," she says. "I have never had a mission. But I have always had more work than I could do lying around my feet and I try hard to get it out of the way so as to go on and do the next."

The Red Cross is now well known the world over for its deeds of mercy and helpfulness. There was no Red Cross when Clara Barton began to nurse the wounded soldiers in 1860. Note how events led her from one task to another until the American Red Cross was an active organization.

The Sanitary and Christian Commission was an organization of men and women who were desirous of serving the Union army in the Civil War. The Commission provided nurses, hospital supplies, and clothing, and did many acts of helpfulness for the soldiers.

1. Make a list of the chief steps in Clara Barton's career.
2. Where did the Red Cross originate?
3. Report on some recent important work of the Red Cross.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

JOHN H. FINLEY

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
  There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
  Thither I fly.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
  And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
  Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
  The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
  The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am *you*, doing what you would
If you were only where you could —
Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

FIRST DAYS AT HULL HOUSE[1]

JANE ADDAMS

THE next January found Miss Starr and myself in Chicago, searching for a neighborhood in which we might put our plans into execution. We decided upon a location somewhere near the junction of Blue Island Avenue, Halsted Street, and Harrison Street. The house was of course rented, the lower part of it used for offices and storerooms in connection with a factory that stood back of it. However, after some difficulties were overcome, it proved to be possible to sublet the second floor and what had been the large drawing-room on the first floor.

The fine old house responded kindly to repairs, its wide hall and open fireplaces always insuring it a gracious aspect. Its generous owner, Miss Helen Culver, in the following spring gave us a free leasehold of the entire house. Her kindness has continued through the years until the group of thirteen buildings, which at present comprises our equipment, is built largely upon

[1] From Jane Addams's *Twenty Years at Hull House*, copyrighted by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission.

land which Miss Culver has put at the service of the Settlement which bears Mr. Hull's name. In those days the house stood between an undertaking establishment and a saloon. "Knight, Death, and the Devil," the three were called by a Chicago wit, and yet any mock heroics which might be implied by comparing the Settlement to a knight quickly dropped away under the genuine kindness and hearty welcome extended to us by the families living up and down the street.

We furnished the house as we would have furnished it were it in another part of the city, with the photographs and other impediments we had collected in Europe, and with a few bits of family mahogany. While all the new furniture which was bought was enduring in quality, we were careful to keep it in character with the fine old residence.

Halsted Street has grown so familiar during twenty years of residence, that it is difficult to recall its gradual changes — the withdrawal of the more prosperous Irish and Germans, and the slow substitution of Russian Jews, Italians, and Greeks. A description of the street such as I gave in those early addresses still stands in my mind as sympathetic and correct.

Halsted Street is thirty-two miles long, and one of the great thoroughfares of Chicago; Polk Street crosses it midway between the stockyards to the south and the ship-building yards on the north branch of the Chicago River. For the six miles between these two industries the street is lined with shops of butchers and grocers, with dingy and gorgeous saloons, and pretentious establishments for the sale of ready-made clothing. Polk Street, running west from Halsted Street, grows rapidly more prosperous; running a mile east to State Street, it grows steadily worse, and crosses a network of vice on the corners of Clark Street and Fifth Avenue. Hull House once stood in the suburbs, but the city has steadily grown up around it and its site now has corners on three or four foreign colonies. Between Halsted Street and the river live about ten thousand Italians — Neapolitans, Sicilians,

and Calabrians, with an occasional Lombard or Venetian. To the south on Twelfth Street are many Germans, and side streets are given over almost entirely to Polish and Russian Jews. Still farther south, these Jewish colonies merge into a huge Bohemian colony, so vast that Chicago ranks as the third Bohemian city in the world. To the northwest are many Canadian-French, clannish in spite of their long residence in America, and to the north are Irish and first-generation Americans. On the streets directly west and farther north are well-to-do English-speaking families, many of whom own their houses and have lived in the neighborhood for years; one man is still living in his old farmhouse.

Our "first resident," as she gayly designated herself, was a charming old lady who gave five consecutive readings from Hawthorne to a most appreciative audience, interspersing the magic tales most delightfully with recollections of the elusive and fascinating author. Years before she had lived at Brook Farm as a pupil of the Ripleys, and she came to us for ten days because she wished to live once more in an atmosphere where "idealism ran high." We thus early found the type of class which through all the years has remained most popular — a combination of a social atmosphere with serious study.

Volunteers to the new undertaking came quickly; a charming young girl conducted a kindergarten in the drawing-room, coming regularly every morning from her home in a distant part of the North Side of the city. Although a tablet to her memory has stood upon a mantel shelf in Hull House for five years, we still associate her most vividly with the play of little children, first in her kindergarten and then in her own nursery, which furnished a veritable illustration of Victor Hugo's definition of heaven — "a place where parents are always young and children always little." Her daily presence for the first two years made it quite impossible for us to become too solemn and self-conscious in our strenuous routine, for her mirth and buoy-

ancy were irresistible and her eager desire to share the life of the neighborhood never failed, although it was often put to a severe test.

As the clubs have been continued during the twenty years, they have developed classes in the many forms of handicraft which the newer education is so rapidly adapting for the delight of children; but they still keep their essentially social character and still minister to that large number of children who leave school the very week they are fourteen years old, only too eager to close the schoolroom door forever on a tiresome task that is at last well over. It seems to us important that these children shall find themselves permanently attached to a House that offers them evening clubs and classes with their old companions, that merges as easily as possible the school life into the working life and does what it can to find places for the bewildered young things looking for work. A large proportion of the delinquent boys brought into the juvenile court in Chicago are the oldest sons in large families whose wages are needed at home. The grades from which many of them leave school, as the records show, are piteously far from the seventh and eighth, where the very first instruction in manual training is given, nor have they been caught by any other abiding interest.

In spite of these flourishing clubs for children early established at Hull House, and the fact that our first organized undertaking was a kindergarten, we were very insistent that the Settlement should not be primarily for the children, and that it was absurd to suppose that grown people would not respond to opportunities for education and social life. Our enthusiastic kindergartner herself demonstrated this with an old woman of ninety, who, because she was left alone all day while her daughter cooked in a restaurant, had formed such a persistent habit of picking the plaster off the walls that one landlord after another refused to have her for a tenant. It required but a few weeks' time to teach her to make large paper chains, and gradually she was con-

tent to do it all day long, and in the end took quite as much pleasure in adorning the walls as she had formerly taken in demolishing them. In course of time it was discovered that the old woman could speak Gaelic, and when one or two grave professors came to see her, the neighborhood was filled with pride that such a wonder lived in their midst. To mitigate life for a woman of ninety was an unfailing refutation of the statement that the Settlement was designed for the young.

On our first New Year's Day at Hull House we invited the older people in the vicinity, sending a carriage for the most feeble and announcing to all of them that we were going to organize an Old Settlers' Party.

Every New Year's Day since, older people in varying numbers have come together at Hull House to relate early hardships, and to take for the moment the place in the community to which their pioneer life entitles them. Many people who were formerly residents of the vicinity, but whom prosperity has carried into more desirable neighborhoods, come back to these meetings and often confess to each other that they have never since found such kindness as in early Chicago, when all its citizens came together in mutual enterprises. Many of these pioneers, so like the men and women of my earliest childhood that I always felt comforted by their presence in the House, were very much opposed to "foreigners," whom they held responsible for a depreciation of property and a general lowering of the tone of the neighborhood. Sometimes we had a chance for championship. I recall one old man, fiercely American, who had reproached me because we had so many "foreign views" on our walls, to whom I endeavored to set forth our hope that the pictures might afford a familiar island to the immigrants in a sea of new and strange impressions. The old settler guest, taken off his guard, replied, "I see; they feel as we did when we saw a Yankee notion from down East" — thereby formulating the dim kinship between the pioneer and the immigrant. The older settlers as well as their children through-

out the years have given genuine help to our various enterprises for neighborhood improvement, and from their own memories of earlier hardships have made many shrewd suggestions for alleviating the difficulties of that first sharp struggle with untoward conditions.

We were also early impressed with the curious isolation of many of the immigrants. An Italian woman once expressed her pleasure in the red roses that she saw at one of our receptions, in surprise that they had been "brought so fresh all the way from Italy." She would not believe for an instant that they had been grown in America. She said that she had lived in Chicago for six years and had never seen any roses, whereas in Italy she had seen them every summer in great profusion. During all that time, of course, the woman had lived within ten blocks of a florist's window; she had not been more than a five-cent car ride away from the public parks; but she had never dreamed of faring forth for herself, and no one had taken her. Her conception of America had been the untidy street in which she lived and had made her long struggle to adapt herself to American ways.

But in spite of some untoward experiences, we were constantly impressed with the uniform kindness and courtesy we received. Perhaps these first days laid the simple human foundations which are certainly essential for continuous living among the poor: first, genuine preference for residence in an industrial quarter to any other part of the city, because it is interesting and makes the human appeal; and second, the conviction, in the words of Canon Barnett, that the things which make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart, and that these basic likenesses, if they are properly accentuated, easily transcend the less essential differences of race, language, creed, and tradition.

Abridged

When Jane Addams began her Hull House experiment, she had already completed her college education and had traveled extensively not only in America but in Europe. She was of Quaker parentage, and her father had been a friend of Lincoln. Like her father, she longed to promote human freedom and to enrich the lives of those about her. Her plan for a settlement house in the poorer districts of Chicago was decided upon after a visit to Toynbee Hall in London, a residence established by men from Oxford University in the slums of that city. The complete story of her neighborly living with Chicago's poor she tells in *Twenty Years at Hull House*, from which this selection is taken.

1. Miss Addams's description of the Hull House district will be better understood if you make a map from the information given on pages 481 and 482. Mark on your map the different nationalities that have lived in this district.

2. The "first resident" (page 482) had lived at Brook Farm, which was a community established in 1841 at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, under the leadership of George Ripley. The people there, for six years, tried to live a simple, wholesome life in which all should work together for the necessities of life and have time for the education of mind and spirit. At Hull House the "charming old lady" found an atmosphere of idealism such as she had seen at Brook Farm. Do you understand what this means?

3. "The things which make men alike" (page 485): what are such things? What are the things that "keep them apart"?

4. Think of yourself as the editor of a book preparing the necessary helps to enable a boy or girl twelve years old to study this selection.

a. What words would you define?

b. What would you tell about the author, if anything?

c. Write five questions which you think would help to bring out the meaning.

d. To what particular phrases would you call attention? Make a list.

e. What other things would you do?

MANNERS OF MEN

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION[1]

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

HODESLEA, EASTBOURNE, November 5, 1892

DEAR SIR, —

I am very sorry that the pressure of other occupations has prevented me from sending an earlier reply to your letter.

In my opinion a man's first duty is to find a way of supporting himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him. Moreover, the learning to do work of practical value in the world, in an exact and careful manner, is of itself a very important education, the effects of which make themselves felt in all other pursuits. The habit of doing that which you do not care about when you would much rather be doing something else, is invaluable. It would have saved me a frightful waste of time if I had ever had it drilled into me in youth.

Success in any scientific career requires an unusual equipment of capacity, industry, and energy. If you possess that equipment, you will find leisure enough after your daily commercial work is over, to make an opening in the scientific ranks for yourself. If you do not, you had better stick to commerce. Nothing is less to be desired than the fate of a young man who, as the Scotch proverb says, in "trying to make a spoon spoils a horn," and becomes a mere hanger-on in literature or in science, when he might have been a useful and a valuable member of Society in other occupations.

I think that your father ought to see this letter.

Yours faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY

[1] From Leonard Huxley's *Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley*, copyrighted by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission.

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

LEWIS CARROLL

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

THE GRINDSTONE [1]

ROBERT FROST

HAVING a wheel and four legs of its own
Has never availed the cumbersome grindstone
To get it anywhere that I can see.
These hands have helped it go, and even race;
Not all the motion, though, they ever lent,
Not all the miles it may have thought it went,
Have got it one step from the starting place.
It stands beside the same old apple tree.
The shadow of the apple tree is thin
Upon it now, its feet are fast in snow.
All other farm machinery's gone in,
And some of it on no more legs and wheel
Than the grindstone can boast to stand or go.
(I'm thinking chiefly of the wheelbarrow.)
For months it hasn't known the taste of steel,
Washed down with rusty water in a tin.
But standing outdoors hungry, in the cold,
Except in towns at night, is not a sin.

[1] From Robert Frost's *New Hampshire*. Copyright, 1923, by Henry Holt and Company. Used by permission.

And, anyway, its standing in the yard
Under a ruinous live apple tree
Has nothing any more to do with me,
Except that I remember how of old
One summer day, all day I drove it hard,
And someone mounted on it rode it hard,
And he and I between us ground a blade.

I gave it the preliminary spin,
And poured on water (tears it might have been);
And when it almost gayly jumped and flowed,
A Father-Time-like man got on and rode,
Armed with a scythe and spectacles that glowed.
He turned on will-power to increase the load
And slow me down — and I abruptly slowed,
Like coming to a sudden railroad station.
I changed from hand to hand in desperation.
I wondered what machine of ages gone
This represented an improvement on.
For all I knew it may have sharpened spears
And arrowheads itself. Much use for years
Had gradually worn it an oblate
Spheroid that kicked and struggled in its gait,
Appearing to return me hate for hate;
(But I forgive it now as easily
As any other boyhood enemy
Whose pride has failed to get him anywhere).
I wondered who it was the man thought ground —
The one who held the wheel back or the one
Who gave his life to keep it going round?
I wondered if he really thought it fair
For him to have the say when we were done.
Such were the bitter thoughts to which I turned.

Not for myself was I so much concerned.
Oh no! — although, of course, I could have found
A better way to pass the afternoon
Than grinding discord out of a grindstone,
And beating insects at their gritty tune,
Nor was I for the man so much concerned.
Once when the grindstone almost jumped its bearing
It looked as if he might be badly thrown
And wounded on his blade. So far from caring,
I laughed inside, and only cranked the faster,
(It ran as if it wasn't greased but glued);
I'd welcome any moderate disaster
That might be calculated to postpone
What evidently nothing could conclude.
The thing that made me more and more afraid
Was that we'd ground it sharp and hadn't known,
And now were only wasting precious blade.
And when he raised it dripping once and tried
The creepy edge of it with wary touch,
And viewed it over his glasses funny-eyed,
Only disinterestedly to decide
It needed a turn more, I could have cried —
Wasn't there danger of a turn too much?
Mightn't we make it worse instead of better?
I was for leaving something to the whetter.
What if it wasn't all it should be? I'd
Be satisfied if he'd be satisfied.

Any boy who has ever turned a grindstone knows it is hard, trying work. Mr. Frost, when he was a boy, must have known all about it. He seems to be having fun here in telling about the old grindstone under the apple tree and his memories of "one summer day."

1. "These hands" (line 4) are the boy's hands.

2. Imagine the boy turning the grindstone on and on and on till it seems that the tool never will get sharp. He seems to be grinding a scythe for an

old bearded man — "a Father-Time-like man." Do you think the poet is telling about a real man with a scythe?

3. What lines in the second stanza show that the turning was hard?

4. What does the boy say most concerned him about the turning, in the final lines of the poem? Is this his true reason?

THE SCHOOLMASTER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

BRISK wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough

Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainèd thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

This description of the schoolmaster is from *Snow-Bound*. He was one of the group gathered around the fire during the blizzard (see page 294).

1. Find lines which tell you the following things concerning the master: age; place of birth; place educated; work in vacation; his amusements.
2. What indicates that he was a good story-teller?
3. How did he differ on "that night" from the master at school?

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Abridged

These lines from Goldsmith's long poem *The Deserted Village* are printed here because of their delightful portraits of the preacher and the teacher, whose likenesses may still be found. Lines 1–14 picture the village; lines 15–26, the sounds of life from the village; lines 27–64, the village preacher; and lines 65–88, the village master.

The simple rhyme and rhythm of the lines, the homely but pleasing pictures, and the quaint humor give to the poem a charm that has made it a favorite through all the years since Goldsmith wrote it. For real appreciation the poem should be read aloud; but before you can do this well, it will be necessary to make certain that you understand it.

Note that in lines 1–14 the author speaks of things that can be seen — the picture can be sketched and painted. In lines 15–26 the sounds, "the village murmur," are described.

1. Many of these lines are frequently quoted. Select lines that strike you as especially apt and pleasing.

2. Which, the preacher or the master, does Goldsmith make more likeable? Which more humorous?

MARIA

Oscar W. Firkins

What name, said you? No, not "Mary,"
Debonair, sedate, and chary,
Not "Marie," demure and wary,
  Fits the presence I acclaim:
No, the thing I chant is bigger,
It is impetus and vigor,
Truculence it is and rigor,
It's a crisp and couchant trigger,
  And "Maria" is its name.

She's no April, self-beguilèd,
With a dimmed and dropping eyelid,
Nor a May, by zephyrs shy led,
  To some brook's enameled play:
She is winter, lusty, stinging,
Winter, martial, cordial, ringing,
Fire-glow with frost-gleam bringing,
All the geese, affrighted, winging
  From its presence far away.

Of reforms she keeps the tally;
When the civic virtues rally,
Leads the cry and heads the sally,
With her besom sweeps the alley,
And the handle of the same
As a club she stoutly uses,
Stroke for stroke she ne'er refuses,
Satan, when he counts his bruises
Pours confusion on her name.

On through hootings and applauses
She can steer her drove of causes,
Propaganda fierce as Shaw's is
Crashes through the crêpes and gauzes
Raised to screen the bar or slum;
If reform of vigor short is,
She injects the *aqua fortis*,
Egging on to speedier sorties
The millenium, that tortoise,
And that creeper, Kingdom Come.

Quaking beam and trembling rafter
Knew her hurricane of laughter,
Strong to lift and buoy and waft her
To some far-off land of mirth;
And we guessed she had been tippling
On that liquor blithely rippling,
That intoxicant called Kipling,
When the thunder-peal had birth.

At her word, compelling fiat,
Tumult shuddered into quiet,
Despotism fringed with riot
Stamped the sway Maria bore;

Did some student, bold of feature,
Strive to challenge or impeach her,
Override or overreach her,
Débris from that hapless creature
Made mosaic of the floor.

When from sharp examination
Back came themelet or oration,
His own son — in that mutation —
Scarce the student parent knew;
Back it came with strange injections,
Drawn and quartered, slit in sections;
Hintings at august perfections,
Charities iced with corrections,
At his head Maria threw.

"Shall" and "Will," from mixed embraces,
Scudded to their lawful places,
Pronouns rummaged for their cases,
Mincing airs and mawkish graces
Vanished to some kindlier shore;
How the air grew calorific,
When she thundered, "Be specific!
Prune it! Write hieroglyphic
When you're mummies — not before!"

Let the years keep up their snowballs;
They are gossamers and blowballs;
Charon mourns his stinted obols,
Time bewails his unpaid score;
Hers were sixties hale as Goethe's,
Romping seventies whose fate is
On into the madcap eighties
Fearless and uncurbed to pour.

Praise her not with smug obeisance,
Sleek and millinered complaisance!
Save your peppermint and raisins
For the dupe of sugared lies!
Praise her, travel-soiled and dusty,
Praise her, vehement and gusty,
Praise her, kinked and knurled and crusty,
Leonine and hale and lusty,
Praise her, oaken-ribbed and trusty,
Shout "Maria" to the skies.

Maria Sanford, a Connecticut girl, came west to teach rhetoric and elocution in the University of Minnesota in the earliest days of that institution. She continued to teach until she was retired because of age, and long after that she was a public lecturer interested in all good causes. Mr. Firkins, a literary man of note and also a teacher of literature, was one of her students in college. He wrote this poem to aid in the celebration of her eightieth birthday.

1. Why does he prefer Maria to Mary or Marie for her name?
2. Why does he call her "winter" and "no April"?
3. Stanzas 3 and 4 tell of her interest in public affairs and stanza 5 of her mirthful disposition.
4. What characteristics as a teacher are noted in stanzas 6–8?
5. What kind of praise does he think most fitting? (See stanza 10.)

Description of teachers is not uncommon in literature. Washington Irving in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" makes Ichabod Crane a ludicrous and unlovely creature; Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby* pictures Old Squeers as a cruel and ignorant master; Edward Eggleston makes the Hoosier Schoolmaster a brave and heroic figure in the rude conditions of the American frontier.

The three selections descriptive of teachers given here should be studied together. When you have read all, answer these questions:

What are the chief traits of each person described —

(*a*) by Goldsmith; (*b*) by Whittier; (*c*) by Firkins

Which teacher appears to you most interesting? Most learned? Which would you prefer to have for your own teacher?

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Polonius is a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He is a half-wise, self-seeking old courtier, willing to "give every man his ear," but still reserving his judgment. The lines quoted here are spoken by Polonius to his son Laertes as the boy is about to leave Denmark to attend school in Paris. Much of what he says is good advice, but on the whole it lacks the sincerity which you find in the selections quoted from Washington (page 214) and Franklin (page 217). Note in particular the reasons given for not borrowing and lending money.

1. "Give thy thoughts no tongue." Why not?

2. There are several bits of advice. Find each of them and mark the lines, thus:

First, lines 1, 2.

3. The final advice is excellent if properly interpreted. How do you understand it?

4. In this advice of Polonius and the selections from Franklin and Washington something is said about speech and conversation. Find what each says and write it out thus:

Franklin: Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Polonius:

Washington:

5. In a similar manner write what each says about clothes. Make comparisons of their advice on other matters.

6. Some of the things in these selections do not apply to the lives of young people at the present time. Write a similar list that will apply now.

CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE

A WHOLESOME interest in the world of things is a source of pleasure; it is also the means of leading us to important knowledge. We may not seem to learn much of importance in chasing bugs, watching spiders, following birds to their nests and rabbits to their burrows. But more careful observers have learned that some insects destroy man's food, and that others help in producing it; that certain birds destroy harmful insects and worms, and that others prey upon the eggs and nestlings of other birds. By watching, first with the naked eye and then through the microscope, and by experimentation with the refined instruments of the laboratories, men have learned much that is helpful in lengthening human life and making themselves more comfortable and powerful.

It was curiosity that led Benjamin Franklin to go out during the storm with his famous kite and jerk the lightning from the clouds, and the generations of curious men since his day have "harnessed the lightning" into wires and motors that light our homes, drive our trains, and operate our factories. In our cities electricity has destroyed darkness and given us undreamed-of power. Thus, what seemed to many an idle interest at first has become a powerful agent for human happiness.

Where our study of nature gives us knowledge that is accurate and dependable, we call it science, and where we use this knowledge to make life more secure and comfortable and to give us greater control over the world about us, we speak of applied science. The applications of scientific knowledge is one of the most significant facts about our present-day world. It has remade the earth as the living place of mankind.

BOOKS TO READ

WHILE reading this section on the CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE, read two or more of the following books.

BACHMAN, FRANK P. *Great Inventors and Their Inventions.* American Book Company
Stories of great inventions that have influenced the lives of men.

BAKER, RAY STANNARD. *The Boy's Book of Inventions.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Includes liquid air, wireless telegraphy, motor vehicles, X-rays, etc.

BROOKS, E. C. *The Story of Cotton.* Rand McNally and Company
Tells how cotton grows from tiny seed to bursting pod, is gathered, and made into cloth for human use.

CALDWELL, OTIS W., and SLOSSON, EDWIN E. *Science Remaking the World.* Doubleday, Page and Company
Shows how the discoveries of science are changing the world we live in.

COLLINS, FRANCIS ARNOLD. *The Wireless Man.* The Century Company
The wireless man is the means of saving many lives, even at the risk of his own.

DARROW, FLOYD L. *Masters of Science and Invention.* Harcourt, Brace and Company
Brief lives of the world's greatest inventors.

DE KRUIF, PAUL. *Microbe Hunters.* Harcourt, Brace and Company
Biographies of men whose discoveries with the microscope and implements of science have conquered disease and lengthened human life.

DOOLITTLE, JAMES ROOD (editor). *The Romance of the Automobile Industry.* Klebold Press, New York City
Tells how the automobile has been improved with a rapidity that seems almost magical.

FABRE, JEAN HENRI. *The Story-Book of Science.* The Century Company
A book that makes the facts of science seem like interesting tales of fiction.

FORMAN, SAMUEL EAGLE. *Stories of Useful Inventions.* The Century Company
One of the best historical accounts of the way in which many of our most important inventions came into existence.

GIVEN, J. L. *The Making of a Newspaper.* Henry Holt and Company
An account of how a big metropolitan newspaper is made, the gathering and editing of news, the use of the telegraph, the printing and selling of the paper; how the paper makes money.

GORGAS, MARIE D., and HENDRICK, BURTON J. *William Crawford Gorgas.* Doubleday, Page and Company
The life story of a great physician whose scientific skill enabled America to conquer yellow fever in Panama and thus to build the canal. He organized the medical forces of the United States during the World War.

HOLLAND, RUPERT S. *Historic Inventions.* George W. Jacobs and Company
The stories of the invention of the printing press, steam engine, sewing machine, electric light, etc.

HUTCHINSON, WOODS. *Preventable Diseases.* Houghton Mifflin Company
A doctor tells how science has conquered disease and lengthened human life.

KELLY, H. A. *Walter Reed and the Yellow Fever.* Medical Standard Book Company
The story of men who risked their lives to learn the cause of yellow fever.

MCFEE, INEZ N. *The Story of Robert Fulton.* Barse and Hopkins
An entertaining story of the inventor of the steamboat.

MARTIN, E. A. *The Story of a Piece of Coal.* D. Appleton and Company
A story that traces the formation of coal and shows its uses.

PINCHOT, GIFFORD. *The Training of a Forester.* J. B. Lippincott Company
A lover of the forests tells how to know the trees, to care for them and to use them for man's welfare.

SERVISS, GARRETT P. *Astronomy with the Naked Eye.* Harper and Brothers
Tells how to understand the sky and its constellations of stars without the aid of a telescope.

SMITH, J. RUSSELL. *The Story of Iron and Steel.* D. Appleton and Company
A distinguished scientist tells the story of how crude ore is made into fine steel.

TAPPAN, EVA MARCH. *Makers of Many Things.* Houghton Mifflin Company

—— *Travelers and Traveling.* Houghton Mifflin Company

A gifted writer tells of the conquests of science, with all the interest of stories of adventure.

THOMPSON, HOLLAND. *The Age of Invention.* Yale University Press

This book couples the stories of inventions with interesting facts about great inventors.

TOWERS, WALTER KELLOGG. *Masters of Space.* Harper and Brothers

Tells how man has improved his means of sending messages through space, from the use of fire and smoke to the use of the radio.

TWOMBLY, FRANCES D., and DANA, JOHN C. *Romance of Labor.* The Macmillan Company

Stories showing how man has improved his power over nature in such matters as fishing, agriculture, engineering, mining, etc.

WERTHNER, WILLIAM B. *How Man Makes Markets.* The Macmillan Company

How men sell goods through advertising. Many illustrations.

WILLIAMS, H. S. *Luther Burbank, His Life and Work.* Hearst's International Library.

This great botanist wrought wonders in developing new plants and flowers. This book tells his story.

The books listed below contain interesting stories of American wild animals.

BURROUGHS, JOHN. *Sharp Eyes.* Houghton Mifflin Company

—— *Squirrels and Other Fur-bearers.* Houghton Mifflin Company

HORNADAY, WILLIAM T. *The American Natural History.* Charles Scribner's Sons

LONG, WILLIAM J. *A Little Brother to the Bear.* Ginn and Company

—— *School of the Woods.* Ginn and Company

—— *Ways of Wood Folk.* Ginn and Company

MILLS, ENOS A. *In Beaver World.* Houghton Mifflin Company

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D. *Kindred of the Wild.* L. C. Page and Company

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON. *Biography of a Grizzly.* The Century Company

—— *Lives of the Hunted.* Charles Scribner's Sons

—— *Trail of the Sandhill Stag.* Charles Scribner's Sons

CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE

IRON AND STEEL[1]

J. Russell Smith

Before reading this article, read the following questions. Then read the article and find answers to the questions. Read rapidly, skimming over unimportant parts wherever you can safely do so.

1. Explain how coal is used in smelting iron.
2. Why is the iron industry very large and important in the United States?
3. How long has mankind known how to use iron?
4. What is an open-pit mine?

INTRODUCTION

Two black men, almost naked, squat on opposite sides of a fire in Central Africa. Each of them has a little hand bellows with which he forces the fire. From time to time they lay on the fire lumps of charcoal and lumps of iron ore. All day they work and sweat, blowing and feeding their little fire. At evening a ten-pound or twelve-pound lump of iron lies in the glowing coals ready to be hammered on the anvil and shaped into spear-head, knife, or kettle.

These men are smelting iron ore, which is a kind of rock with some iron mixed in with several other kinds of mineral. The hot fire makes the iron melt and run out, so that it can be gathered up and used.

ANCIENT METHODS OF SMELTING

No one knows how long man has smelted iron ore. Iron ore is to be found in almost all countries, and primitive man in many lands knew how to use it many, many centuries ago. Perhaps some primitive man's camp fire first smelted iron by accident.

[1] From J. Russell Smith's *The Story of Iron and Steel*, copyrighted by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission.

Legend says that 1500 years before Christ a forest fire showed the people of the island of Crete how to make iron. Pictures on the walls of Egyptian buildings which date back to 3500 years before Christ show Egyptians smelting iron with the aid of a goatskin bellows.

Each of the many ancient peoples must have found out for itself how to make iron, for it was made by the same method in very ancient times in middle Africa, in China, in India, as well as in the countries around the Mediterranean, and in England, where Cæsar found the Britons making it very much as the explorer may still find it made in remote parts of Africa and Asia.

The Romans were unable to make much improvement on this process of making iron. It produced all the metal with which Cæsar armed his victorious legions. The iron which bolted the oak of the little ships of Columbus was made in a simple fireplace like a blacksmith's forge. The iron for Washington's cannon and muskets was made in forges or tall furnaces not unlike big stone chimneys. The fire was fed by the forced draft commonly produced by a water wheel.

THE USE OF COAL IN SMELTING

It was very fortunate that man learned how to smelt iron with coal and coke (which is made from coal). Before this time the iron industry had moved about, following the forests, to get a supply of charcoal. Since coal is so abundant in some places, the iron industry was able to settle down. This explains the growth of great iron centers such as Pittsburgh.

As long as charcoal was used for the fire, the materials could not be piled up very high because the weight would crush the charcoal and smother the fire. But coke is hard, and layers of coke and ore can be piled to a great height and still let the air be forced through to feed the fire. This has enabled the present iron furnace, called a blast furnace, to become several times as high as the one that made the iron for Washington's cannon.

Smelting is now done on such a large scale and so cheaply by machinery that instead of costing one dollar a pound to make iron, as it did in Cæsar's time, it now costs about one cent a pound and sometimes less than that. This is the reason we live in what is called an "age of steel." Steel is merely a refined kind of iron, and it is so cheap that we can afford to use it freely.

THE AMERICAN IRON INDUSTRY

In the United States we now make two pounds of iron every day for every man, woman, and child. In fact, the American iron industry is larger than that of any other two countries. The size of our industry is due in large part to our great riches of raw material. We have the best iron ore in the world, whole mountains of it up in the woods near Lake Superior, soft like dirt so that it can be shoveled up, and so near the surface that we can take it out of open pits and in this way get it much more easily than from the deep mines, which are elsewhere common in gathering metal. We also have very large areas of coal land to make the fuel to melt the ore, and plenty of the limestone, which is also put into the furnace because it unites with the dross and helps the smelting process.

American iron making has sprung up very quickly. In 1855 the first boat bringing iron ore from Lake Superior toward the eastern coal fields carried a cargo of 132 tons through the canal at Sault Sainte Marie. Just sixty years later, in 1915, a boat went through the same canal with 11,262 tons, and in the season of 1916 more than 60,000,000 tons of ore were carried from Lake Superior to the ports along the lower lakes.

Kipling in his wonderful *Jungle Book* shows us how much weaker is the man cub than the wild animals of the forest, but the man cub rules the earth because he had brains enough to learn how to harness and use mechanical power — machines. The getting of iron today is a wonderful example of this machine

work. We do not make iron — machines and artificial power make iron for us.

In the making of iron and steel in America, the iron is never touched by human hand in its journey of a thousand miles from the ore banks in the woods near Lake Superior to the steel mills at Pittsburgh or Buffalo. Nor is it lifted by human muscle.

MINING IRON ORE

The ore in the open pits is loosened with dynamite, and the steam shovel, running on railroad tracks, sticks its steel scoop into the loose ore five times a minute. Each time it takes up two tons, swings it around, and drops it on the freight car on the next track. From a single open pit 15,000 tons of ore are hauled away in a night by locomotives. On one ore range, the Mesaba, more dirt has been moved to get at the ore than was moved to dig the Panama Canal.

The ore is taken from the mines in freight trains of fifty cars each, running to Duluth and other ports on Lake Superior. Here the trains run out on top of high ore docks and drop the ore through the bottom of the cars into big pockets on the dock. From these pockets it is again dropped through chutes into the steamers alongside. These vessels, 600 feet long, are loaded with 10,000 tons of ore in twenty minutes, and the same cargo can be unloaded in three hours and twenty minutes by huge machines called clamshell unloaders. They work almost as your double hands would in sand or sugar and take up as much as fifteen tons at a scoop.

As the boats can work only in summer when the lakes are not frozen, some of the ore is brought down from the Lake Superior region and kept in great piles at lake ports like Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago until wanted in the winter. It is then carried by freight cars to the iron and steel mills at Pittsburgh, Youngstown, or Harrisburg.

Read these questions. Then read rapidly the remainder of this article on "Iron and Steel." See if you can answer the questions clearly when you complete the reading.

1. What is a rolling mill?
2. How does the cost of iron compare with the labor required to produce it?
3. What would happen to modern life if all the iron of the world should suddenly disappear?
4. How is steel made?
5. Why is machinery important today?

MODERN FURNACES AND ROLLING MILLS

The freight cars run up on high trestles beside the great furnaces, 100 feet high and roaring with fire from bottom to top. The ore is dropped into storage bins, from the bottom of which it drops again into the weighing cars operated by the men who feed the furnaces. These weighing cars run up on a little elevator, called the skip hoist, and automatically dump the ore or the coke or the limestone into the furnace.

A few hours later when the melted iron has trickled to the bottom, the furnace man taps the furnace by breaking the clay dam that holds back the melted iron. At a tapping, a hundred tons of it may run out like milk into great ladles mounted on freight cars. These carry the molten metal to a steel mill, which may be a mile away, where it is further purified by fire and mixed with different metals to make the different kinds of steel. After coming from the steel furnaces, the metal is poured into molds, where it is allowed to harden just enough to hold its shape.

Then it is thrown upon rollers that carry it to the crushing rolls of the rolling mill, which, driven by engines of several thousand horsepower, will crush the big ingot of steel as a rolling pin in the hands of a cook shapes pie crust.

Different kinds of rollers shape the steel. It may be shaped into a flat plate for an engine boiler, a rail for the trolley track, a girder for the skyscraper, a rod for the blacksmith, a pipe for

the plumber, or a chunk of steel to be used in the foundry, the machine shop, or the automobile factory.

The finished product costs only a cent or two per pound, yet it takes at least a thousand men to make it. Who are these thousand men? They are always members of gangs — gangs of strippers taking dirt from the ore, gangs of steam shovelers, train crew, dock crew, boat crew, moor-dock crew, gangs of iron furnace men, steel furnace men, yard men, yard train crews, rolling mill men. Then the limestone and the coal and the coke must be followed through all their stages before we have one single pound of steel completed. Yet the two half-naked black men in Africa made steel all by themselves — very good steel too, but very costly, and very little of it. Andrew Carnegie was the first man to bring under one management all the stages of modern steel making.

SOME USES OF IRON AND STEEL

How could you make a saw without iron? It has been done by certain South Sea Islanders who had no iron on their coral islands and no way to trade for it, so they laboriously set sharp shark's teeth in a hard piece of wood. It wasn't much of a saw, but it was the best they could get. Could you do any better with the materials they had?

How could you make a hatchet without iron? For answer, go to some museum and see the poor stone ax of the American Indian. Then you will understand why he did not chop down trees or become a farmer.

We make our iron by machinery, and the machines that make it are themselves of iron, as we see by looking over the list — steam shovel, track on which it stood, ore car, locomotive that hauled it, ore dock, iron ship, engine on the iron ship, the clam-shell unloader, the railroad, even the furnace itself, and the rolls of the rolling mill — everywhere iron, or steel which is but a kind of iron.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MACHINERY TODAY

As with the making of iron, so it is with nearly all the rest of our goods. Machines produce the goods, and machines are mostly iron. Take boards and nails. The saws and axes that fell the trees are of iron; so in part are the wagons and cars that haul the logs and the sawmills that saw them — everywhere iron. The blacksmith once made nails by hand. Now we poke the end of a long roll of wire into a machine and it rapidly pulls in the wire and drops out nails by the kegful. The shoemaker once sat at his bench with knife, awls, and hammer. Now he stands by a big motor-driven machine with a hundred clicking parts and makes shoes five times as fast. Man first printed with a little hand press, but now we feed the roll of paper to a machine as long as a room, which piles off newspapers or books by the thousand to the hour. Power, driving machines made of iron, gives us the goods of this day.

What runs the machines? Engines. In the engines the coal burns on an iron grate beneath an iron boiler. The steam goes off through iron pipes into an iron cylinder and pushes an iron piston, which drives iron shafts and iron wheels.

The production of the coal that runs the engine depends on the use of iron. The miner digs the coal from beneath the rocks with pick and shovel — or, in some cases, with a big complicated mining machine — and a little railroad track follows the miner to the very breast of the seam, where he shovels up the coal. Iron cables haul the cars to the surface; iron pipes carry out the water to keep the miner from drowning and bring in air to keep him from suffocating.

OUR DEPENDENCE UPON IRON

Iron serves us also in our food. Our bread and meats are borne to us over the iron way from the grain fields and pastures of the West. The iron horse brings us oranges from Florida and California; the iron ship brings us bananas from the Caribbean

Sea. Iron machines prepare our canned foods. The cans are made by machines; they are filled by machinery, sealed by machinery, soldered by machinery — everywhere machines, everywhere iron.

Increased use of machinery increases our comfort. It has recently given us the telephone, the telegraph, the daily newspaper, the trolley, the automobile. Nearly every new invention is a machine and in every case a machine makes it. The same is true of the airplane, the submarine, the phonograph.

Already our dependence on iron is so great that if we were suddenly deprived of it we should drop back almost to the living conditions of Jacob and Esau. Food would no longer be easy to get, nor coal, nor wood, nor wool and cotton. Famine would wipe out the human race as an eraser removes chalk marks from the blackboard, and where there are now 100,000,000 men there would be but 5,000,000.

After reading this selection as directed, answer the following questions without turning back to reread.

1. How long ago was iron made?
2. In what countries was iron first made?
3. What was the value of learning how to melt iron?
4. What other things are used in smelting iron ore?
5. Give some figures to show the size of the iron industry in the United States.
6. Into what forms is steel rolled?
7. What had Andrew Carnegie to do with steel making?
8. How does iron rank among metals in its importance?
9. How has iron helped the shoemaker?
10. What effect has iron had on ship building?
11. How does iron help to feed us?
12. What would happen in the city if we were suddenly deprived of iron? What would happen on the farm?

MAKING THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT [1]

THOMAS A. EDISON

IN 1878 I went down to see Professor Barker at Philadelphia, and he showed me an arc lamp — the first I had seen. Then a little later I saw another — I think it was one of Brush's make — and the whole outfit, engine, dynamo, and one or two lamps, was traveling around the country with a circus. At that time Wallace and Moses G. Farmer had succeeded in getting ten or fifteen lamps to burn together in a series, which was considered a very wonderful thing.

It happened that at the time I was more or less at leisure, because I had just finished working on the carbon-button telephone, and this electric light idea took possession of me. It was easy to see what the thing needed; it wanted to be subdivided. The light was too bright and too big. What we wished for was little lights, and a distribution of them to people's houses in a manner similar to gas. Grosvenor P. Lowry thought that perhaps I would succeed in solving the problem, and he raised a little money and formed the Edison Electric Light Company. The way we worked was that I got a certain sum of money a week and employed a certain number of men, and we went ahead to see what we could do.

We soon saw that the subdivision never could be accomplished unless each light was independent of every other. Now it was plain enough that they could not burn in series. Hence they must burn in multiple arc. It was with this conviction that I started. I was fired with the idea of the incandescent lamp as opposed to the arc lamp, so I went to work and got some very fine platinum wire drawn. Experiment with this, however, resulted in failure. Then we tried mixing in with the platinum about ten per cent of iridium, but we could not force that high enough

[1] Reprinted from *Electrical Review* by permission of McGraw-Hill Company.

without melting it. After that came a lot of experimenting — covering the wire with oxide of cerium and a number of other things.

Then I got a great idea. I took a cylinder of zirconia and wound about a hundred feet of the fine platinum wire on it coated with magnesia from the sirupy acetate. What I was after was getting a high-resistance lamp, and I made one that way that worked up to forty ohms. But the oxide developed the phenomena now familiar to electricians, and the lamp short-circuited itself. After that we went fishing around and trying all sorts of things that I have forgotten now. The funny part of it was that I never thought in those days that a carbon filament would answer, because a fine hair of carbon was so sensitive to oxidation. Finally, I thought I would try it because we had got very high vacua and good conditions for it.

Well, we sent out and bought some cotton thread, carbonized it, and made the first filament. We had already managed to get pretty high vacua, and we thought maybe the filament would be stable. We built the lamp and turned on the current. It lit up, and in the first few breathless minutes we measured its resistance quickly and found it was two hundred and seventy-five ohms — all we wanted.

Then we sat down and looked at that lamp. We wanted to see how long it would burn. The problem was solved — if the filament would last. The day was — let me see — October 21, 1879. We sat and looked, and the lamp continued to burn, and the longer it burned the more fascinated we were. None of us could go to bed, and there was no sleep for any of us for forty hours. We sat and just watched it with anxiety growing into elation. It lasted about forty-five hours, and then I said, "If it will burn that number of hours now, I know I can make it burn a hundred."

We saw that the carbon was what we wanted, and the next question was what kind of carbon. I began to try various things,

and finally I carbonized a strip of bamboo from a Japanese fan, and saw that I was on the right track. But we had a rare hunt finding the real thing. I sent a schoolmaster to Sumatra and another fellow up the Amazon, while William H. Moore, one of my associates, went to Japan and got what we wanted there. We made a contract with an old Jap to supply us with the proper fiber, and that man went to work and cultivated and cross-fertilized bamboo until he got exactly the quality we required.

No other person has done so much to make scientific inventions add to the comforts of human living as has Edison. This story shows something of his manner of working, the incessant search for just the right thing to make his ideas practical. From the day when, as a newsboy on a train, he kept a collection of chemicals in the baggage car and almost burned up the train in trying an experiment, to the time when at the age of seventy he worked night and day to assist the United States navy in its fight against the German submarine, he has been a ceaseless explorer after new information and new ways of doing things.

There are a number of electrical terms you will need to understand when you read this article. Possibly some pupil who has worked with electric door bells and radio can furnish the information for the class. If not, turn to a dictionary or a book on science.

1. Make a list showing the steps in Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp.
2. Make a list of Edison's other inventions.
3. Be ready to tell the story of another important invention.
4. Make a list of ten of the most important inventions made in the last hundred years.

Name of Inventor	Invention	Date

THE MASTER OF THE AIR[1]

Special Cable to The New York Times, by T. R. Ybarra

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, Oct. 12. — On the 432d anniversary of the end of the voyage of Columbus across the Atlantic Ocean with a puny fleet of caravels, the huge Zeppelin ZR–3 — the last word in ultramodern airships — is flying through the air over that same ocean headed for America.

This morning the ZR–3 rose slowly from the big field before the Zeppelin shed, which lay dark and dripping wet in a heavy fog, and pointed her glistening silver gray prow eastward to start on her way across the Atlantic to America. Slowly the prow of the airship was slewed around close to the enormous doors of the Zeppelin shed, her cradle and home, and as she veered, the great doors slowly swung shut in her face.

The Ship

The ship has a length of 656 feet, a diameter of 90.66 feet, and a height of 101.68 feet. It is designed to be inflated with hydrogen gas, having a capacity of 2,472,000 cubic feet. In general appearance it is similar to the Shenandoah, but in detail of equipment it is totally different. The Shenandoah is precisely what it was intended to be — a military flying laboratory. The ZR–3 is a commercial vessel, capable of transporting at least twenty passengers and a liberal quantity of cargo for distances as far as across the Atlantic — or farther.

The hull consists of the familiar structure comprising main ring members, intermediate rings, and longitudinal girders. Metals used are duralumin chiefly, with some steel. The main rings in general are 49.2 feet apart. The keel or corridor is in the lower part of the hull. This corridor is situated partly inside, partly outside, the hull structure. It has the purpose of strengthening the hull, supporting the useful load, fuel and bal-

[1] Reprinted by permission of *The New York Times.*

last, of distributing these weights and of serving as a means of communication between the different parts of the ship.

The ship has five power-cars, each of which is fitted with a twelve-cylinder, 400 horsepower, specially designed Maybach motor of 1500 revolutions per minute. No gearing is used between motor and propeller. Starting is accomplished by means of compressed air.

The fabric of the gas cells and the outer fabric of the hull are in general similar to those of the Shenandoah.

Underneath the bow of the ship the main car or cabin is situated close against the hull — in contrast with the power-cars, which are some distance down, in order to permit the passage of air. This cabin consists of a smaller forward part forming the control car and a larger main part for passenger accommodations.

The control car includes every modern device for the operation of airships, wheels for elevators and rudders, engine, telegraph, switchboard for operating gas valves, and ballast tanks, all the instruments necessary for navigation; also the wireless station. The latter has a radius of about 1560 miles for telegraph and 315 miles for telephone. The electric current is supplied by a generator driven by an air propeller making 3000 revolutions a minute. The sender comprises waves from 500 to 3000 meters. The antenna consists of three wires, each of about 390 feet length. Sender and receiver are arranged within a special sound-proof and gas-proof cabin at the rear of the control car.

Germans out for a Fast Flight

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, Oct. 12 (Associated Press). — Dr. Eckener, in command of the ZR–3, has determined to make a record flight. According to a report received directly from the ZR–3 at her native town, she turned her back on the European continent at 4:30 this afternoon near Bordeaux and steered boldly over the water.

If the German commander is able to maintain the speed with

which the airship traversed France today, he should reach Lakehurst, N. J., Tuesday afternoon. This would allow the Zeppelin about sixty hours sailing time.

Washington Keeps in Touch

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13. — Thirty-two men are aboard the ZR–3, crossing the Atlantic from Continental Europe to the United States for the first time in an airship, according to official data obtained at the Navy Department today. Four of them are officers of the American army or navy and the other twenty-eight are German officers and crew, responsible for the navigation and safe delivery of the airship to the United States, and nearly all of them high up in the personnel of the Zepplin Company's organization at Friedrichshafen, Germany.

Meals on board are being served regularly in accordance with the schedule usually followed on ships at sea. Breakfast is served at 8 o'clock, dinner at 12, tea at 4, and supper at 8 o'clock, a phonograph playing American and German airs during the midday meal. There also will be a midnight lunch and coffee and biscuits at 4 o'clock each morning for those on watch.

Airship Aided by Patrol Ships

Admiral Eberle stated tonight that the cruisers Milwaukee and Detroit, as well as the Patoka, constituting the units of the special meteorological service for the flight of the ZR–3, were in designated positions in the North Atlantic when the ZR–3 started its flight. The cruiser Detroit is at 45 degrees west longitude, 45 degrees north latitude, about half way across the Atlantic. The Patoka is at 55 degrees north latitude, 45 degrees west longitude, about 600 miles due north of the Detroit.

The Milwaukee was stationed at 44 degrees north latitude, 57 degrees west longitude, south of Sable Island, east of Halifax.

Under new orders given her, she is steaming to a point 450 miles southeast of this station.

The Patoka is under orders to make hourly observations of weather conditions and take upper air soundings by means of pilot balloons every six hours. Four times daily this information is being transmitted by radio to the cruiser Detroit, which is combining the data thus obtained with observations made on board the Detroit. The Detroit is the central or primary observation ship, and weather experts on board her have been accumulating all weather information from the Continental United States and from the observation ships to the northward of her. The Detroit has also been picking up weather reports from all vessels at sea within radio range and is under orders to transmit the digested information through the relay ships to coastal radio stations.

The Arlington naval radio station is to be used for communication with the ZR–3 when the airship is within range.

Fighting the Winds

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14. — Radio messages to the Secretary of the Navy late this afternoon indicated that the position of the ZR–3 shortly after noon today, Eastern Standard Time, was about 275 miles southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland, and that she would reach Lakehurst tomorrow forenoon at the present rate of speed.

The Zeppelin changed its course at 6 o'clock this morning, New York time, because of unfavorable weather conditions due to strong southwesterly winds, and she was headed during most of the forenoon in an almost northwesterly course toward the fog banks southeast of Newfoundland.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15 — From 9 to 9:30 last night the big vessel was heard asking the Chatham (Mass.) radio station for compass bearings, indicating that she was still in the fog banks, but no anxiety as to her safety was expressed by naval officials.

She had been maintaining a speed of seventy knots, and was estimated to be southwest of Cape Race, Newfoundland. Her exact position at that hour could not be worked out, due to weak wireless signals from the vessel.

Steadily cutting down the miles between her and her goal, the ZR–3 suddenly shifted her position yesterday morning. She had been heading on a straight course from the Azores toward Bermuda, but ran into stiff headwinds about 8 o'clock in the morning. The dirigible had been averaging 75 knots up to then, but the elements promptly brought her down to about 25.

Prefer Fog to Wind

Faced with this problem, the navigating officers of the ship abruptly pointed her nose toward the tip of Newfoundland. The airship's speed was held down to 25 knots for the purpose of economizing fuel. Despite the fact that they knew they would encounter fog on the new course, the ZR–3 held on, preferring fog to the heavy winds. The adverse wind was soon left behind and the speed mounted again to 75 knots.

Arrival at Lakehurst

LAKEHURST, N. J., Oct. 15. — The dirigible airship ZR–3 arrived here today, completing her 5060-mile flight from Germany in eighty-one hours. She made the trip without mishap and, arriving at 9:52 A.M., was berthed safely at 10:58 in the huge hangar that is to house both her and the Shenandoah.

Classed as a merchant ship, she was treated much as any merchant vessel would be treated upon arrival at an American port. She was boarded by a doctor, an immigration inspector, and a customs official. The doctor inspected her complement and found all well. The immigration inspector examined both passengers and crew, Americans as well as Germans and, acting upon orders from the State Department, admitted fifteen German

officers and men for three months. The customs officer collected less than $50.00 in duties.

The Landing Crew

Just before 9 o'clock the ground crew was marched out into the east field. There is a hollow in that field, and when the wind is from the north the Shenandoah always has taken the protection that depression affords. It was there, then, that the ground crew was assembled. They marched in the form of a gigantic V, the sailors at the apex, the marines at the outer ends of the two branches. They were divided into groups of eight and spider lines were given to each group. These spider lines are made to fasten on to the ropes thrown down from the dirigibles. By means of them eight men can bring full strength to bear upon each rope, and full strength is needed, for airships of the size of the ZR–3, even with their motors stopped, challenge the strength of 350 men.

Straight for the field the ZR–3 flew. It could be seen that she was less graceful than the Shenandoah. Her lines were heavier, for she was shorter by a few feet and thicker by a few feet too, but the thickness was all forward and there was a longer tapering to the stern than in the hull of the American-built dirigible.

She flew right over the field with all her five engines going. Only a few years ago it would have been unthinkable to stand on American soil beneath a German Zeppelin manned by a German crew, a German flag flying at her stern. However, it was not in war that she came now, but in peace.

Precaution against mishap was taken by no one being allowed to smoke even on the enormous field. The ZR–3 was filled with inflammable hydrogen gas, and the authorities at the station were taking no chances. Even in the hangar itself all fireproof doors between the offices were closed and they will remain closed until the hydrogen is drawn off.

Stopping the Ship

In the airship overhead a bell sounded twice, much like the bell in the engine room of a tug boat. Then at 9 : 52 a trap door in the hull, forward of the compartment, opened and a coil of rope was flung down.

Sailors there for that purpose, and walking in the apex of the V, leaped for it. They seized it and others came to their help and seized it too. Then, so quickly that one did not realize it until after it was over, spider webs were attached to this line and the crew began to bear their weight against the forward drift of the dirigible. A minute later another line fell to the ground.

The ZR–3 was now being pulled closer to the ground. Her engines had been switched off. The ground crew had her in hand. Her forward motion had been stopped.

Nearer and nearer to the ground she came, tilting at an angle of perhaps 30 degrees with her stern in the air. The men pulled and dug their feet into the ground and pulled again. Closer to earth she came, so that now individuals in the crowd could shout up to the American observers and to the German officers who stood at the windows.

Pulling on the ropes, the ground crew now began to pull the ship about. They drew the huge dirigible away from the hangar against the wind that lashed her flank as if it sought to destroy her. They hauled her stern first around to the south side, and then changing their direction a little, pulled her well out into the west field.

In the meantime the west doors of the hangar had been opened and the shed yawned to devour the big flying creature that had come across the water. Slowly the nose of the Zeppelin was turned around. It was a difficult operation, but it was successfully performed and at last the airship was headed for the hangar.

Ship Walks into Hangar

The ZR–3 was now walked forward. The crowd had gathered on either side of the west door and in the open doorway at the east end. As the nose of the dirigible entered the hangar, the crowd applauded once again. The spirit seemed to seize the sailors, for they broke into a dog trot and it was at the double that the airship was led into her berth.

With such work it took but two minutes to lead the dirigible into the hangar. It was exactly 10:36 when her nose passed under the arched doorway and it was 10:38 when the crew stopped pulling and brought her to rest. But she was still to be made fast. This involved pulling her down once more, always a delicate operation, for it involves the danger of the control car and the stern engine striking the ground and doing much damage; but at 10:58 she was fast, with sandbags holding her, and the cry, "Hands off all around" was raised.

Then the crew let go the rail around the forward compartment and the sailors slackened the spider lines. The Zeppelin did not sway at all. She stood on an even keel, balanced exactly by the bags of sand that had been hooked on to her. There was no further need then to lay hands on her again. Her trip was over.

The public will be kept away until all the hydrogen gas has been pumped out of the tanks and stored, as the strictest precautions have been ordered because of the disastrous experiences of the United States with airships filled with explosive gas.

When the ZR–3 is empty, the public will be permitted to inspect it. It will remain gasless for several days. The Navy Department is short of helium.

No Prospect for Early Flights

There appears to be no prospect for early flights of the dirigible after she lands. She requires 2,500,000 cubic feet of helium, and there is not that amount — or anywhere near that amount — on hand. Helium comes in carboys, and a freight carload is

about 100,000 cubic feet. Thus the ZR–3 will need a twenty-five-car trainload of helium to take off.

The German crew which brought the ship over will be housed at the station here until after certain test flights are made. These flights will be similar to those made by the Shenandoah before she was placed in commission by the United States Navy. If the tests of the ZR–3 are successful, the giant aircraft will be officially turned over to the United States Navy and the greater part of the crew will return to Germany. Those who remain will consist of mechanics and engineers, who will familiarize the engineers and others here with the workings of the Maybach engines, with which the ZR–3 is equipped.

Captain Steele disclosed that the ZR–3 is to pass out of the hands of the navy ultimately and be taken over by civilians.

"Under the terms by which the ZR–3 comes to the United States," he said, "it must be used for commercial purposes. She will be turned over to the navy because the navy has the trained personnel to man her. But ultimately she will pass from our hands into those of civilians."

Tonight the big dirigible, her voyage over, rests on cradles in her hangar, the German flag down and an American lieutenant and twelve marines on guard.

This account of the first trans-Atlantic voyage of the airship Los Angeles is taken from press dispatches to *The New York Times* during the days when the flight was being made in October, 1924. It is interesting as setting forth two of the great achievements of twentieth century civilization, the giant dirigible airship and the metropolitan daily newspaper.

The Airship

The Los Angeles was built in the great Zeppelin factory at Friedrickshafen, Germany. The factory number was ZR–3, the title given to it in these dispatches.

The Shenandoah, which is mentioned several times in these dispatches, was wrecked and completely destroyed with the loss of fourteen men, in a severe thunderstorm in Ohio, September 3, 1925.

1. On what date did the flight of the ZR–3 start? Why was this date chosen?

2. Try to understand the construction of the ship. Find pictures of it.

3. What were the chief dangers to be encountered in the flight? What protection did the ship have against them?

4. Give the facts as to the following:

a. Distance to be traveled

b. Direction of travel

c. Possible rate of speed

d. Actual rate of speed

e. Total time required to make the flight

5. You can make a fairly accurate map of the route of the airship from these newspaper dispatches. Try it.

6. Who traveled in the ship?

7. Note the main features of the landing of the ship.

The Newspaper

In the dispatches quoted here, two news services from Friedrickshafen supplied news on the first day of flight: the special cable from Mr. Ybarra and the Associated Press. The Associated Press is a news-gathering agency with agents in all parts of the civilized world.

Note that the news service tries to give very accurate, even technical information. See also the story of the landing.

During the days of the flight and immediately before and after, the *Times* printed columns of material on this subject. Besides other dispatches of the type here given, there were stories of other ships and other flights, discussions of the uses of airships in times of peace and in times of war, comparisons of airplanes and dirigibles, and many other items.

8. After the first day the source of news was no longer Friedrickshafen. Where was it? How did Washington get its information?

9. Choose some event of national importance and study a good daily newspaper to see how it gets the news to its readers.

What is the first dispatch announcing the event? From where is it sent? By whom is it sent? How much space does the paper give to it?

Does the news grow in importance on succeeding days? When is it most important? How much space does it get on that day? Does it call forth any editorials? When do you find the last news item concerning it?

Clip all the parts of the paper dealing with the event. Select the most important parts to paste in your notebook.

THE ROMANCE OF HELIUM

EDITORIAL IN THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

ROBERT P. SMITH

HELIUM, the non-inflammable gas that makes giant dirigibles proof against accidental explosion and incendiary bullet alike, is available in America as in no other country. If the nation's supplies are developed properly and safeguarded properly, they should give the United States an incalculable advantage over the rest of the world in sky navigation by lighter-than-air craft, both in time of peace and in time of war. Experts figure that, from tested natural gas fields in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Ohio, enough helium could be extracted, at a cost of from six to ten cents a cubic foot, to fill at least thirty dirigibles the size of the ZR–3 and keep them aloft for five years. And smaller helium sources have been tested and mapped in seven other states.

Like most of the other achievements of science, the development of helium has come through hard work, rather than amazing magic, though its original discovery was attributable in great part to chance. It was more than half a century ago that Jannsen, Swedish astronomer, went to India to observe an eclipse of the sun and, while thus engaged, discovered in the solar spectrum a strange yellow line which no other scientist ever had noted. His findings created a sensation among savants, indicating, as they did, the presence in the sun of a previously unknown element. But the layman was not interested. What, he asked, could one do with a new element in such a far-away place as the sun? So helium was given a name from the Greek word *helios*, meaning the sun, and went into the textbooks. There, for twenty-seven years, it remained buried. All the professors could tell their students about helium was that it was an element.

Then in 1894 Sir William Ramsey, that wizard of the test tubes, that seeker after new vapors, accidentally isolated a minute quantity of a strange gas that, for a time, defied all analytical tests. Finally the British scientist tried the spectroscope on his new find and, in that instrument's field, he saw the same mysterious yellow line that Jannsen first had seen in the solar spectrum nearly a generation earlier. Ramsey had found helium, the new element, on earth! He had captured and caged Jannsen's baffling yellow line.

But many, many more years were to pass before helium was to become an eligible inflater of dirigible balloons. Count Zeppelin used hydrogen in his great flying-cigars because hydrogen was the best available floating agency. Helium was not to be had. Up to and through the World War, all the Powers used hydrogen in their lighter-than-air craft, despite hydrogen's well-known affinity for fire, because hydrogen was the best they could get.

Germany, at the war's outbreak, was known to possess a small supply of the little-known helium gas, and one day in 1917 a British aviator, at close range, fired incendiary bullets directly into a German Zeppelin's gas bag and was surprised when the balloon failed to burst into flames. He reported this remarkable incident and it had the British greatly worried. It was evident that the strangely immune gas bag was filled with helium, and if the Germans had found a way of procuring helium in quantity, the defenses against airships that the Allies had developed would be worthless. These fears proved groundless. Newer Zeppelins flared up and burst when pierced by incendiary bullets. The Germans apparently had used all their helium to fill the one bag.

It was not until 1920 that the first American helium-filled blimp, the CR–7, took the air at Fort Worth, Texas. Since then the development has been rapid. And, perhaps by an act of Providence, nature has given almost a monopoly of known helium supplies to the least warlike of all the great nations.

A good newspaper has an editorial page, usually printed on one of the inside pages of the paper. News does not appear on this page. Instead, there are short articles commenting on the news which is printed elsewhere. These editorials are written by a special group of writers and often express the beliefs of the editors of the paper regarding political, economic, and other questions.

The editorial printed here appeared in the *Minneapolis Journal* soon after the trans-Atlantic voyage of the ZR–3.

1. Why is helium better for dirigibles than is hydrogen?
2. What is said about the quantity of helium available?
3. What were the steps in the discovery of helium?
4. This editorial uses some difficult words. How many of these can you define?

attributable	incalculable	monopoly
blimp	incendiary	savants
dirigible	inflammable	solar
hydrogen	isolated	spectroscope
immune	layman	spectrum

A CENTURY OF AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS[1]

FLOYD L. DARROW

DIFFICULT as it may seem for many of us to believe, the greatest problem of all nations has been to make this old earth yield enough foodstuffs to satisfy the hunger of the many millions that inhabit it. Especially has this been true during the Great War and most keenly have people everywhere been brought to realize it. Yet until comparatively recently the genius of the race has not been directed toward improving methods of agriculture. Labor-saving devices for multiplying the man power and efficiency of the artisan and mechanic began to appear, but the farmer plodded on in the primitive ways of his fathers. McMaster, in his *History of the People of the United States*, says, "The Massachusetts farmer who witnessed the Revolution

[1] From Floyd L. Darrow's *The Boys' Own Book of Great Inventions*, copyrighted by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission.

plowed his land with a wooden bull plow, sowed his grain broadcast, and when it was ripe cut it with a scythe and threshed it out on his floor with a flail." Each householder was almost entirely self-sustaining, producing nearly all that he and his family required. He sold but little and bought less. There was no need for producing more, and a virgin soil and large crops did not stimulate inventive genius along agricultural lines.

But with the building of cities, the growth of manufacturing, and the great divisions of labor, it became imperative that the farmer should provide food, not only for his own family, but for the ever increasing army of those not engaged in agriculture. To do this brought profits, and the incentive of private gain encouraged efforts toward increased productiveness and the development of new devices and better methods.

The first practical efforts toward harvesting wholly by mechanical means began about the year 1800. Some attempts in this direction had been made by the Gauls and Romans nearly two thousand years before, but nothing of permanent value resulted. Just preceding and following the year 1800 a number of patents were granted in England to inventors of reaping machines. But all of these were unsuccessful, for as late as 1851 at the World's Fair in London the United Kingdom was unable to exhibit a reaping machine.

For the solution of the harvesting problem the world turned to America, but up to 1831 no practical, working reaper had been developed. In that year came the McCormick. It was the first successful machine ever used, and although crude at first, it was rapidly improved. Cyrus McCormick built his machine in an old blacksmith shop near Steele's Tavern, Virginia, and early in the fall of 1831 hitched four horses to it and drove into a field of oats on the farm of John Steele. Great interest marked the event and a large company of neighbors witnessed the performance. This was the first grain ever cut by machinery. In less than half a day, to the amazement of everyone, six acres had been

reaped, or as much as six men would have done in a whole day by the old-fashioned method.

The introduction of the reaper marks a turning point in agricultural progress. Nothing of similar importance in this field had occurred in more than two thousand years. Like all other labor-saving machines, it increased production and decreased its cost, giving the world a tremendous start toward cheaper bread.

But it is not alone in the harvesting industry that agricultural progress has been made. From the wooden bull plow and small acreage of the Revolutionary days to the large tractor-drawn gang plows and vast fields of the Middle West, we pass over a period of marvelous expansion. A century ago and less all farm work was done by hand. Cultivating, planting, mowing, haying, harvesting — all were accomplished by man power. But for all this work machinery was gradually evolved. For many years the faithful horse was harnessed to the operation of it, but now the gasoline and steam tractors are taking his place. A single tractor operated by one man does the work of seven horses. With it he will plow as much as twelve acres in a day or cultivate from sixteen to twenty acres. Tractor-drawn seed drills, planters, cultivators, mowing machines, and harvesters have multiplied many times the man power engaged in agriculture and are affording the best solution of the farm-labor problem.

By increasing the output of our farms and at the same time decreasing the cost for labor, this application of the universal gasoline engine to farm needs is of tremendous importance. A modern tractor is as powerful as five horses, as enduring as seven, costs less than four horses, requires less care than one horse, occupies less room than one horse, and eats only when it works.

In the dairy branch of the agricultural industry, to take the place of hand milking has come the power-driven milking machine, a single machine operating upon two or more cows at once and doing the work with much greater rapidity and thoroughness.

The old-fashioned method of setting the milk in pans and waiting for the cream to rise, followed by hand skimming, has been almost entirely displaced by the cream separator which, either hand or motor driven, does in a few minutes work that formerly required from twelve to fifteen hours, and does it with greater efficiency.

Modern inventions have completely revolutionized farm practice, and nothing has contributed more to increase its efficiency and to brighten the lives of those engaged in this most useful of all industries than the modern electric power and light plant. The farm today may have all the conveniences of the city with the glorious freedom of a life in the open. Light, air, power make a combination irresistible in the promotion of happiness and prosperity.

But back of it all stand the gasoline engine, the dynamo, the storage cell, the motor, and the electric light, inventions that have been made in the last forty years. The gasoline engine drives the dynamo which generates current to charge the cells, and then this wonderful energy can be wired to any part of the house or outbuildings, where it may be had by the pressing of a button or the throwing of a switch. It is thrown on or off at a moment's notice and is used only as need requires. It lightens the work of the housewife, adds comfort to the home, keeps the boys and girls contented on the farm, and is a tremendous factor in dispelling the gloom and drudgery of farm life.

And then there is the automobile, that marvelous combination of luxury and utility, which has done more to hitch the farmer's "wagon to a star" than any other single invention. As Dr. Frank Crane says, "The automobile has made life richer, freer, and happier." But for no one more than the farmer. It has widened his horizon, added to his prosperity, and multiplied his means of recreation.

But we must not forget the telephone and free rural mail service, which have been such tremendous factors in banishing the farmer's isolation. The daily paper and the abundance of

agricultural and other literature which come to his household have educated him not only socially and politically but professionally as well, for farming is now a profession. It has ceased to afford a calling to anyone who can do nothing else. It is a science, an industry reborn through the brains and inventive genius of America. *Abridged.*

1. Which was first to make use of labor-saving devices, the mechanic or the farmer?
2. Why is it necessary for the farmer to produce more food than he can consume?
3. Why was the invention of the reaper so important a matter?
4. Why is the gasoline engine important to the farmer?
5. What is the meaning of "an industry reborn"?
6. What recent invention would you add to the list of things that "banish the farmer's isolation"?

THE RADIO VISION[1]

Successful demonstration last week of two different methods of sending pictures by wireless opened up new fields for speculation, beyond even the remarkably accurate forecasts contained in the imaginative writings of Jules Verne and Edward Bellamy.

Last Sunday night the Radio Corporation of America transmitted across the Atlantic nearly a dozen pictures in various states of recognizability. The sending and receiving apparatus was developed by Captain Richard H. Ranger, one of the corporation's engineers.

The same night the picture of a written message was transmitted by radio from Washington to Boston by another process, the invention of C. Francis Jenkins.

With Captain Ranger, Mr. Jenkins, who is the inventor of a rival machine for the wireless transmission of pictures, believes that the future possibilities are limitless. He foresees an era in which the whole world will be so closely linked by wireless that

[1] Reprinted by permission of *The New York Times.*

any inhabitant of the globe, sitting quietly at his own fireside, can tune in both his radio eye and his radio ear to any event in any place on, above, or below the earth's surface.

Mr. Jenkins envisions an age in which we can not only hear the announcer at the ringside, on the football field, or in the baseball grandstand, but in which we can also see a Firpo knock a Dempsey out of the ring, a "Red" Grange dash through a broken field for a touchdown, or a "Babe" Ruth knock a home run into the bleachers — all from our own homes. By means of the radio movies, we might look at our favorite actors, singers, pianists, and violinists on a miniature screen in our living rooms as we listen to their voices on the radio.

Tuning out entertainment and tuning in current events, we might project the bodies as well as the words of our public officials through space from their legislative halls into our libraries, where we could see for ourselves how they conducted themselves. With our radio eye we could see and with our radio ear we could hear across the seven seas to the end of the earth; and if there is a war or rebellion or massacre or any great events in the future, even in distant Asia or Africa, we should be able to see and hear for ourselves exactly what was going on. Neither the air nor the water should retain any more mysteries from the veriest home body than from the adventurous traveler by airplane and submarine.

Distance no Great Obstacle

As the Shenandoah or Los Angeles glides over the North Pole, we in our homes and offices and theaters might see that long-sought sight simultaneously with those who risked their lives to seek it, and at the same moment we could hear their comments — including, no doubt, a few words about the weather at the Pole.

All this, of course, is a vision — a radio vision of the future. To some it may seem fantastic, but not to Mr. Jenkins. He has

the true faith of the scientist. To him nothing is impossible that spells progress. He succeeded more than a year ago in transmitting photographs of the late President Harding by wireless from Washington to Philadelphia, a distance of 130 miles. During the past week he has been experimenting in the transmission of radio pictures from Washington to Boston, 450 miles, and had almost succeeded when this was written. Every day in his Washington laboratory he transmits by wireless not only "still" photographs but moving pictures.

"The distance over which we can transmit pictures by this method," said Mr. Jenkins the other day in Boston, while waiting for the result of his latest experiment, "depends only on the power of the broadcasting station. Unfortunately, the only available broadcasting station we could use at the Washington end of this test is not so powerful as we should wish. Otherwise we should have had no more trouble in the Washington-Boston test than in the Washington-Philadelphia trial or the daily demonstrations in the laboratory. Many offices have told me that with their most powerful stations they could broadcast my pictures to China.

"It is such a peculiar outlook that I cannot blame people for thinking that I am stretching the truth a bit. When we consider what has been done in radio, however, we should not be skeptical. What the radio can do with sounds, it can do with pictures. Of course we do not send the pictures themselves from one place to another by radio, any more than the ordinary broadcasting station sends a song or a speech through the air. To say that we 'send' pictures, music, speech, etc., is merely a convenient way of expressing ourselves.

May See around the World

"But just as the microphone changes speech and music into electrical current to be broadcast, so our radio photo-sending machine translates the shadings on a picture into radio signals or electrical impulses to be broadcast. And at the receiving end, just as the ordinary headset changes the broadcasting signals into speech and music, so our radio photo-receiving machine translates the radio signals into duplicates of the photographs at the broadcasting end.

"Almost everything which the imagination has power to conceive is possible in radio in the future. To realize our visions, all we need to accomplish is to refine our present instruments. I do not believe that I am too optimistic. Think not only of what has been done already in radio, but also of the flying machines. Professor Langley went to his grave a martyr to his belief in heavier-than-air machines, and a few years later the United States Navy plane, NC–4, flew across the ocean from America to England. Think of how people laughed at Bell at the Philadelphia Centennial and then try to imagine what we would do without the telephone today.

"Think of the three funny-looking horseless carriages that participated in a road race outside of Chicago in 1896, and then look up the record on the number of automobiles in use in the United States last year.

"Our radio vision — our ability to see by radio — will improve every day, and I am confident that the near future will fulfill many of our predictions. With radio we can see around obstructions and over mountain ranges, and some day we may be able to see all the way around the earth.

"When that day comes our President will be able to look upon the face of the King of England as they engage in wireless conversation across the ocean. The Chiefs of Staff of our army and navy may soon be able to see at their headquarters every-

thing that a lens visualizes when carried aloft in a scouting airplane over a battlefield or in fleet maneuvers.

"From an easy chair by the fireside the civilian will be able also to watch the earth exactly as the great dirigible Shenandoah, carrying the lens through which our radio eyes are looking, directs its course. The new machine will come to the home as a fascinating teacher and entertainer, without language, literacy, or age limitations. It will be a visitor with photoplays, the opera, and a direct vision of world activities, without the hindrance of muddy roads or snow blockades, making farm life still more attractive to countrybred boys and girls.

"The extension lecturer in our great university may then illustrate his lecture so that the distant student, as well as those present, may both see and hear him speak.

"There are undreamed-of possibilities in radio in the unlimited frequencies above audibility, in which speed transmission is greatly accelerated by the tolerance of eyesight, not possible in an appeal to the ear. As an example, witness the motion-picture screen upon which a picture is taken off and put back again forty-eight times per second without discovery by the eye, while the slightest error in a note in the orchestra is detected at once and grates harshly on the ear of the listener. Just so our radio vision depends for success on the fact that the eye is easily deceived into the belief that it sees the radio picture as a whole, though in fact the eye sees at no moment more than a tiny spot of light by which, with lightning-like speed, the picture is made up.

"From our easy chairs by the fireside we stay-at-homes can view the bleak terrain below as the broadcasting lens is carried over the North Pole in the Shenandoah. People in Maine and California and all the way between will be able to see the inaugural ceremonies of their President in Washington, the Army and Navy football games at New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, wherever they may be played, the World's Series base-

ball, and may both see and hear grand opera broadcast from anywhere.

"The motion pictures at the fireside will be evenings' entertainment and the daily source of news. The long day of the sick and shut-ins will be more endurable, and life in the far places will be less lonely.

"The time for such development is at hand — it is just a matter of months before they will be under way. It will not be long before we will see a football game played in another city on a screen in our own homes while we listen to the cheering of the crowds.

"The experiments in sending facsimile messages by radio photography are also of great importance. The value to the business world of a device that will instantaneously flash a photograph of the signature on a check or contract from London, Paris, Berlin, Tokio, or any other city in the world to New York is obvious. It means a new era in business communications.

Undreamed-of Possibilities

"We are also working on a machine for transmitting typewritten news copy from city to city. When this is perfected, newspaper copy of all kinds can be transmitted as radio photographs over any distance at the rate of 1000 words a minute per machine. A Presidential message of 50,000 words, for example, could be broadcast by a Washington correspondent to his newspaper in New York in one minute, using fifty machines. We have already had a successful test of this machine over a distance of seven miles at the rate of 150 words a minute. This copy is sent on long strips in a continuous process. We have sent strips up to 23 feet long, containing single-spaced typewritten lines."

The steam locomotive, telephone, electric light, automobile, and airship are now real achievements, indispensable in the serious business of mankind. If we could go back a hundred years and come down the century, we would pass through a period when each seemed as unreal and fantastic as this "radio vision" now seems to us.

In 1870 Jules Verne wrote the story of Captain Nemo's adventures, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." This book seemed so fantastic that anxious mothers burned it so that their children would not read unbelievable tales. Today it seems a very mild story because of the actual exploits of the submarine. In the old Greek legend Dædalus made wings of feathers fastened on with wax for his son Icarus; the boy flew too near the sun so that the wings melted and he fell into the sea. Today men fly high and far with perfect safety. So successful has man been in conquering time and space with his inventions, that nothing seems impossible.

Make a list of special terms used in connection with the radio and be sure you can explain them. Start your list with *tune in* and *broadcasting station.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Shenandoah. This was the largest airship of the United States Navy at the time it was wrecked in September, 1925.

Professor Langley, the American scientist who made the first airplane that proved to be capable of flight. His machine is now preserved in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Bell. Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone.

Philadelphia Centennial, a celebration held in 1876 to commemorate the centennial (hundredth anniversary) of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Unlimited frequencies, a term descriptive of radio waves.

NOTEBOOK

1. Select and cut from a newspaper an account of an important current event. Write suitable sub-titles for the several parts into which it may be divided. Paste it in your notebook with the sub-titles written in at the proper places.

2. What is the most important "conquest of science" in your community?

3. Think of another "conquest of science" and find a well-written account of it.

L'ENVOI

RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

During his schoolboy holidays in England, Kipling lived with an aunt who was the wife of one of the most noted artists of his day. Possibly it is because of this that Kipling chooses in his "L'Envoi" to use the life and trials of the artist as typical of those of all men everywhere.

L'Envoi is a French word meaning farewell. Kipling wrote a poem of farewell to conclude each series of poems which he published in a volume. This one is the concluding poem of the collection called *The Seven Seas*.

GLOSSARY

For words not found in this glossary the reader may consult a dictionary. The pronunciations here given follow Webster's New International Dictionary (1926). The words are defined with special reference to their use in the selections in this book; other meanings are given in the dictionary.

Words defined in the glossary of Book One are not included here unless they are used with a different meaning in the text of Book Two.

ā	as in fāte	ē	as in ēve	ō	as in ōld	o͝o	as in fo͝ot
å	as in senåte	ê	as in êvent	ô	as in ôbey	ou	as in out
â	as in câre	ē	as in makēr	ô	as in ôrder	ū	as in ūse
ă	as in ăm	ĕ	as in ĕnd	ŏ	as in nŏt	û	as in ûnite
ä	as in ärm	ĭ	as in īce	oi	as in oil	û	as in fûrl
å	as in åsk	ĭ	as in hĭll	o͞o	as in mo͞on	ŭ	as in ŭp

The figure before a word indicates the importance of the word for general reading. The values are based upon a Word Book by Edward L. Thorndike[1] in which he lists the 10,000 words that are most frequently used in the English language, according to extensive investigations. The figure 7, for instance, means that the word is in the first thousand of Thorndike's list and is a very important word to know.

7 means the *first* thousand.
6 means the *second* thousand.
5 means the *third* thousand.
4 means the *fourth* thousand.
3 means the *fifth* thousand.
2 means the *sixth to eighth* thousand.
1 means the *ninth to tenth* thousand.

4 **abandon** (å-băn′dŭn): a complete surrender to natural impulses; to leave; quit.

abet (å-bĕt′): to support; uphold; aid, as by approval.

abhorrent (ăb-hŏr′ĕnt): hateful; detestable; disgusting.

4 **abide** (å-bīd′): to continue; last.

accelerate (ăk-sĕl′ēr-āt): to hasten; quicken the speed of.

accentuate (ăk-sĕn′tû-āt): to bring out distinctly; make prominent; emphasize.

accessible (ăk-sĕs′ĭ-b′l): easy to reach.

acetate (ăs′ê-tāt): a salt of an acid like that found in vinegar.

acumen (å-kū′mĕn): quick understanding; sharpness of mind.

adamant (ăd′å-mănt): anything of extreme hardness; something unyielding.

adder's tongue (ăd′ērz tŭng): a kind of fern.

addle (ăd″l): to confuse; muddle.

adherent (ăd-hēr′ĕnt): a follower; supporter.

adjure (ă-jo͝or′): to charge or command solemnly; entreat earnestly.

adroitness (å-droit′nĕs): cleverness; skillfulness.

æon (ē′ŏn): a period of time too long to measure; an age.

affinity (ă-fĭn′ĭ-tĭ): attraction; relation; connection.

1 **aggressive** (ă-grĕs′ĭv): disposed to attack.

akimbo (å-kĭm′bō): with the hand on the hip.

[1] *The Teacher's Word Book* by Edward L. Thorndike, published by Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

1 **alabaster** (ăl'ȧ-bȧs-tẽr) : a white, marblelike mineral.
2 **alien** (āl'yĕn) : foreign; strange.
3 **allegiance** (ȧ-lē'jȧns) : the tie or obligation of a person to his sovereign or government.
alleviate (ȧ-lē'vĭ-āt) : to lighten; lessen; make easier.
alunite (ăl'ů-nīt) : a mineral which is colorless or white when pure.
3 **amber** (ăm'bẽr) : yellowish in color.
amuck (ȧ-mŭk') : in a violent or frenzied manner.
anesthetic (ăn-ĕs-thĕt'ĭk) : a gas or drug which produces insensibility.
aniline (ăn'ĭ-lĭn) : an oily, poisonous liquid used in the manufacture of various dyes.
1 **animosity** (ăn'ĭ-mŏs'ĭ-tĭ) : hatred; enmity; dislike.
antediluvian (ăn-tẽ-dĭ-lū'vĭ-ăn) : relating to the period before the flood; antiquated; ancient.
antennæ (ăn-tĕn'ē) : wires supported in the air to transmit electric waves into space, or to receive them.
antidote (ăn'tĭ-dōt) : anything that will remove the effects of poison, disease, or evil.
2 **aperture** (ăp'ẽr-tûr) : an opening; open space.
2 **appease** (ȧ-pēz') : to satisfy; quiet.
appraise (ȧ-prāz') : to estimate the worth of; value.
1 **approbation** (ăp-rŏ-bā'shŭn) : approval.
arbiter (är'bĭ-tẽr) : one who controls a result or outcome; a judge.
arbitrament (är-bĭt'rȧ-mĕnt) : settlement of a question by mutual agreement.
arboreal (är-bō'rẽ-ăl) : of or pertaining to a tree.
arras (ăr'ȧs) : tapestry; a rich figured fabric.
arrears (ȧ-rērs') : that which is overdue and unpaid, as a debt.
arrogate (ăr'ŏ-gāt) : to take or assume unreasonably or proudly.
artificer (är-tĭf'ĭ-sẽr) : a skilled or artistic worker.
1 **artisan** (är'tĭ-zăn) : a trained workman.
3 **assail** (ȧ-sāl') : to attack violently.
assiduity (ăs-ĭ-dū'ĭ-tĭ) : diligence; close and continuous effort.
3 **attribute** (ăt'rĭ-būt) : a quality considered as belonging to a person or thing; (ȧ-trĭb'ût) : to assign; consider as belonging to.
2 **aught** (ôt) : anything; any part.
august (ô-gŭst') : stately; grand; noble; majestic.
2 **austere** (ôs-tẽr') : stern; harsh.
3 **avail** (ȧ-vāl') : to help; be of use, value, or service.
avatar (ăv-ȧ-tär') : a descent, as of a deity to earth in bodily form; manifestation.
avaunt (ȧ-vônt') : begone! depart! away!
1 **aversion** (ȧ-vûr'shŭn) : a fixed dislike.
ayah (ä'yȧ) : in the Far East, a native woman employed as a child's nurse or lady's maid.

bahadur (bä-hô'do͝or) : a title given to European officers by natives in India.
basic (bās'ĭk) : fundamental; relating to the essential part.
1 **bask** (bȧsk) : to be at ease; thrive.
bas-relief (bä-rẽ-lēf') : sculpture in which the figures stand out slightly from the background.
2 **bass** (bās) : a deep sound or tone.
batten (băt''n) : to fasten with narrow strips of wood.
bedight (bẽ-dīt') : to adorn; decorate.
1 **bedlam** (bĕd'lăm) : any scene of uproar or confusion.
5 **beggar** (bĕg'ẽr) : to use up all the possibilities of; exhaust.

3 **beguile** (bē-gīl′) : to cause to pass pleasantly, as the time.
beholding (bē-hōld′ĭng) : obliged; indebted.
belligerent (bĕ-lĭj′ēr-ĕnt) : a power or a person carrying on war.
bellows (bĕl′ōz) : an instrument for producing a current of air.
benefaction (bĕn-ē-făk′shŭn) : a gift; present; donation.
2 **bequeath** (bē-kwēth′) : to give or leave by will.
2 **bereft** (bē-rĕft′) : deprived.
besom (bē′zŭm) : a broom.
bestead (bē-stĕd′) : to put in peril.
bilious (bĭl′yŭs) : peevish; ill-tempered.
3 **billow** (bĭl′ō) : a wave.
4 **birch** (bûrch) : a birch twig, formerly used for rods in school.
blimp (blĭmp) : a lighter-than-air dirigible balloon.
2 **boar** (bōr) : the wild hog.
boding (bōd′ĭng) : indicating evil; threatening.
3 **bog** (bŏg) : a marsh; swamp.
bombastic (bŏm-băs′tĭk) : high-sounding; pompous.
2 **boom** (bo͞om) : a sudden increase of business activity; rapid growth in development and population; to make a deep hollow sound.
6 **bore** (bōr) : the hollow part of a gun.
3 **bounty** (boun′tĭ) : a reward; premium or allowance offered by a government.
bourn (bōrn) : realm; region.
2 **bout** (bout) : a conflict; contest.
5 **bower** (bou′ēr) : a boudoir; a lady's private apartment; a shelter made of boughs.
5 **brake** (brāk) : brushwood; thicket; dense growth of shrubs.
2 **brandish** (brăn′dĭsh) : to wave; shake.
braw (brô) : good; fine.
brazier (brā′zhēr) : an open pan for holding burning coals.
brevet (brē-vĕt′) : honorary rank; a promotion advancing the rank of an army officer without change in duty or increase in pay.
1 **brevity** (brĕv′ĭ-tĭ) : shortness; quality of being brief.
5 **bridle** (brī′d'l) : the headgear of the harness, with which a horse is governed.
2 **broil** (broil) : a quarrel.
1 **browse** (brouz) : tender shoots or twigs fit for food of cattle; green food.
3 **buffet** (bŭf′ĕt) : a blow; stroke.
buoy (boi; bo͞o′ĭ) : to keep afloat; support; sustain.
buoyant (boi′ănt) : cheerful; light-hearted; gay.
6 **bush** (bo͝osh) : to line with other material.
buskin (bŭs′kĭn) : a high shoe.
2 **butt** (bŭt) : the handle end of a tool or weapon; a person at whom ridicule, abuse, or contempt is directed.
butte (būt) : a steep and isolated hill or mountain.

calaboose (kăl-ă-bo͞os′) : a prison; jail.
calcimine (kăl′sĭ-mīn) : a white or colored wash for the plastering of a room.
caliber (kăl′ĭ-bēr) : the inside diameter of the barrel of a gun, etc.; size of bore.
callow (kăl′ō) : immature; green; young and inexperienced.
calorific (kăl-ō-rĭf′ĭk) : producing heat; heating.
1 **candid** (kăn′dĭd) : frank; just; outspoken.
canister (kăn′ĭs-tēr) : a small box or case, usually of metal.
2 **canker** (kăn′kēr) : a destructive insect.
canny (kăn′ĭ) : cautious; shrewd.
1 **canopy** (kăn′ō-pĭ) : a covering; an overhanging shelter or shade.

cantle (kăn′t'l) : the raised part at the rear of a saddle.
cantonment (kăn′tŏn-mĕnt) : place assigned to a body of troops.
1 **capricious** (kȧ-prĭsh′ŭs) : freakish; fanciful; changeable.
carbonize (kär′bŏn-īz) : to change into carbon, as by the action of fire or acid.
carboy (kär′boi) : a large glass bottle.
carnotite (kär′nō-tīt) : a mineral of yellowish color.
2 **casement** (kās′mĕnt) : a window.
cavalcade (kăv-ăl-kād′) : a procession of persons on horseback.
4 **celestial** (sē-lĕs′chăl) : heavenly; divine; of a heavenly nature.
changeling (chānj′lĭng) : taken or left in place of another; changed.
2 **charcoal** (chär′kōl) : a form of coal used as fuel, made from partially burned wood.
2 **charger** (chär′jĕr) : a saddle horse.
chary (châr′ĭ) : cautious; careful; shy.
3 **chaste** (chāst) : simple; refined.
2 **chastise** (chăs-tīz′) : to punish; scold; correct the faults of.
checkered (chĕk′ĕrd) : characterized by bad and good fortune.
2 **chink** (chĭnk) : a narrow crack or opening; a gap; to fill gaps or cracks.
3 **chronicle** (krŏn′ĭ-k'l) : to record.
3 **circuit** (sûr′kĭt) : a district, established by law, within which a judge holds court.
claret (klăr′ĕt) : a dark red color.
3 **cleft** (klĕft) : a crack; crevice; opening made by splitting.
2 **client** (klī′ĕnt) : one who engages the service of a lawyer.
coalesce (kō-ȧ-lĕs′) : to grow or come together into one.
6 **cock** (kŏk) : to draw the hammer of a gun, in readiness for firing; turn up; tilt.
2 **coffer** (kŏf′ĕr) : a chest or trunk to hold money.
colloquial (kŏ-lō′kwĭ-ăl) : conversational; informal.
3 **comforter** (kŭm′fĕr-tĕr) : a long woolen scarf.
commandeer (kŏm-ȧn-dēr′) : to seize for military purposes.
3 **commonwealth** (kŏm′ŭn-wĕlth′) : a state in which the people rule.
1 **compensate** (kŏm′pĕn-sāt) : to make up for.
1 **competence** (kŏmp′ē-tĕns) : means sufficient for the necessities and conveniences of life; sufficiency.
complaisance (kŏm′plȧ-zȧns) : disposition to please or oblige; courtesy; civility.
4 **compose** (kŏm-pōz′) : to calm; quiet.
3 **compound** (kŏm′pound) : a combination of two or more parts; an inclosure containing factory, residence, etc., especially one used by foreigners.
2 **comprise** (kŏm-prīz′) : to include.
concertina (kŏn-sĕr-tē′nȧ) : a musical instrument resembling the accordion.
condone (kŏn-dōn′) : to pardon or forgive.
2 **confederacy** (kŏn-fĕd′ĕr-ȧ-sĭ) : persons, states, or nations united for support or action.
4 **confirm** (kŏn-fûrm′) : to strengthen.
1 **conflagration** (kŏn-flȧ-grā′shŭn) : a destructive fire.
confrère (kôn-frâr′) : an associate; fellow member; colleague.
connubial (kŏ-nū′bĭ-ăl) : pertaining to marriage.
3 **consecrate** (kŏn′sē-krāt) : to set apart as sacred.
4 **consideration** (kŏn-sĭd-ĕr-ā′shŭn) : importance; claim to notice.
2 **conspire** (kŏn-spīr′) : to plot; scheme.
contrite (kŏn′trīt) : penitent; humble; broken in spirit by a sense of sin.

convergent (kŏn-vûr′jĕnt): tending to meet at one point; approaching each other.
convivial (kŏn-vĭv′ĭ-ăl): social; gay; relating to a feast or entertainment.
copious (kō′pĭ-ŭs): large in quantity or amount; plentiful.
2 **copse** (kŏps): a grove or thicket of small trees or bushes.
3 **coral** (kŏr′ăl): a stony substance of various colors, composed of the skeletons of tiny sea animals, used especially for jewelry.
5 **cordial** (kôr′jăl): a medicine, food, or drink that revives or cheers.
cormorant (kôr′mō-rănt): a large, web-footed, greedy sea bird.
corral (kŏ-răl′): a pen for confining or capturing animals.
corroborate (kŏ-rŏb′ō-rāt): to confirm; make more certain; prove.
corsair (kôr′sâr): a pirate vessel.
cosset (kŏs′ĕt): to treat as a pet; fondle.
couchant (kouch′ănt): lying down with the head raised; crouching.
cougar (kōō′gär): a large, brown wild animal of the cat family.
coulee (kōō′lĭ): a deep gulch, usually dry, with sides sloping less steeply than those of a canyon.
1 **counterfeit** (koun′tĕr-fĭt): false; pretending; to imitate with a view to deceive.
courier (kōō′rĭ-ĕr): a messenger.
7 **court** (kōrt): to seek in marriage; woo.
coverlet (kŭv′ĕr-lĕt): the top cover of a bed; a bed quilt; the uppermost cover.
2 **covetous** (kŭv′ĕ-tŭs): excessively eager to obtain and possess (especially money).
cower (kou′ĕr): to crouch down, as from fear.
coyote (kī-ō′tē): a burrowing, doglike animal; the prairie wolf.
crackling (krăk′lĭng): the crisp browned skin of roasted pork.
3 **craft** (krâft): a vessel; ship; skill; cunning.
craftily (krâf′tĭ-lĭ): deceitfully; trickily.
1 **craftsman** (krâfts′măn): one who practices a certain trade.
2 **crane** (krān): a support for hanging kettles in a fireplace.
2 **cravat** (krȧ-văt′): a neckcloth; necktie.
credentials (krē-dĕn′shălz): a letter proving one's right to the exercise of authority.
credulity (krē-dū′lĭ-tĭ): belief; a disposition to believe anything.
2 **creed** (krēd): religious belief.
2 **crib** (krĭb): a box, bin, or building for storing grain.
1 **crisis** (krī′sĭs): a turning point; a critical or decisive moment, as of danger or suspense.
croft (krŏft): a small field near a house.
crony (krō′nĭ): an intimate companion; familiar friend.
croon (krōōn): to sing in a low tone; hum.
crotchety (krŏch′ĕt-ĭ): full of whims.
crucial (krōō′shăl): trying; severe; serving as a test.
1 **cruise** (krōōz): to wander about.
cruiser (krōōz′ĕr): man-of-war less heavily armed and armored than a battleship, but faster.
crypt (krĭpt): vault; chamber.
cub (kŭb): the young of an animal; a young, inexperienced reporter; an apprentice.
1 **cudgel** (kŭj′ĕl): a short, thick club or stick.
1 **cue** (kū): a hint; suggestion as to what to do.
culinary (kū′lĭ-nȧ-rĭ): pertaining to the kitchen or art of cooking.
culpable (kŭl′pȧ-b'l): deserving censure; guilty; blameworthy.

cumber (kŭm'bēr); trouble: burden.
cupola (kū'pō-lȧ): a small structure built on top of a roof or building for a lookout.
curate (kū'rȧt): a clergyman who assists a rector or vicar.

daft (dȧft): silly; simple.
dank (dȧnk): damp; moist.
dapper (dȧp'ēr): trim; neat in dress and personal appearance.
1 **dastard** (dȧs'tȧrd): a coward.
2 **dearth** (dûrth): lack; want; scarcity.
debauch (dē-bôch'): excess in drinking; a noisy drinking bout or revel.
debonair (dĕb-ō-nâr'): characterized by grace and lightheartedness; of good or gentle disposition; gracious; kindly.
1 **decade** (dĕk'ȧd): a period of ten years.
1 **decisive** (dē-sī'sĭv): final; not to be disputed; conclusive.
1 **declension** (dē-klĕn'shŭn): decline; falling off.
deductive (dē-dŭk'tĭv): pertaining to reasoning which draws a specific conclusion from an accepted general principle.
1 **deface** (dē-fās'): to disfigure.
deficient (dē-fĭsh'ĕnt): lacking; wanting.
2 **dejected** (dē-jĕk'tĕd): sad; cast down; low spirited.
2 **dell** (dĕl): a small secluded valley.
1 **deluge** (dĕl'ūj): anything that overwhelms; anything that comes like a flood.
demoralize (dē-mŏr'ȧl-īz): to cast into disorder; confuse; disorganize.
deprecate (dĕp'rē-kāt): to express disapproval of.
derelict (dĕr'ē-lĭkt): abandoned; adrift.
2 **derision** (dē-rĭzh'ŭn): scorn; ridicule; contempt.
dervish (dûr'vĭsh): a member of any of various Mohammedan orders, whose ceremonies often include dancing, whirling, or howling.
1 **desist** (dē-zĭst'): to stop.
despotism (dĕs'pŏt-ĭz'm): absolute control over others.
detrain (dē-trān'): to leave a train (used of troops).
digression (dī-grĕsh'ŭn): turning aside from the main subject.
3 **din** (dĭn): a loud continuous noise; to impress upon the mind of another by frequent and noisy repetition.
dint (dĭnt): force; power.
dirge (dûrj): a funeral hymn.
dirigible (dĭr'ĭ-jĭ-b'l): a balloon that can be steered; capable of being directed.
discomfiture (dĭs-kŭm'fĭ-tûr): defeat; disappointment; embarrassment.
disconsolate (dĭs-kŏn'sō-lȧt): producing lowness of spirits; cheerless.
disembody (dĭs-ĕm-bŏd'ĭ): to set free from the body.
disembogue (dĭs-ĕm-bōg'): to pour forth at the mouth (used of a river).
dismember (dĭs-mĕm'bēr): to separate part from part.
disparagement (dĭs-păr'ȧj-mĕnt): speaking slightingly of something; dishonor; disgrace.
2 **dispatch** (dĭs-păch'): a message sent with haste; to send off with haste; finish; dispose of quickly.
disputatious (dĭs-pū-tā'shŭs): inclined to argue.
diversified (dĭ-vûr'sĭ-fīd): distinguished by various forms.
2 **divert** (dĭ-vûrt'): to amuse; entertain.
doeskin (dō'skĭn): leather made from the skin of a female deer; a firm woolen cloth.

dole (dōl): to deal or give out in small portions.
1 **domain** (dō-mān′): territory; lands.
4 **dominion** (dō-mĭn′yŭn): rule; sway; control; authority; supremacy.
dormant (dôr′mănt): sleeping; inactive.
1 **dotage** (dōt′ăj): weak and foolish affection; feebleness of mind.
2 **dote** (dōt): to love to excess.
1 **drab** (drăb): dull brown; yellowish-gray color; monotonous.
drachma (drăk′mà): an ancient Greek coin of the value of about twenty cents.
4 **draught** (drâft): a drink.
1 **dreg** (drĕg): remnant; remains.
1 **droll** (drōl): queer; odd; amusing.
dubious (dū′bĭ-ŭs): doubtful; questionable.
dune (dūn): a low hill of drifted sand piled up by the wind.
1 **dupe** (dūp): one who believes everything he is told; one who is easily deceived.
duralumin (dū′rà-lū-mĭn): an aluminum composition used in airplane construction, because it combines lightness with great strength.
dynasty (dī′năs-tĭ): a succession of kings of the same line or family.

3 **ebb** (ĕb): a low state or condition; decline; a flowing back of the tide; to flow back; decrease; withdraw.
ebullient (ê-bŭl′yĕnt): showing intense enthusiasm or feeling; showing excitement.
1 **eccentric** (ĕk-sĕn′trĭk): peculiar in character; odd.
ecstatic (ĕk-stăt′ĭk): enraptured; the state of being beyond all reason and self-control.
effacement (ĕ-fās′mĕnt): the act of wiping out or making insignificant.
7 **egg** (ĕg): to urge on.
ejaculation (ê-jăk-û-lā′shŭn): an exclamation; a sudden utterance.
1 **eke** (ēk): to add to; piece out.
elation (ê-lā′shŭn): hope of success; excited joy or pride; exaltation.
electioneer (ê-lĕk-shŭn-ēr′): to canvass for votes in the interest of an individual or a party; to work to win an election.
5 **element** (ĕl′ê-mĕnt): the unit of matter which, combined with other units, makes up our common substances, and which cannot itself be broken up into any simpler substance; **the elements,** violent weather.
3 **eloquence** (ĕl′ŏ-kwĕns): vivid and fluent expression of ideas; forceful and persuasive talk suggesting deep feeling or sincerity.
elusive (ê-lū′sĭv): hard to understand; baffling.
embargo (ĕm-bär′gō): any hindrance or check.
embezzlement (ĕm-bĕz″l-mĕnt): the act of taking, by dishonest means, money or property intrusted to one.
1 **emit** (ê-mĭt′): to send forth; give out.
1 **enamored** (ĕn-ăm′ĕrd): charmed; much in love.
1 **engender** (ĕn-jĕn′dĕr): to produce; cause to exist.
1 **enhance** (ĕn-hâns′): to make greater.
en masse (än mâs′): as a whole; all together.
enmesh (ĕn-mĕsh′): to catch or entangle, as in a net.
enshroud (ĕn-shroud′): to cover completely.
3 **ensue** (ĕn-sū′): to follow; come afterwards.

2 **epitaph** (ĕp'ĭ-tăf): a writing on a monument or suitable for a monument.
epithet (ĕp'ĭ-thĕt): a word or phrase used to describe some quality in a person or thing.
2 **era** (ē'rà): a period of time in which a new order of things prevails.
1 **escutcheon** (ĕs-kŭch'ŭn): a shield.
2 **espouse** (ĕs-pouz'): to take up the cause of; defend.
ether (ē'thĕr): a liquid used to produce unconsciousness and insensibility to pain.
ethics (ĕth'ĭks): the principles of right conduct.
evasive (ê-vā'sĭv): tending to avoid; avoiding by trickery.
everglade (ĕv'ĕr-glād): a piece of low, swampy land covered with tall grass.
eviction (ê-vĭk'shŭn): the act of putting out or expelling by law.
1 **evince** (ê-vĭns'): to show plainly; make evident.
4 **exalt** (ĕg-zôlt'): to lift up with joy, pride, or success; inspire with delight or satisfaction.
exhilarate (ĕg-zĭl'à-rāt): to induce a lively feeling in; cheer; stimulate.
1 **exposition** (ĕks-pô-zĭsh'ŭn): a writing that explains or interprets.
expostulation (ĕks-pŏs-tû-lā'shŭn): earnest and kindly protest.
extant (ĕks'tănt): in existence; in vogue.
2 **exult** (ĕg-zŭlt'): to triumph; rejoice.

facetious (fà-sē'shŭs): characterized by pleasantry; exciting laughter; humorous; gay.
1 **facility** (fà-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ): ease; freedom from difficulty.
facsimile (făk-sĭm'ĭ-lē): an exact reproduction or copy.
2 **fain** (fān): glad; well-pleased.
falsetto (fôl-sĕt'ō): forced; artificial; an unnaturally high tone of voice.
6 **fare** (fâr): to go.
farrow (făr'ō): to bring forth (young); give birth to.
faubourg (fō'bōōrg) (French): a suburb; district which was formerly outside the city.
2 **fawn** (fôn): to flatter someone meanly; court favor by a cringing and servile manner.
1 **fealty** (fē'ăl-tĭ): loyalty; faithfulness.
1 **fervent** (fûr'vĕnt): warm in feeling; glowing.
2 **fervor** (fûr'vĕr): intensity of feeling or expression.
fiat (fī'ăt): an authoritative command; order.
figment (fĭg'mĕnt): something imagined or invented by one's mind.
filament (fĭl'à-mĕnt): a thread; a threadlike object.
fledgeling (flĕj'lĭng): a young bird just feathered out.
6 **fleet** (flēt): fast; quick; swift.
flintlock (flĭnt'lŏk): a gunlock in which a flint (a hard stone) was used to ignite the powder.
floe (flō): a large mass of drifting ice.
1 **flog** (flŏg): to whip; beat.
2 **flounder** (floun'dĕr): to struggle awkwardly; stumble from uncertain footing.
1 **flush** (flŭsh): a sudden or abundant growth; a blossoming out.
foal (fōl): a colt.
fondling (fŏnd'lĭng): one who is caressed or handled tenderly.
foraminifera (fô-răm-ĭ-nĭf'ĕr-à): a small animal, usually found in the sea, whose shells make up a large part of white chalk and limestone.
forestick (fōr'stĭk): the front stick of an open log fire.

4 **forge** (fōrj) : a furnace or place where metal is wrought by heating and hammering.
formulate (fôr′mû-lāt) : to fix or state in definite terms.
fossil (fŏs′ĭl) : any remains or trace of an animal or plant, of prehistoric times, which has been preserved in a rock deposit or in caves.
5 **foul** (foul) : profane; abusive.
foundry (foun′drĭ) : a place where metal casting is carried on.
2 **fourscore** (fōr′skōr) : eighty.
frieze (frēz) : any ornamental or sculptured band around a wall.
fritter (frĭt′ẽr) : to waste little by little; scatter.
2 **frugal** (frōō′găl) : thrifty; economical; saving.
3 **fume** (fūm) : to be hot with anger.
funk (fŭnk) : panic; fright.
3 **furrow** (fŭr′ō) : a trench in the earth, such as is made by a plow.
furze (fûrz) : a spiny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers.
fyste (fīst) : a small dog.

gage (gāj) : a challenge to fight.
galleon (găl′ẽ-ŭn) : a large sailing vessel.
galliard (găl′yârd) : a gay, dashing fellow.
galligaskin (găl-ĭ-găs′kĭn) : loose breeches; leather leggings.
1 **gambol** (găm′bŏl) : a dancing or skipping about for joy; a frolic; to skip and dance about.
gangling (găn′glĭng) : lanky; of a spindling or awkwardly long growth.
4 **garland** (gär′lănd) : a wreath made of leaves, flowers, etc.; to deck with; adorn, as with a wreath.
Gatling (găt′lĭng) : a machine gun, first used in the Civil War.
2 **gaunt** (gänt) : thin; lean; starved.
2 **gear** (gēr) : goods; movables; things.
gearing (gēr′ĭng) : a series of parts by which motion is transmitted in machinery.
generate (jĕn′ẽr-āt) : to produce; cause.
generator (jĕn′ẽr-ā-tẽr) : an apparatus by which steam, electricity, or gas is produced.
4 **genial** (jē′nĭ-ăl) : cheerful; kind.
geometric (jē-ō-mĕt′rĭk) : characterized by lines, curves, and angles.
gerfalcon (jûr′fô-k'n) : a large bird of northern Europe noted for its strong claws and swift flight.
girder (gûr′dẽr) : iron or steel beam; a main beam.
girdle (gûr′d'l) : to make a circular cut around a tree.
2 **girth** (gûrth) : the circumference of anything; distance around; the band by which the saddle is kept on the horse.
gleaner (glēn′ẽr) : one who gathers what is left by reapers.
glower (glou′ẽr) : to stare angily; frown.
2 **goblet** (gŏb′lĕt) : a cup; drinking vessel.
gossamer (gŏs′ă-mẽr) : a fine, filmy substance, consisting of cobwebs, floating in the air.
1 **gourd** (gōrd) : a melon-like fruit with a hard rind; the dried hard shell of a fruit, used as a bottle, cup, etc.
1 **granary** (grăn′ă-rĭ) : a storehouse for grain.
1 **grapple** (grap′'l) : to fix; fasten.
2 **gravity** (grăv′ĭ-tĭ) : seriousness.
gridiron (grĭd′ĭ-ŭrn) : a grated iron utensil for broiling meat or fish.
grist (grĭst) : a portion of grain brought to a mill to be ground.
grist-mill (grĭst′mĭl) : a mill for grinding grain for individual customers.
grizzled (grĭz′'ld) : gray; grayish.

1 **gully** (gŭl′ĭ): a small valley or hollow; a channel worn by water; ravine.
gusty (gŭs′tĭ): windy; stormy.
guttural (gŭt′ŭr-ăl): of or pertaining to the throat.
guy (gī): to make (a person) an object of ridicule.
gyration (jī-rā′shŭn): the act of turning or whirling; a circular or spiral motion.

habitat (hăb′ĭ-tăt): the place where a person or thing is usually found; natural abode of a plant or an animal.
hackneyed (hăk′nĭd): commonplace, worn out by constant use.
3 **hallow** (hăl′ō): to set apart for holy or religious use; make holy; keep secret.
hangar (hăn′gär): a shelter or shed for airplanes or balloons.
hansom (hăn′sŭm): a two-wheeled, one-horse cab, with the driver's seat in the rear.
harangue (hà-răng′): a loud address; to make a noisy speech.
1 **harass** (hăr′ăs): to annoy; worry; disturb.
7 **hard** (härd): close; near.
1 **hardihood** (här′dĭ-ho͝od): boldness; bravery; courage.
5 **hedge** (hĕj): to surround; hem in.
2 **hedgehog** (hĕj′hŏg): an insect-eating animal having spines similar to the porcupine.
3 **heifer** (hĕf′ĕr): calf; a young cow.
helium (hē′lĭ-ŭm): a light, non-inflammable gas used in balloons and dirigibles.
helmsman (hĕlmz′măn): the man who steers the vessel.
3 **herald** (hĕr′ăld): an official who issued and announced challenges, marshaled the combatants, etc.; to announce.
2 **heresy** (hĕr′ĕ-sĭ): an opinion opposed to the commonly accepted views or doctrines, tending to produce discord.
heyday (hā′dā): the period of greatest vigor, vitality, or prosperity.
hibernate (hī′bĕr-nāt): to winter; pass the winter in close quarters.
hieroglyphic (hī-ĕr-ō-glĭf′ĭk): a figure or picture denoting a certain idea or meaning; picture writing.
1 **hillock** (hĭl′ŭk): a small hill.
1 **hilt** (hĭlt): a handle.
hob (hŏb): a projection in a fireplace on which things are placed to be kept warm.
holla (hŏl′ä): a shout to attract attention.
homage (hŏm′ăj): honor; reverence.
1 **hostage** (hŏs′tăj): any pledge, security, or guarantee.
hostelry (hŏs′tĕl-rĭ): an inn.
3 **hover** (hŭv′ĕr): to move to and fro near a place watchfully or anxiously; hang about; be suspended in the air above something.
humdrum (hŭm′drŭm): tedious routine; monotonous existence; sameness.
1 **humiliation** (hū-mĭl-ĭ-ā′shŭn): the act of being put to shame.
3 **humility** (hū-mĭl′ĭ-tĭ): freedom from pride; modesty; meekness; humble in spirit.
hurtle (hûr′t'l): to rush suddenly or with violence.
2 **husbandry** (hŭz′bănd-rĭ): economy; thrift.
hydroelectric (hī-drō-ē-lĕk′trĭk): pertaining to electricity developed by the escape of steam under high pressure.
hyperbole (hī-pûr′bō-lē): a figure of speech in which the statement clearly expresses more than the truth; a statement exaggerated.

hypothetic (hī-pŏ-thĕt′ĭk) : based on supposition.

ignite (ĭg-nīt′) : to burn.
2 **impair** (ĭm-pâr′) : to lessen in quantity or value; damage.
impecunious (ĭm-pē-kū′nĭ-ŭs) : not having money; penniless.
2 **impediment** (ĭm-pĕd′ĭ-mĕnt) : obstacle; that which hinders progress, as on a journey; baggage.
1 **impend** (ĭm-pĕnd′) : to hang over.
impending (ĭm-pĕnd′ĭng) : near; threatening.
1 **impenetrable** (ĭm-pĕn′ē-trȧ-b'l) : not admitting entrance or passage.
implacable (ĭm-plā′kȧ-b'l) : incapable of being quieted; that which cannot be appeased or made friendly.
implicit (ĭm-plĭs′ĭt) : unquestioning.
5 **import** (ĭm′pōrt) : importance; significance.
impregnable (ĭm-prĕg′nȧ-b'l) : unconquerable; not to be overcome.
impropriety (ĭmprŏ-prī′ē-tĭ) : an unsuitable or improper act.
imputation (ĭm-pū-tā′shŭn) : blame; reproach.
inaugurate (ĭn-ô′gū-rāt) : to begin; enter upon.
incandescent (ĭn-kăn-dĕs′ĕnt) : pertaining to a lamp whose light is produced by the glowing of some specially prepared material; white, glowing, or luminous, with intense heat.
incendiary (ĭn-sĕn′dĭ-ȧ-rĭ) : tending to produce excitement; inflammatory; pertaining to the malicious burning of property.
inception (ĭn-sĕp′shŭn) : beginning; origin.
incomprehensible (ĭn-kŏm-prē-hĕn′sĭ-b'l) : not capable of being understood.
inconstancy (ĭn-kŏn′stăn-sĭ) : fickleness; changeableness.
2 **incredible** (ĭn-krĕd′ĭ-b'l) : hard to believe; marvelous; beyond belief; unlikely.
indemnity (ĭn-dĕm′nĭ-tĭ) : that which is paid for loss or injury.
indiscriminate (ĭn-dĭs-krĭm′ĭ-nât) : not making any distinction; not choosing carefully.
indubitable (ĭn-dū′bĭ-tȧ-b'l) : not doubtful; unquestionable; certain.
indulgent (ĭn-dŭl′jĕnt) : lenient; not severe; yielding to the wishes of another.
inertia (ĭn-ûr′shĭ-ȧ) : want of energy.
inert (ĭn-ŭrt′) : having no power of motion, action, or resistance.
infallibility (ĭn-făl-ĭ-bĭl′ĭ-tĭ) : the quality of being exempt from error.
infirmary (ĭn-fûr′mȧ-rĭ) : a hospital or place where sick or wounded are treated.
inflammable (ĭn-flăm′ȧ-b'l) : easily set on fire.
inflate (ĭn-flāt′) : to swell out with air or gas.
2 **infuse** (ĭn-fūz′) : to pour in; instill.
ingot (ĭn′gŏt) : a mass of metal cast into a mold.
inherent (ĭn-hēr′ĕnt) : belonging by nature; inborn; inseparable.
2 **iniquity** (ĭn-ĭk′wĭ-tĭ) : injustice; wickedness.
2 **initial** (ĭn-ĭsh′ăl) : beginning; the first part.
insignia (ĭn-sĭg′nĭ-ȧ) : distinguishing marks of any kind.
2 **intellect** (ĭn′tĕ-lĕkt) : power of knowing, as distinguished from the power to feel and to will; the understanding.
1 **inter** (ĭn-tûr′) : to bury.
intimation (ĭn-tĭ-mā′shŭn) : hint; announcement.

inveigle (ĭn-vē′g'l): to persuade by flattery or deception; lure.
3 **invest** (ĭn-vĕst′): to clothe; dress.
iridium (ī-rĭd′ĭ-ŭm): a metallic element similar to platinum but harder and brittle.
irised (ī′rĭst): having rainbow colors.
1 **irksome** (ûrk′sŭm): tiresome; monotonous.
irrational (ĭ-răsh′ŭn-ăl): unreasonable; absurd; foolish.
6 **issue** (ĭsh′ū): offspring; descendants.

1 **jade** (jād): to tire out; fatigue.
jangling (jăn′glĭng): senseless or idle talk; wrangling.
jargon (jär′gŏn): confused, unintelligible language.
jaunty (jän′tĭ): stylish; smart; showy; gay.
joust (jŭst): to engage in a combat with lances between knights on horseback; engage in a mock combat as part of a tournament.
junto (jŭn′tō): a number of men acting together for some political purpose.

2 **keel** (kēl): a timber extending lengthwise along the bottom of a vessel.
keystone (kē′stōn): the stone which holds the whole structure in place.
kinnikinnic (kĭn-ĭ-kĭ-nĭk′): a mixture of dried leaves and bark used by the Indians for smoking.
2 **knoll** (nōl): a small round hill.
knurled (nûrld): full of knots; gnarled.

2 **ladle** (lā′d'l): a large pot or vessel for carrying liquid metal from the furnace to the mold.
2 **languid** (lăn′gwĭd): slow; uninterested; weak.
lariat (lăr′ĭ-ăt): a lasso; a rope for catching horses or cattle.
lateral (lăt′ēr-ăl): situated at, directed towards, or coming from, the side.
1 **lathe** (lāth): a machine by which a piece of hard material is held and rotated while being shaped by a tool.
4 **laurel** (lŏ′rĕl): an evergreen shrub,
lave (lāv): to bathe; wash; hang or drop down.
layman (lā′măn): a man not belonging to some particular profession, in distinction from those who belong.
1 **legacy** (lĕg′ă-sĭ): a gift of money or other property by will.
leonine (lē′ŏ-nīn): like a lion; strong; fierce; majestic.
lethargy (lĕth′ăr-jĭ): continued sleep from which a person can scarcely be awakened; heavy sleep.
1 **libel** (lī′bĕl): any written statement which reflects upon the character of another, published without justification.
liberation (lĭb-ēr-ā′shŭn): state of being freed.
lichen (lī′kĕn): a flowerless plant growing on rocks, bark, etc.
5 **link** (lĭnk): a torch.
1 **listless** (lĭst′lĕs): indifferent.
lists (lĭsts): a place where contests are held; arena.
literacy (lĭt′ĕr-ă-sĭ): the ability to read and write.
lithe (līth): bending easily; nimble.
lithographic (lĭth-ŏ-grăf′ĭk): made by the process of putting writing or designs on some substance with a greasy material and then printing from it.
litigation (lĭt-ĭ-gā′shŭn): a suit at law; a judicial contest.
3 **litter** (lĭt′ĕr): a number of young animals born at one time; to cover with straw.

1 **loam** (lōm): earth composed of clay and sand.
lobby (lŏb'ĭ): to try to influence by personal efforts the votes of members of a lawmaking body in behalf of a particular measure.
lope (lōp): an easy, swinging gait, faster than a walk (used of a horse).
lubberly (lŭb'ĕr-lĭ): like a clumsy, awkward fellow.
lucrative (lū'krȧ-tĭv): gainful; profitable; advantageous.
ludicrous (lū'dĭ-krŭs): adapted to excite laughter; ridiculous.
6 **lumber** (lŭm'bĕr): to move clumsily or heavily.
4 **lurk** (lûrk): to lie in wait; lie concealed or unnoticed.
lyceum (lī-sē'ŭm): an association for debate or literary improvement, usually offering lectures by famous persons.

mace (mās): a heavy club, wholly or partly of metal and often spiked.
maelstrom (māl'strŏm): whirlpool; any widespread, destructive influence.
4 **magazine** (măg-ȧ-zēn'): a hollow space in a gun for holding cartridges.
magnesia (măg-nē'zhĭ-ȧ): a light, earthy, white substance.
1 **magnitude** (măg'nĭ-tūd): greatness; importance.
6 **main** (mān): the high sea; ocean.
3 **malice** (măl'ĭs): a disposition to injure another; ill-will.
malleable (măl'ē-ȧ-b'l): capable of being molded.
manganese (măn-gȧ-nēs'): a hard, brittle, grayish-white metal.
maneuver (mȧ-nōō'vĕr): swift and skillful management of affairs; a military or naval movement or change of position.
1 **manual** (măn'ū-ăl): pertaining to or done by hand.
marauder (mȧ-rôd'ĕr): a plunderer; robber.
marplot (mär'plŏt) one who, by meddling, spoils a plan.
5 **mast** (mȧst): nuts collectively, as acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts, used as food for hogs.
mauger (mô'gĕr): in spite of; notwithstanding.
1 **maul** (môl): to do much harm to; handle roughly.
mawkish (môk'ĭsh): foolishly sentimental; causing disgust; insipid.
2 **meager** (mē'gĕr): poor; barren; scanty.
7 **measure** (mĕzh'ûr) a slow and stately dance like the minuet.
1 **medley** (mĕd'lĭ): a mixture; a mingling.
3 **mellow** (mĕl'ō): full and pure; soft; rich; showing ripeness; to become gentle or sweet.
mendicancy (mĕn'dĭ-kăn-sĭ): begging; reduced to beggary.
meretricious (mĕr-ē-trĭsh'ŭs): artificially attractive; gaudy; vulgar.
mesa (mā'sä): a table-land with steeply sloping sides.
metamorphose (mĕt-ȧ-môr'fōz) to change to a different form.
meteoric (mē-tē-ŏr'ĭk): swift; dazzling.
meteorological (mē-tē-ŏr-ō-lŏj'ĭ-kăl): pertaining to the atmosphere, especially the winds and storms.
1 **mettle** (mĕt''l): on one's mettle, roused to the use of one's best efforts; in the highest state of efficiency.
militant (mĭl'ĭ-tănt): fighting; warlike.
millenium (mĭ-lĕn'ĭ-ŭm): a period of great happiness, good government, freedom from wickedness, or the like.

3 **mire** (mīr): to soil with mud.
1 **misgiving** (mĭs-gĭv'ĭng): a feeling of doubt or anxiety.
missile (mĭs'ĭl): a weapon or object thrown or projected, as a bullet.
missive (mĭs'ĭv): something thrown.
1 **mitigate** (mĭt'ĭ-gāt): to make less severe or cruel.
mobile (mō'bĭl): movable; easily moved.
mollusk (mŏl'ŭsk): a division of the animal kingdom containing most of the animals called shellfish.
momentous (mō-mĕn'tŭs): very important; weighty.
mongrel (mŭn'grĕl): of mixed breed.
5 **moor** (mo͝or): an extensive area of waste land, covered with heather and small bushes.
morbid (môr'bĭd): sickly; unhealthy; unwholesome.
morose (mō-rōs'): gloomy; ill-humored.
1 **mortar** (môr'tĕr): a cannon used to throw shells.
mosaic (mō-zā'ĭk): a design made by inlaying small pieces of glass, stone, etc., of different colors.
2 **mow** (mou): a place for storing hay and grain in a barn.
murrain (mŭr'ĭn): plague; pestilent disease.
1 **musket** (mŭs'kĕt): a hand fire-arm.
mutation (mū-tā'shŭn): change; alteration.
2 **mutiny** (mū'tĭ-nĭ): rebellion against authority; to revolt against any rightful authority.

1 **nasal** (nā'zăl): pronounced through or with the aid of the nose.
nausea (nô'shē-ȧ): sickness of the stomach with a desire to vomit.
2 **nether** (nĕth'ēr): lower; under.
1 **neutrality** (nū-trăl'ĭ-tĭ): the state of not taking sides; indifference.
nocturnal (nŏk-tûr'năl): active at night.
nomadic (nō-măd'ĭk): wandering; moving from place to place.
nominal (nŏm'ĭ-năl): existing in name only; not real or actual.
1 **nozzle** (nŏz''l): the nose.
nullify (nŭl'ĭ-fī): to destroy; make ineffective.

oafish (ōf'ĭsh): simple; like a foolish child.
obeisance (ō-bā'sȧns): a bow or a bend of the knee as an expression of respect; homage.
oblate (ŏb'lāt): flattened or depressed at the poles, as the earth.
1 **oblique** (ŏb-lēk'): not direct or straightforward; not in the direct line of descent.
1 **obnoxious** (ŏb-nŏk'shŭs): objectionable; offensive; hateful.
obol (ō'bŏl): an ancient Greek coin worth about four cents.
2 **obscene** (ŏb-sēn'): disgusting; filthy; indecent.
1 **obsequious** (ŏb-sē'kwĭ-ŭs): humbly submissive to the will of another.
obsess (ŏb-sĕs'): to besiege; dominate.
obsession (ŏb-sĕsh'ŭn): a fixed idea or delusion not to be driven from the mind.
obviate (ŏb'vĭ-āt): to meet and dispose of.
2 **obvious** (ŏb'vĭ-ŭs): easily seen; plain.
occult (ŏ-kŭlt'): secret; unknown.
oddity (ŏd'ĭ-tĭ): that which is odd or peculiar.
2 **odious** (ō'dĭ-ŭs): detestable; hateful.
2 **offensive** (ŏ-fĕn'sĭv): annoying; disgusting; revolting.
1 **officious** (ŏ-fĭsh'ŭs): disposed or eager to serve; kind.

offing (ŏf'ĭng) : the open sea at considerable distance from the shore.
ohm (ōm) : a unit of measurement for electrical resistance.
1 **omnipotent** (ŏm-nĭp'ō-tĕnt) : unlimited power, ability, or authority.
onslaught (ŏn'slôt) : an attack.
orchis (ôr'kĭs) : a flower of the orchid family.
ostler (ŏs'lẽr) : a man who attends to horses at an inn.

5 **pacific** (på-sĭf'ĭk) : peaceful.
pacifist (păs'ĭ-fĭst) : one who believes in peace and opposes war.
palisade (păl-ĭ-sād') : a fence made of a line of pointed stakes set in the ground.
1 **palpable** (păl'på-b'l) : capable of being touched or felt; easily seen.
6 **pan** (păn) : the cavity that held the powder charge in old guns or pistols.
panorama (păn-ô-rä'må) : a complete view in all directions.
papier-mache (på-pyā'mä-shā') : a hard substance made of paper pulp mixed with glue.
paradoxical (păr-å-dŏk'sĭ-kăl) : seemingly absurd or contradictory, but possibly true.
paramount (păr'å-mount) : above all others; chief; supreme.
2 **parchment** (pärch'mĕnt) : the skin of an animal which has been prepared for writing purposes; paper of excellent quality; a document on parchment.
parochial (på-rō'kĭ-ăl) : limited; local; restricted to a parish or church district.
paroxysm (păr'ŏk-sĭz'm) : a sudden outburst of emotion or feeling.
parry (păr'ĭ) : to ward off or turn something aside.
parsimony (pär'sĭ-mō-nĭ) : stinginess; closeness.

3 **patent** (păt'ĕnt) : evident; apparent.
pathos (pā'thŏs) : that quality which excites pity, sympathy, or tender sorrow.
patriarch (pā'trĭ-ärk) : the father and ruler of a family or tribe; a respected and honored old man.
patrimonial (păt-rĭ-mō'nĭ-ăl) : inherited from ancestors; hereditary.
paunchy (pänch'ĭ) : having a prominent abdomen.
pecuniary (pẽ-kū'nĭ-å-rĭ) : relating to money or consisting of money.
pellet (pĕl'ĕt) : a ball.
pellicle (pĕl'ĭ-k'l) : a thin skin or film.
1 **pelt** (pĕlt) : an undressed skin of a fur-bearing animal; to hurl; throw or strike repeatedly; rush; hurry.
1 **pendent** (pĕn'dĕnt) : hanging; suspended.
2 **peradventure** (pĕr-ăd-vĕn'tûr) : doubt; question.
percussion (pĕr-kŭsh'ŭn) : the striking of the hammer of a gun upon the cap containing powder.
perfunctory (pẽr-fŭnk'tō-rĭ) : done in a half-hearted or careless manner; done merely as a duty.
peripatetic (pĕr-ĭ-på-tĕt'ĭk) : walking about; moving from place to place.
persiflage (pĕr-sẽ-fläzh') : frivolous talk; a frivolous manner of treating any subject.
pessimistic (pĕs-ĭ-mĭs'tĭk) : gloomy; taking the least hopeful view.
2 **pestilence** (pĕs'tĭ-lĕns) : any widespread and fatal disease.
pestilent (pĕs'tĭ-lĕnt) : annoying; troublesome; poisonous.
2 **petroleum** (pẽ-trō'lẽ-ŭm) : an inflammable, oily liquid.
petulant (pĕt'ū-lănt) : irritable; cross; impatient.

phenomenal (fê-nŏm′ê-năl): extraordinary; wonderful.

1 **philosophic** (fĭl-ô-sŏf′ĭk): wise; calm.

phlegm (flĕm): dullness; indifference.

1 **phosphorus** (fŏs′fŏr-ŭs): a non-metallic element, yellowish, poisonous, inflammable, and with a disagreeable odor.

2 **pinnacle** (pĭn′ă-k'l): the highest point; peak.

1 **piston** (pĭs′tŭn): a sliding piece which either is moved by fluid pressure or moves against it.

pleasaunce (plĕz′ăns): pleasure; merriment; gayety.

pliant (plī′ănt): easily influenced; flexible.

1 **plowshare** (plou′shâr): the strong, pointed steel blade of a plow.

poignant (poin′ănt): severely painful; distressing; sharp; keen; piercing.

polyp (pŏl′ĭp): a sea animal of various kinds without any backbone or spinal column.

pommel (pŭm′ĕl): the raised front part of a saddle.

2 **ponder** (pŏn′dēr): to think about; consider carefully.

porpoise (pôr′pŭs): a small sea animal resembling the whale.

6 **port** (pōrt): the left side of a vessel as one faces the bow.

portent (pôr′tĕnt): that which foretells evil; something unusual.

portly (pōrt′lĭ): grand; imposing; stout; stately; dignified.

posse (pŏs′ê): a body of men summoned by a sheriff to assist in carrying out the law.

1 **potash** (pŏt′ăsh): a white alkaline salt.

precipitation (prê-sĭp-ĭ-tā′shŭn): quick and hurried action; a headlong rush; great hurry.

precursor (prê-kûr′sēr): a forerunner; that which goes before, to show that an event is about to follow.

premonitory (prê-mŏn′ĭ-tô-rĭ): giving notice or warning beforehand.

prestige (prĕs-tēzh′): authority or influence derived from past success.

1 **pretext** (prē′tĕkst): excuse.

4 **prime** (prīm): the period in human life of highest health, strength, or beauty; to prepare a gun, etc., for firing by supplying the firing charge.

priming (prīm′ĭng): the powder or other material used to ignite the charge in a gun.

2 **privy** (prĭv′ĭ): private.

1 **proffer** (prŏf′ēr): to offer for acceptance.

profundity (prô-fŭn′dĭ-tĭ): depth of thought.

progenitor (prô-jĕn′ĭ-tēr): an ancestor in a direct line.

propulsion (prô-pŭl′shŭn): the act of driving, urging, or pushing along.

protract (prô-trăkt′): to draw out or lengthen in time; prolong.

proverbial (prô-vûr′bĭ-ăl): well-known.

2 **provocation** (prŏv-ô-kā′shŭn): the act of exciting to anger; that which excites to anger or resentment; annoyance.

5 **provoke** (prô-vōk′): to call forth; cause.

4 **prune** (prōōn): to cut off or cut out, as useless parts.

pukka (pŭk′ă): real; sure (a word used in India).

pulton (pŭl′tŭn): a native infantry regiment in India.

pummel (pŭm′ĕl): to beat with the fists.

punctilio (pŭnk-tĭl′ĭ-ō): a precise point in conduct or ceremony.

purlieu (pûr′lū): the outer portion of any place; outskirts.

quaff (kwåf): to drink or swallow in large quantities.

3 **quarry** (kwŏr'ĭ): a beast or bird that is hunted, caught, or killed, usually in sport; a large open excavation from which stone is taken.

quartern (kwôr'tērn): a fourth of a pint.

querulous (kwĕr'ŏŏ-lŭs): complaining; discontented.

quip (kwĭp): a short sarcastic remark.

quirt (kwûrt): a riding whip with a short handle and a lash of braided rawhide.

quizzical (kwĭz'ĭ-kăl): in a questioning way.

5 **rack** (răk): to torment; torture; pain.

1 **radical** (răd'ĭ-kăl): extreme.

rakish (rāk'ĭsh): dashing; showy.

2 **rally** (răl'ĭ): an assembly of persons with a common interest; to call together for any common purpose; collect and bring to order, as troops in confusion; recover strength; tease; joke.

4 **ram** (răm): an engine of war used for knocking down by heavy blows; to drive or force down or into something; press closely together.

ramification (răm-ĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn): a division; subordinate part.

ramp (rămp): to move or act furiously; rage; storm.

1 **rampant** (răm'pănt): rearing upon the hind legs with paws extended; leaping; unrestrained; in action.

rampire (răm'pīr): fortified; strengthened.

rancor (răn'kĕr): enmity; spitefulness; hatred.

6 **range** (rānj): a great tract of land over which cattle graze; distance of the target from the gun; to roam; wander; arrange in a row or regular order.

3 **ransom** (răn'sŭm): the sum paid for the release of a prisoner.

rapier (rā'pĭ-ĕr): a straight, two-edged sword.

ravage (răv'ăj): plunder; ruin; destruction; waste.

reactionary (rē-ăk'shŭn-ā-rĭ): favoring a return to former conditions.

6 **rear** (rēr): to rise upright, as a horse on its hind legs.

3 **rebuke** (rē-būk'): a strong expression of disapproval; to censure; reprove sharply.

1 **recede** (rē-sēd'): to move back or away; withdraw.

reciprocate (rē-sĭp'rō-kāt): to give something in return for.

reedy (rēd'ĭ): like a reed musical instrument in tone.

2 **reef** (rēf): a ridge of rocks at or near the surface of the water; to reduce (a sail) by rolling up a part of it.

1 **reek** (rēk): to smoke; to send forth (a disagreeable odor).

refutation (rĕf-û-tā'shŭn): evidence that a statement is untrue; overthrowing by argument or proof.

regale (rē-gāl'): to entertain; delight.

2 **reiterate** (rē-ĭt'ĕr-āt): to state again and again.

reminiscence (rĕm-ĭ-nĭs'ĕns): that which is called back to the mind; the act of recalling past experiences.

4 **rend** (rĕnd): to tear.

6 **rent** (rĕnt): a tear; a hole or slit made by tearing.

repertoire (rĕp'ĕr-twär): a list of songs, plays, etc., which a person or a company is prepared to perform.

2 **replenish** (rē-plĕn'ĭsh): to fill up again.

1 **reprobate** (rĕp'rō-bāt): a scoundrel; one lost to all sense of duty or decency.
2 **repute** (rē-pūt'): good reputation; character.
requisition (rĕk-wĭ-zĭsh'ŭn): a formal demand or request.
2 **resistance** (rē-zĭs'tăns): the opposition of a subtance to the passage of an electric current through it.
restive (rĕs'tĭv): impatient; restless; stubborn.
retaliation (rē-tăl-ĭ-ā'shŭn): the act of returning like for like; revenge.
1 **retinue** (rĕt'ĭ-nū): the body of persons who attend or accompany a distinguished person.
retributory (rē-trĭb'ū-tō-rĭ): serving as punishment.
retrospect (rĕt'rō-spĕkt): a looking back; a review of the past.
2 **revere** (rē-vēr'): to honor; regard with respectful and affectionate awe or fear.
1 **reverie** (rĕv'ēr-ĭ): the state of being lost in thought or dreams.
2 **revile** (rē-vīl'): to abuse; rail at.
1 **rhetoric** (rĕt'ō-rĭk): the study which deals with the correct and effective use of language.
1 **rift** (rĭft): an opening, made by splitting.
2 **rigor** (rĭg'ēr): strictness; sternness; harshness; severity.
2 **rivet** (rĭv'ĕt): to fix; fasten firmly.
2 **rivulet** (rĭv'ū-lĕt): a small stream.
1 **rocket** (rŏk'ĕt): to shoot upward.
roister (rois'tēr): a noisy fellow; a bold, disorderly fellow.
round-up (round'ŭp): the gathering together and driving in of herds of cattle for selection or branding.
2 **rout** (rout): disorder resulting from total defeat.
rubicund (rōō'bĭ-kŭnd): ruddy; inclined to redness.
rucksac (rŭk'săk): a kind of pack bag, worn over the shoulders and used for carrying provisions, clothes, etc.

saga (sä'gȧ): a Scandinavian myth or story of heroic deeds.
4 **sage** (sāj): a wise man; a plant with spicy leaves, used for flavoring meat; wise; shrewd; learned.
sahib (sä'ĭb): master; lord (a title used by natives in India in addressing Europeans).
sais (sīs): a man or boy who has charge of horses; groom (a word used in India).
sallow (săl'ō): a willow twig.
sanguinary (săn'gwĭ-nâ-rĭ): accompanied by great bloodshed.
2 **scan** (skăn): to examine with care.
3 **scaur** (skär): a steep, rocky hill.
2 **scoop** (skōōp): to obtain and publish a piece of news before one's competitors (used of a newspaper).
scrip (skrĭp): a piece of money, worth less than a dollar, issued during the Civil War period.
scull (skŭl): one of a pair of short oars; an oar used at the stern of a boat to push it forward.
1 **sedate** (sē-dāt'): dignified; calm; quiet.
2 **seer** (sēr): one who foresees or foretells events.
4 **shaft** (shȧft): one of the pair of poles between which a horse is harnessed to a wagon; a bar to hold wheels or other rotating parts; an axle, handle, or the like.
shard (shärd): any hard, thin covering, as a shell.
2 **sheaf** (shēf): any collection of things bound together; a bundle.
shoon (shōōn): shoes (obsolete plural form).
shrew (shrōō): a scolding woman.

sibilant (sĭb'ĭ-lănt) : hissing.
singularity (sĭn-gū-lăr'ĭ-tĭ) : oddness; strangeness.
sinuous (sĭn'ū-ŭs) : of a wavy form; winding.
5 **sire** (sīr) : father.
1 **skulk** (skŭlk) : to sneak; move slyly.
2 **sleek** (slēk) : smooth; glossy.
3 **slew** (slōō) : to turn about; swing round.
2 **slug** (slŭg) : a slow-moving, slimy, snail-like animal, usually having no shell.
1 **slunk** (slŭnk) : sneaked; stole off.
2 **smack** (smăk) : a sailing vessel.
2 **smelt** (smĕlt) : to melt or fuse, as ore, in a furnace for the purpose of extracting the metallic contents; to obtain metal by this process.
smug (smŭg) : self-satisfied; prim; precise; nice; proper.
2 **snarl** (snärl) : to form raised work upon the outer surface.
1 **sodden** (sŏd''n) : soaked; saturated.
3 **solace** (sŏl'ăs) : comfort in sorrow; relief.
1 **solder** (sŏd'ēr) : to unite or join by a melted metal called solder.
solicitude (sō-lĭs'ĭ-tūd) : anxiety; concern.
somnolent (sŏm'nō-lĕnt) : sleepy; drowsy.
2 **sorcery** (sôr'sĕr-ĭ) : magic; witchcraft.
1 **sordid** (sôr'dĭd) : low; mean.
sortie (sôr'tē) : a sally; a sudden rushing forth for an attack.
sough (sŭf; sou) : to murmur or sigh, as the wind.
sounding (sound'ĭng) : measurement by finding the depth.
2 **specter** (spĕk'tĕr) : a ghost.
spectroscope (spĕk'trō-skōp) : an optical instrument for forming and examining an image formed by rays of light, as solar light.
spectrum (spĕk'trŭm) (plural, spectra) : an image formed by rays of light in which the parts are arranged according to their wave lengths, as in the rainbow (the solar spectrum is characterized by dark lines).
6 **spent** (spĕnt) : exhausted; worn out.
spheroid (sfē'roid) : a body that is nearly a sphere in shape (the earth is an oblate spheroid).
spherule (sfĕr'ōōl) : a small round body or ball.
1 **spine** (spīn) : a thorn.
4 **spit** (spĭt) : a long pointed rod to hold roasting meat.
springal (sprĭng'ăl) : a strong, active youth.
1 **squall** (skwôl) : a sudden, violent gust of wind, often with rain or snow.
7 **square** (skwâr) : a body of soldiers formed in a square; a squadron.
stamina (stăm'ĭ-nà) : endurance; backbone.
stanchion (stăn'shŭn) : one of a pair of upright bars which hold an animal by the head in a stall.
statistical (stà-tĭs'tĭ-kăl) : pertaining to numerical facts, systematically collected and classified, regarding a large group of persons or things.
stealthily (stĕl'thĭ-lĭ) : slyly.
4 **steed** (stēd) : a spirited horse.
6 **steep** (stēp) : to soak; saturate.
5 **steer** (stēr) : an ox.
5 **stern** (stûrn) : the rear part of a ship.
stint (stĭnt) : something definitely assigned, as a quantity or a task.
3 **strand** (strănd) : the shore; beach of the ocean.
subaltern (sŭb-ôl'tērn) : a military officer ranking below a captain, in the British army.
3 **subtle** (sŭt''l) : thin; delicate; penetrating; skillfully made.

7 **suit** (sūt): a request.
superimpose (sū-pēr-ĭm-pōz′): to lay a thing on something else.
1 **superlative** (sû-pûr′lă-tĭv): superior to all others; supreme.
supernal (sû-pûr′năl): heavenly; celestial.
2 **supplant** (sŭ-plănt′): to take the place of another; put another in the place of someone.
surcease (sŭr-sēs′): final end; stop.
3 **swain** (swān): a country lover; a rustic.
1 **syndicate** (sĭn′dĭ-kăt): an association of individuals united for promoting some enterprise requiring large capital.

tacit (tăs′ĭt): silent; implied, but not expressed.
1 **taunt** (tânt): a bitter or sarcastic remark.
taut (tôt): tough; firm; stretched tight.
taxidermist (tăk′sĭ-dûr-mĭst): a person skilled in preparing, stuffing, and mounting the skins of animals.
technique (tĕk-nēk′): the method of performance in any process requiring special skill.
5 **temper** (tĕm′pēr): disposition or frame of mind; to regulate; tone down; modify.
3 **temperance** (tĕm′pēr-ăns): moderation; the avoidance of extremes.
termagant (tûr′mă-gănt): quarrelsome.
terrain (tĕ-rān′): ground considered from the standpoint of fitness for some special purpose, as for fortification or the landing of airplanes.
2 **testament** (tĕs′tă-mĕnt): a written document wherein a person provides for the disposal of his property after death; a will.
theoretical (thē-ō-rĕt′ĭ-kăl): depending on, or confined to, theory or speculation; speculative.
2 **thrall** (thrôl): enslaved; in bondage; subject.
2 **thwart** (thwôrt): to oppose; defeat.
1 **timorous** (tĭm′ēr-ŭs): fearful of danger; timid.
3 **timothy** (tĭm′ō-thĭ): a grass, grown for use as hay.
1 **tithe** (tīth): a tenth.
toluol (tŏl′û-ōl): a colorless liquid used in the manufacture of dyestuffs.
torpor (tôr′pŏr): loss of motion or feeling; a state of sleeping or unconsciousness.
3 **tortoise** (tôr′tŭs): a turtle.
tourney (tōōr′nĭ): a tournament.
tourniquet (tōōr′nĭ-kĕt): a bandage with a device for pressing it tight to stop the flow of blood.
trammel (trăm′ĕl): an iron hook used for hanging kettles over the fire.
2 **transgression** (trăns-grĕsh′ŭn): a passing beyond; a limit; an offense against a law or a rule of moral duty.
truculence (trŭk′û-lĕns): cruelty; fierceness.
1 **truss** (trŭs): to fasten, as by wrapping or tying.
4 **tube** (tūb): something in the form of a tube or with a tubelike part, as a gun.

ubiquitous (û-bĭk′wĭ-tŭs): being, or seeming to be, everywhere at the same time.
ultra (ŭl′trà): extreme; beyond the usual.
unfledged (ŭn-flĕjd′): not fully developed; immature.
ungainly (ŭn-gān′lĭ): clumsy, awkward.
unobtrusive (ŭn-ŏb-trōō′sĭv): modest.

unostentatious (ŭn-ŏs-tĕn-tā′shŭs): not conspicuous; not pretentious.
unsavory (ŭn-sā′vĕr-ĭ): suggesting something disagreeable or unclean to the mind.
1 **untoward** (ŭn-tō′ĕrd): unfortunate; troublesome.
unwonted (ŭn-wŭn′tĕd): unusual; uncommon.

vacua (văk′ū-ȧ): spaces entirely empty of matter.
2 **vagabond** (văg′ȧ-bŏnd): a wanderer.
vagary (vȧ-gā′rĭ): a wild or fanciful idea.
vainglorious (vān-glō′rĭ-ŭs): boastful; feeling or showing excessive vanity over one's own performances or attainments.
valedictory (văl-ĕ-dĭk′tō-rĭ): a farewell speech.
vendue (vĕn-dū′): a public sale; auction.
versatile (vûr′sȧ-tĭl): able to do many things well.
1 **vesture** (vĕs′tûr): garment; robe; that with which one is clothed.
vibrant (vī′brănt): quivering with feeling.
5 **vice** (vīs): immoral conduct or habit; wickedness.
vigil (vĭj′ĭl): watchfulness; the act of keeping watch.
1 **vigilance** (vĭj′ĭ-lăns) **committee**: a body of citizens unofficially appointed to preserve law and order or to administer justice, as when the law seems inadequate.
vigilante (vĭj-ĭ-lăn′tĕ): a member of a vigilance committee.
virago (vĭ-rā′gō): a quarrelsome woman.
2 **visage** (vĭz′ȧj): the face.
vista (vĭs′tȧ): a view down a long, narrow passage, as a street.
vociferous (vō-sĭf′ĕr-ŭs): noisy; making a loud outcry.
4 **void** (void): empty; being without; lacking.
vortex (vôr′tĕks): a mass of whirling water or air, tending to draw objects to its center.

2 **waft** (wȧft): to cause to float; keep from sinking; cause to move, as by the force of waves.
warder (wôr′dĕr): a staff of authority formerly carried by a king or commander.
wary (wā′rĭ): cautious of danger; careful.
5 **wax** (wăks): to pass gradually into a specified condition; become.
7 **well** (wĕl): to spring; flow up, as water in a spring.
were-wolf (wēr′wo͝olf): a person changed into a wolf or a person who can assume a wolf's form.
whet (hwĕt): to sharpen by rubbing or grinding, as a knife.
whicker (hwĭk′ĕr): to neigh.
wicket (wĭk′ĕt): a small gate or door.
7 **wide** (wīd): far from the point aimed at.
1 **wile** (wīl): a sly trick.
wimple (wĭm′p'l): a rippling.
windward (wĭnd′wĕrd): the point or side from which the wind blows.
winnow (wĭn′ō): to separate grain from chaff by means of a current of air; scatter by wind.
wonted (wŭnt′ĕd): usual; accustomed; customary.
wreathed (rēthd): twisted, like a screw.
1 **writhe** (rīth): to twist.

2 **zephyr** (zĕf′ĕr): the west wind; any soft, gentle breeze.
2 **zinc** (zĭnk): a bluish-white metallic element.
zirconia (zĕr-kō′nĭ-ȧ): an element found in certain minerals and valuable for its brilliant luminosity.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Adams, Elmer C., 469
Addams, Jane, 480
Alexander, Charles, 241

Babcock, Maltbie Davenport, 82
Baker, Karle Wilson, 304
Bates, Katharine Lee, 344
Briand, Aristide, 400
Broun, Heywood, 170
Browning, Robert, 17
Bryan, W. J., 102

Carman, Bliss, 285, 288
Carroll, Lewis, 488
Charnwood, Lord, 349
Chittenden, William Lawrence, 320
Clark, Thomas Curtis, 373
Cobb, Irvin S., 422

Darrow, Floyd L., 530
Davis, Jackson, 445
Dickens, Charles, 108, 116
Dickinson, Emily, 54, 286

Edison, Thomas A., 515
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 271, 282

Finley, John H., 479
Firkins, Oscar W., 497
Foster, Warren D., 469
Franklin, Benjamin, 217
Frost, Robert, 287, 489
Fullerton, Hugh S., 55

Garland, Hamlin, 220, 236, 270, 284, 313, 340, 343
Goldsmith, Oliver, 494

Hagedorn, Hermann, 436
Harding, Warren G., 388
Henry, O., 180
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 274
Hough, Emerson, 321
Huxley, Thomas H., 487

Irving, Washington, 124

James, William, 91

Keats, John, 278
Keller, Helen, 459
Kilmer, Joyce, 289
Kipling, Rudyard, 158, 398, 541

Lamb, Charles, 103
Lamb, Charles and Mary, 143
Lane, Franklin K., 381
Lanier, Sidney, 290
Leacock, Stephen, 207
Le Gallienne, Richard, 277
Lewis, Sinclair, 417
Lieberman, Elias, 379
Lincoln, Abraham, 368, 371
Lindsay, Vachel, 386
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 34
Lowell, James Russell, 280

Masefield, John, 219
Mills, Enos A., 197

Newbolt, Henry, 101
Noyes, Alfred, 24

Page, Walter Hines, 377
Paine, Ralph D., 65

Rice, Grantland, 393
Roosevelt, Theodore, 227

Scott, Sir Walter, 32, 92
Shakespeare, William, 42, 501

Shaw, Anna Howard, 465
Smith, J. Russell, 507
Smith, Robert P., 528
Southey, Robert, 395

Tarbell, Ida M., 360
Terhune, Albert Payson, 255

Washington, George, 214
Wells, H. G., 201
White, Stewart Edward, 314, 331
White, William Allen, 454
Whitlock, Brand, 409
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 293, 294, 492
Williams, Basil, 372
Wilson, Woodrow, 374

Ybarra, T. R., 518

INDEX OF TITLES

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight, 386
Across the Plains, 314
America Enters the World War, 374
American Resources and Inventions, 381
America the Beautiful, 344
April Days, 284
As a Dog Should, 241

Back Home Again, 393
Battle of Blenheim, The, 395
Be Strong, 82
Better I Like Dogs, The, 255
Books to Read, 7, 10, 190, 224, 308, 404, 504
Book, The, 54
Boyhood of Lincoln, The, 349

Cæsar's Funeral, 42
Call to Serve, The, 469
Camping on the Plains, 197
Century of Agricultural Progress, A, 530
Chambered Nautilus, The, 274
Chasing the Lynx, 201
Choosing an Occupation, 487
Christmas Dinner, The, 116
Circuit Rider, The, 360
Coast Range of Alaska, The, 220
Conquest of the Pole, The, 207
Country Surgeon, The, 417
Cowboy, The, 321

Day in June, A, 280
Deserted Village, The, 494
Dissertation upon Roast Pig, A, 103

English Tribute, An, 372

Fifty-First Dragon, The, 170
First Days at Hull House, 480
Freshman Fullback, The, 65
From Novice to Veteran, 422

Gaunt Gray Wolf, The, 270
Gettysburg Address, 371
Gift of the Magi, The, 180
Gold-Seekers, The, 343
Goodby and Keep Cold, 287
Good Company, 304
Grindstone, The, 489

Hervé Riel, 17
Highwayman, The, 24
How Valuable Is the Information? 221
Humble-Bee, The, 271
Hunting the Grizzly Bear, 227

I Am an American, 379
Iron and Steel, 507

Judging Poetry, 304
Judging the Merit of Stories, 156

Ladrone Travels in State, 236
Last Yard, The, 102
L'Envoi, 541
Lessons without Books, 459
Lincoln, 373
Lochinvar, 32
Long Trail, The, 340
Looking for Adventures, 436

Making the Incandescent Light, 515
Making Your Reading Curve, 157
Maria, 497
Mary White, 454
Master of the Air, The, 518

May Is Building Her House, 277
Mayor, The, 409
Meaning of the War to America, The, 377
Measuring, 187, 221, 304, 347, 400, 453
Memorizing, 276
Men Are Four, 179
Midsummer Night's Dream, A, 143

No More War, 400
Notebook, Keeping a, 29

Old Scrooge, 108

Pioneer of Today, A, 445
Pioneer's Rifle, The, 331
Polonius's Advice to His Son, 501
Prairie Folks, 313
Princeton Wins, 55

Qualities of Men, Measuring the, 453

Radio Vision, The, 534
Ranchman's Ride, The, 320
Reader's Working Tools, The, 7
Reading, Rate of, 63, 64, 157
Recessional, 398
Red Cross Spirit Speaks, The, 479
Return of the Mocking Bird, The, 263
Rip Van Winkle, 124
Romance of Helium, The, 528

Schoolmaster, The, 492
Schoolmistress, The, 465
Scout Grown Up, The, 217
Scout's Conduct, The, 214
Sea Fever, 219
Sir Patrick Spens, 30
Skeleton in Armor, The, 34
Snow-Bound, 294
Snowstorm, The, 282
Song of the Chattahoochee, 290
Story-Tellers' Club, The, 52
Summer's Armies, 286

Testing Your Rate of Reading, 63, 64, 157
To Autumn, 278
Torch of Life, The, 101
Tournament, The, 92
Trailing Arbutus, The, 293
Trees, 288, 289
Two Letters to John D. Johnston, 368

Unknown Soldier, The, 388

Vagabond Song, A, 285
Vocabulary Study, 142, 206, 358, 367, 530

Wee Willie Winkie, 158
What Is a Boy Scout? 193
Which Is the Most Interesting Story? 187
Which Is the Most Worth-While Selection? 400
Which Story Is Most Difficult for You? 347
Winning the World Series, 83

You Are Old, Father William, 488